$1
JUNE

# VOGUE

02031 ©

bright, good-looking, a real-life power

## the American woman today

fashion essentials:
the clothes you can't get through summer without

beauty:
how to do a foolproof makeup in just 15 minutes

decorating: the room at the heart of the house

vitality: figure dynamics — how to keep in shape forever

personal style:
making the most of what you've got — tips on good looks and fashion from a famous American beauty

family: mother and child; the need to be separate people
by Anne Roiphe

fiction: a story of hopeless passion
by Rosalyn Drexler

people: 20 women who enrich life




Jewelry Designing: A happy career choice for somebody who likes to make beautiful things.

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To feel good about yourself. To like what you're doing, at home, in your career, for your community. Part of it is feeling good about your hair. Its color, its touch, its shape.

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JUNE, 1973 (INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR)

# VOGUE

PERRY L. RUSTON, Chairman ALEXANDER LIBERMAN, Editorial Director



AVEDON

COVER: The glamorous American—Lauren Hutton at night in Galanos's plunge of white bugle beads. About $2,400. Martha; Frances Heffernan; Amelia Gray. Lauren's tawny glow comes from Ultra-Color Gelstick in Bronzed Tan; her lashes—silkier, thicker-looking via new Luscious Lash Makeup in Soft Black; eyes highlighted all around with Honey Beige Creamspun Patina Shadow; Super Luscious Lipstick in Vermeil Coral. All makeup by Charles Revson for Ultima II. Rick Gillette coiffure. (More Lauren, beginning page 76.)

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Wash 'n Wear
LASHES WITHOUT A CARE

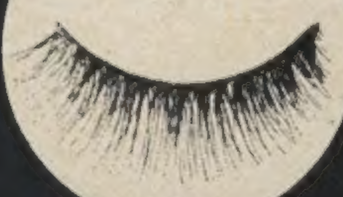


Making a big fashion splash—these lovable tub-ables from ANDREA. A new high in easy care, easy wear—they keep their clean, keep their curl, keep looking great. Floating-light in 12 bubbly, droop-proof styles, including the season's very newest shown here. At better cosmetics counters. $5.00.

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WATER BABIES



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**FOR YOUR CHEEKS:**
*Blushing Creme in new 'Blush of Gold' gives a vital golden glow.*






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LANE BRYANT

Two for the road... Herbert Levy's sensational look for town or travel. The dress—softly pleated in lightweight polyester knit. The coat—a smooth, neatly tailored shape in a butter-soft suede fabric. Blue Haze or Cordoba Brown. Sizes 16½ to 30½ and 38 to 52, $210.



Lead
him
on
like
a
lady. Lead him on with Bellodgia.




A classic fragrance from **Caron**

Parfum • Cologne • Sprays • From $5.



Estée Lauder says: One lipstick won't make your summer.
But the right lipstick
will do something sensational for your tan.

# Now Tender Lip Tints are tenderly frosted in bright, shining shades called The Summer Blazers.

The six new frosted Summer Blazer shades from
The Tender Lip Tint Collection are: Sun-Glazed Red,
Sunny Orange, Radiant Peach, Sun-Glazed Pink,
Bronze Sparkle and Sunny Plum.

More good news: Double Shine Lip Gloss Stick.

*Estée Lauder*



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Announcing the dawning
of a new day in skin care...

# Geminesse Enriched Moisture Complex Cream




The consummate face treatment. This extraordinary new beauty complex not only moisturizes and limbers up your skin—but actually helps lock in precious moisture even in the driest environment. The secret of its success: an exclusive tri-activated formula fortified with natural oils, humectants and a unique patented compound that simulates the skin's own moisturizing factor. Geminesse Enriched Moisture Complex Cream. Simply, a most remarkable new way to help guard against moisture loss and the ravages of a dry, dehydrated complexion.

GEMINESSE
MAX FACTOR

©1973 Max Factor & Co. Available in Canada

# GREECE TODAY

In ancient times, Greece was layered with many different civilizations and cultures. These flowered into the foundation for all Western Civilizations. Greece is considered the birth-place of all the arts. That innate heritage of fine workmanship, an educated eye and a feeling for intrinsically fine design has been transmitted into a dynamic inspiration for the fashion and craft industries of Modern Greece. Her handi-crafts are world-renowned for their originality, their evocation of a lighthearted sunny spirit. The ceramics and pottery have a delightful whimsy and reflect the warmth of this land that, once visited, is never forgotten. In recent years, Greece's leather industry has been re-born with a zest and vitality that has put Greek shoes and leather accessories in the forefront of fashion all over the world. Another group of dazzling young designers can be found in the clothing industry. This impressive group has utilized skills native to the people, exacting workmanship and embroidery, in combination with their own special talents, to form a fashion industry that is rapidly developing into one of the most successful anywhere. See these fore-runner crafts and fashions on this and the following pages.



## Hellenic Industrial Development Bank



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9 Mitropoleos Street, Athens, Greece

(Advertisement)



# GREECE TODAY

## new art forms with current interpretations

this page: the skyscraper. Pan Com's shoes flash with innovative design. The new Fly-Walk concept with Astrosol steadies your balance, adds wings to your walk.
860 Vouliagmenis Ave., Athens, Greece

opposite page: the high rise. Sevastakis' shoes in a playful mood for your season in the sun at home —or in the Greek Isles perhaps? 55 El Venizelos Ave., Athens, Greece

opposite page: the eternal triangle. Nikos and Takis' black wool suit with colorful embroidery inspired by ancient Byzantine mosaics. In the Plaka, 10 Lisiou St., Athens, Greece

Pan Com

Sevastakis



Nikos and Takis

Catherine Deneuve for Chanel




# CHANEL

Perfume in the classic bottle from 9.50 to 400., Eau de Chanel from 7.00 to 20.00, Eau de Cologne from 4.50 to 20.00, Spray Perfume 7.00, and Spray Cologne 6.50.

# What makes Mustang different is the way it looks, handles, and makes you feel.

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**Good looks.** Mustang is sporty and sleek. Inside and out. Your choice of five models: Mach I, SportsRoof, Grandé, Hardtop and Convertible.

**Good handling.** Mustang's low silhouette and compact size make its handling as beautiful as its looks. You get independent front suspension with anti-sway bar, for decisive sporty car handling with a comfortable passenger-car ride.

**Great feeling.** Driving a Mustang adds up to a statement of personal style. It feels great to you... it looks great to whoever's watching.

Discover Mustang for '73, at your Ford Dealer's.



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SPLASH® **EVYAN PERFUMES, INC.** THE BARON®



The scene: The Clinique counter, Bloomingdale's, New York.






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# Clinique 7th-Day Scrub Cream– if your face doesn't need it, your body does.

**7th-Day Scrub Cream** was formulated by a leading dermatologist to perform as a skin-sloughing booster, **to help speed the removal-for-beauty of skin-dimming dead surface cells.** In the Clinique scheme of things, this special subtle abrasive in cream form—**allergy-tested and 100% fragrance-free**—provides the extra cleansing and polishing nudge every skin needs the year round.

Winter and summer, whether you're suntanned or not, it helps nature put your best skin forward by gently clearing away the dry surface clutter that makes skin look dull, coarse and uneven.

And what it does for faces, **7th-Day Scrub Cream does for pebbly areas of the arms and legs.**

## How much do you need it? Ask the Clinique Computer.

Programmed by dermatologists, it asks you the 8 essential questions that result in accurate identification of your skin type and its true needs. The heart of the Clinique system of skin care, **the Computer** determines the proper Clinique products and procedures for you. Then a regime of **three minutes in the morning and another three minutes at night** results in better and better looking skin—skin radiant and ready for Clinique makeup.

**Clinique is the future of beauty and it's already arrived.**




CLINIQUE

Clinique Laboratories, Inc., 767 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Newest place under the sun:

## LA ROMANA

Sun-life fashions by:

## OSCAR DE LA RENTA

The place everyone is talking about now: La Romana—new resort on the Dominican Republic's Costasur. The mood is primitive, tranquil. But every convenience is right at your fingertips.

Stay at the Hotel Romana—a former guesthouse built of native stone, natural wood and hand-laid tile. Or the newly constructed Casa de Campo, facing the sea. It's right at the 18-hole championship golf course designed by Pete Dye —a spectacular sight even if you don't play golf.

Explore a fishing village. See a polo match. Dine under the stars. It's all twice as enjoyable with a wardrobe of go-everywhere prints of silky-soft **Qiana**® nylon: daytime chemises, shirt looks, evening dresses and pyjamas...all are from Oscar de la Renta Boutique Collection.

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Newest place
under the sun:

**LA ROMANA**

Sun-life
fashions by:

**OSCAR DE LA RENTA**

La Romana makes you feel worlds away. But it's just a short pleasant flight on Dominicana Airlines. The relaxed atmosphere on their modern 727 jets gives you a vacation preview before you arrive in Santo Domingo.

Drive through tiny villages along the rocky coast lined with sea grapes, palms, and sugar cane and you'll soon be in La Romana—the modern version of paradise.

The way to travel: with fashions by Oscar de la Renta that look great coming or going. Easy-care prints of **Qiana**® nylon that reflect the island colors and travel light as a sea breeze.

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Newest place under the sun:

# LA ROMANA

Sun-life fashions by:

# OSCAR DE LA RENTA

Relax by the pool with a Siboney rum punch—one of the zesty drinks made with Dominican rum. Visit a sugar mill. Ride horses on the beach. Play tennis. Or just relax under a shady palm on the white crescent beach of Bayahibe. You don't have to do everything La Romana has to offer but it's nice to know it's all there.

There are many reasons to visit La Romana. And you'll leave feeling you were not only a welcome tourist...you were a welcome guest!

Oscar de la Renta designed his collection of luxurious prints in **Qiana**® nylon to fit right in with the easygoing ambience of La Romana. The fashion bonus: they'll extend your carefree vacation mood long after you return home.

All fashions from Oscar de la Renta Boutique Collection. $110 to $145. Available at fine stores everywhere.

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Photographs by Peter Levy

(Advertisement)





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Mink & Pearls Bath Oil and Soap. Both contain
mink oil, combined with the fragrance of
Mink & Pearls. 4 oz. Bath Oil $6.00, Soap $1.25.

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A bath of precious oils. A little soft-soaping now and then. A way to shower yourself from head to toe.

Even a subtle fragrance to remind the person closest to you of where you are in life.

Mink & Pearls. The luxurious necessities.

What would life be without them.

## You ought to be in Mink & Pearls.™

by Jōvan

At cosmetic counters of America's finest stores. Jōvan, Inc., 875 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611

*Designed by Halston.*






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**Number 4: Elizabeth Arden 'Active Moisture Supplement'**

# Today's topic:
# Your skin's essential moisture...how to maintain it, prevent its loss with a new Skin Dynamics liquid moisture supplement so clear, so light you can wear it with or without makeup. Or to bed or outdoors.

***New 'Active Moisture Supplement',*** our fourth Skin Dynamics break-through is another whole new way of taking care of yourself. ***It's fast, uncomplicated, and like our other action-oriented discoveries, formulated to deliver multiple benefits with minimum effort.***

It's an extraordinary new liquid moisturizer. Completely light and clear (unlike ordinary moisturizers and creams). ***It looks more like true moisture. Acts more like it. Furthermore, it has a unique dual-action.***

Smooth a few drops on your face and throat. It glides on like air. And disappears in an instant. (What other moisturizer does that?) ***Best of all, you'll feel silky, not slick.***





***Virtually every skin needs it.*** Every skin loses moisture constantly. Some more than others.

***What it does:***

**1.** ***It restores your skin's ability to retain moisture.*** Topside, it fulfills your skin's individual needs for moisture and lubrication. Then it forms an invisible film that helps lock in moisture even under the most drying conditions.

**2.** Then, (remember it's dual-acting) ***it penetrates deeply to safeguard your skin against moisture loss below.*** It reaches down beneath the surface to help form a protective shield for your skin's natural moisture—a kind of 'moisture-match'—that helps prevent drying.

***Sound too good to be true?*** Trust Elizabeth Arden.

'Active Moisture Supplement' is a truly unique break-through in skin care. ***And it affords such immediate and lasting benefits you'll want never to be without it.***

Use it all day long, and all night. As a special beauty bonus it helps keep your makeup from sinking into your pores. Keeps your makeup looking 'alive'.

***When you want doubly-effective protection—topside and deep-down—'Active Moisture Supplement' is for you.***

***Help yourself to all our action-oriented Skin Dynamics discoveries:***

***'Multiple-Action Cleansing'*** gives you the exquisite cleansing every skin needs periodically. It outperforms daily cleansers and delivers the added benefits of a mask. In one 5 minute step.

***'Complexion Renewal Lotion'*** retexturizes and clarifies your complexion by simply whisking away dulling surface cells while it moisturizes and protects your 'newskin.' All in 30 seconds.

***'Intensive Body Smoothing'*** buffs away body roughness, smoothes out 'bumplets,' softens calloused points-of-wear with its own special soft friction sponge. Without it, it refines and polishes 'body-skin' to its silkiest possible texture. In bath or shower.

Fast. Sure. Simple. These are one-of-a-kind treatments that replace complex rituals with one quick step. Together with ***'Active Moisture Supplement'*** they form the most sophisticated skin care available today: Elizabeth Arden's Skin Dynamics.




# Skin Dynamics

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Results!
from Elizabeth Arden, again.

TALON® 1973© DIVISION OF TEXTRON



When all that holds you is the horizon, that is called freedom.

Talon®
THE QUALITY ZIPPER

The flexible zipper that moves the way you do.

You're looking at the sleeper of Summer '73: a wig so cool and comfortable, you can't believe it.

Say the weather is hot. And humid. Think about what your own hair would be doing. Frizzing a little? Drooping a lot? Now here's what the new Fashion Tress Summer Sleeper Wig would be doing. Looking great. The shape is perfect. Close to the head. The hairline is undetectable; actually invisible. It looks like your own. The cap isn't a cap at all. Just air-cooled stretch lace. And the fiber is unbelievably easy to cope with. It's a special Fashion Tress blend of modacrylic that resists summertime things like frizzing and drooping. Even in a heat wave. Even when it's humid. Even on the beach.

That's why we say
The Summer Sleeper is *The Unbelievable Wig by Fashion Tress* ®

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Plw

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## A collection of exciting new scents that will arouse your basic animal instincts. And his.




**It's as if we bottled a basic animal instinct.**

And only you can release it.

Discover its power. Suddenly you're more female. And while you'll scarcely notice it, he will.

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Jovan Musk Oil Perfume.

Incredible, but true.

**The most potent of sensual signals.**

You'll sense its captivating power. Its cat-like subtlety.

He will, *too*. And more.

The passion of man for woman, woman for man, is here.

In Jovan Civet Oil Perfume.

The most potent of sensual signals.

And all you have to do to send yours, is wear it.

**The call of the sea. For land lovers.**

It's sure to make waves. For you. And for him.

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Available in two color ranges.



# Polly's Promises

"The three promises I make for my Oil of the Turtle Moisturizer are not made lightly. They are based on what has worked for myself, and for hundreds of women I have introduced to Oil of the Turtle. It works, I believe, because it is a *natural* oil, closely related to the skin's own *natural* moisture–moisture lost in the inevitable aging process."

**1**

"I promise you that many of the early signs of aging can actually be *corrected* with my Oil of the Turtle Moisturizer. Rub it into those tiny lines around your eyes and mouth. Smooth it into your neck. In a matter of days, you will erase signs of dryness–and restore the natural freshness that keeps skin looking young."



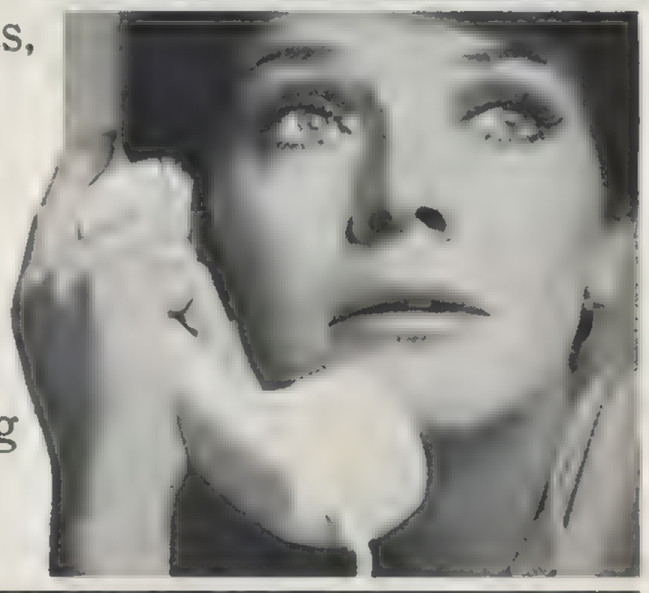
**2**

"Get the jump on Father Time by using my Oil of the Turtle Moisturizer *before* problems appear. If you start now, you can actually *prevent* premature lines, coarse-feeling skin and other signs of fleeting youth. Of course you can't escape aging forever. But I promise you can postpone it. For years."



**3**

"Devote just a few minutes, morning and night, to my Oil of the Turtle Moisturizer. The results will show in your mirror within one week. Oil of the Turtle is simplicity itself–a complete skin care program that takes so little time you can hardly believe you're doing enough for your skin. But I promise you: you are."



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GAMES by Sam Fry

# Bridge: A Sure Thing—Insure It

## Avoid shock, take care against all breaks—possible or "impossible"

They had just returned from their honeymoon. They were playing their first game as husband-and-wife bridge partners. The proud groom—proud both of his own bridge game and his bride's good looks—had gotten them to the first small slam of their lives together, with the bride, sitting South, declarer at six clubs. Here was the deal:

**NORTH**
♠ 5
♡ A K Q 10 4
◇ A 7 4
♣ K J 9 5

**WEST**
♠ J 10 9 8 4 2
♡ —
◇ K J 9 5
♣ 7 4 3

**EAST**
♠ A 3
♡ J 9 8 7 6 5 3 2
◇ Q 6
♣ 6

**SOUTH**
♠ K Q 7 6
♡ —
◇ 10 8 3 2
♣ A Q 10 8 2

**THE BIDDING:**

| NORTH | EAST | SOUTH | WEST |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 ♡ | Pass | 2 ♣ | Pass |
| 3 ◇ | Pass | 3 ♠ | Pass |
| 5 ♣ | Pass | 5 ◇ | Pass |
| 6 ♣ | Pass | Pass | Pass |

The newlyweds had bid their hands very well indeed.

West opened the spade jack, East won the ace and—what else!—returned a heart, quite whimsically and perhaps deceptively selecting the deuce. The lovely bride, having surveyed the dummy rapidly and with approbation, happily discarded a diamond—also, what else! West trumped, and there was an awesome silence all around the table except for an incredulous whimper from the wife. Finally, it was broken by her husband. "Down one," he said, entering the score and, with his voice hardly quavering, "Gee, Sweetie Pie, that was a darn shame. That's the toughest break I've ever seen. We'll get 'em next hand."

Granted it was a real tough break: 8-5-0-0 distributions don't come up many times in anyone's bridge lifetime. Also granted that Sweetie Pie is very cute and pretty and that it is good practical bridge as well as good manners to be gentle and polite to one's partners, even including one's bride. But thinking ahead to the third month of their marriage and the fourth month and the fourth year, the groom, as a precaution against things to come, might have said a bit more.

He might have gently pointed out that a sure thing is a sure thing. That when you have twelve absolutely certain tricks in a slam contract, it is just sheer laziness not to take precautions, even against once-in-a-lifetime breaks. Even a bride of two months should be shown that the heart lead could safely be trumped with one of South's equally high trumps. A low spade could then be trumped with one of dummy's high trumps, trumps drawn, and then three top hearts would take care of three losing diamonds. All this against *any* possible breaks. ■

*Designed by Scott Barrie.*




# *This is the tag you should look for even before you check the price tag.*

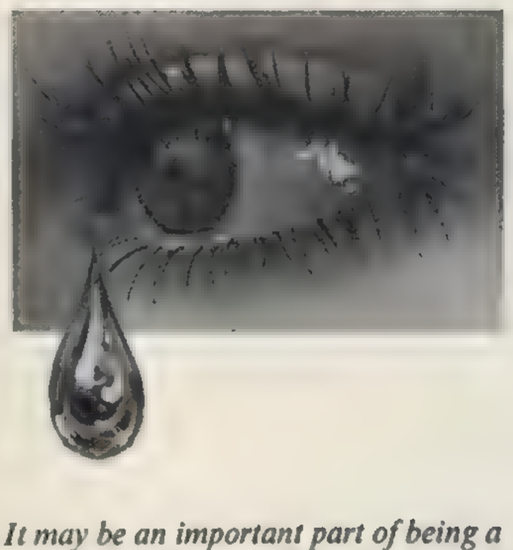
*The Herculon II* tag tells you what no price tag can. What you're looking at and admiring is a new fashion standard. Because it was created by a man who sets fashion standards. One of the designers who season after season uses his imagination with fabric, color and texture to set trends.*

*This elegant evening gown was created especially for Herculon II fashion. It looks very special because it was designed by a man who is very special. Scott Barrie.*

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*1345 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019*

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**Isn't Once a month Enough?**



*It may be an important part of being a woman, but it can really be a nuisance. Every morning, put them on. Every night, take them off. Clean and store. And the next day, it starts all over again...*

**STOP!**
**Now, apply permanent eyelashes**
**ONCE**
**and forget them for up to**
**SIX WEEKS!**

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**IS HERE!**

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The complete kit includes a tray of 90 feathery clusters (4 different lengths)— enough for several applications. And our own special adhesive, remover, gentle cleaner and full instructions.
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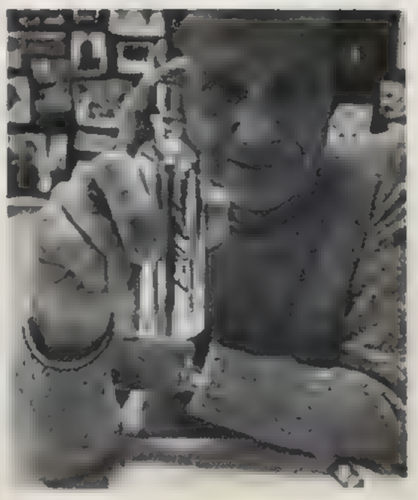
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**Color . . . Black ☐ Brown ☐**
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# American Design Scents

Norell was the first U.S. designer to give his name to a scent, a great one. Now, all top U.S. designers want their own scent and they're achieving this

## Bill Blass . . . "a fresh, great, easy feeling"



"The idea was to give a guy a fresh, great, easy feeling." Bill Blass is talking about Bill Blass Cologne. None of that heavy smell of brier pipes and the tack room here, which might be one reason so many women like their men to wear Blass, and even like it for themselves. In summer, it's especially good—for the light bracing quality of this cologne makes a definite change from the headier scents of winter. One of these days, Bill hopes there will be a Blassport fragrance for girls, named after his great ready-to-wear collection. As for Bill Blass Cologne, he explains, "It's a blend of a number of things, including oil of marjoram and a good dash of patchouli. We tried more than a hundred scents before we came up with this one." Bill Blass for men was launched in 1970. The latest addition to the line is Super Strength Cologne in an ultramarine-and-silver flask which looks as cool and modern as the cologne itself.

## Pauline Trigère . . . "the first note is definitely explosive"



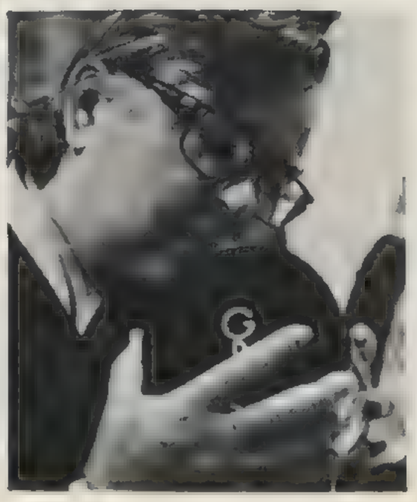
"Number 306 was the final answer. We were at the 107th try on November 10, 131st on December 6, and once at 223 we thought we had it." Pauline Trigère, emphatic about her clothes, her beliefs, her life-style, is equally so about the perfume that has just arrived on the scene, bearing her evocative name, Trigère. For years, she wore only one perfume—Shalimar—and so for her own special signature scent she was determined to find something she could wear forever, however long it took. It took three years to reach the 306th combination of nature's own ingredients, for even a fraction of a gram of any one can throw out the entire balance. Pauline's perfume has an explosive note, stabbing the senses with jasmine, rose, and ylang ylang, subsiding to a floral note, as appropriate to a country background as to a city one. The Trigère bottle is emphatic too, a crystal cube inscribed Trigère in flowing gold.

## Anne Klein . . . "not just for tennis"



"I said: I just want it fresh. I don't want any shadowy, pungent overtones. Just a fresh, clean smell, but one that will be good at night too—not just for playing tennis." Anne Klein got what she wanted. Her new, fresh, clean perfume —called Anne Klein, of course—is being introduced at Saks Fifth Avenue this month, almost a year to the day from the birth of the idea. Anne was asked to help create a perfume for a new fragrance company, American Essence. She was asked because American Essence felt that Anne represents American style at its very best. She says, "I don't see how designers can put their names on things that are inferior to their own taste level. I am very proud of this. We worked on the packaging to make it a direct reflection of the fragrance concept. Beautiful forms are so important." Anne's beautiful form is a Lucite cube, innocent of any label. "Labels are old-fashioned."

## Geoffrey Beene . . ."for a sexy evening gown, no"



"I am completely opposed to the kind of heavy floral perfumes they wore in the 1930's. . . . I wanted my perfume to be very modern. I worked purely by my own feeling, by scent. It took five years to get what I wanted—a perfume appealing all day, and, if you're having the kind of evening where you'd wear pants, fine for that, too. But for a sexy evening gown, no." Geoffrey launched his perfume, Geoffrey Beene, through his own subsidiary company this past Christmas. This month he adds bath oil, soap, and bath powder—all imbued with the Geoffrey Beene fragrance. "There is something very feminine about bath oil and powder . . . that attitude of fussing up, having fun." There's nothing fussed up about the packaging: the same pure design in silver-and-royal blue prevails throughout Geoffrey's line. Who will be the next American Designer to tackle the olfactory nerve? Oscar, Donald, Halston?

# "There's no instant miracle for summer-damaged hair. The only miracle I know takes a little longer."

Julius Caruso

"Summertime really gives your hair the hardest time.

The sun burns it, the wind beats it, the water dries it like seaweed. Those quick-down-the-drain rinses just don't make the difference.

They weren't made to help damaged hair.

condition* Beauty Pack Treatment from Clairol is specially formulated for damaged hair.



**It's impossible to correct weeks of drying sun, wind and water in a minute.**

When I apply protein-rich condition* the hair seems to soak it up immediately. (The way you see a dry plant drink water.)

Naturally, the hair that absorbs it quickly is the porous, or damaged hair. So condition* goes right to work where it's needed the most.

Then as you wait, with this intense 30-minute



treatment, the warmth of your scalp helps condition* penetrate throughout your hair.

Lifeless hair gets real body of its own. Becomes shiny, manageable. Really and truly reconditioned.

Remember, summer fun is no fun for your hair.




A regular condition* treatment can keep it shining no matter how brutally the sun shines."



**But Clairol's condition* can do the impossible in a little longer time.**

## condition*

**The professional treatment for mistreated hair.**

Available in cream pack. Or instant lotion for touch-ups.

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Outsmart the sun.
Smooth on a rich helping of Tan Promoting Cream with its special screening agent. While you sun, it promotes a deeper, golden tan—an even tan. Helps safeguard against burning, peeling and sun-aging lines. It's remarkable. Really.
Elizabeth Arden
Encourage a tan, your first time out.




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# BEAUTYCHECKOUT

# Hands Vs. Machines

## Two different approaches to face-work from the experts--pros, cons, what you can expect from each

Clearing, cleansing, firming, line removing, texturizing, providing a dazzling bloom—this is the kind of face-work available now. Methods differ in this work—some experts believe only in the power of their own hands, others prefer working as much as possible with electrical machines. Opinions (of experts and clients) are strong as to which is better: hands or machines. Here, a few of the more famous advocates of each method explain their beliefs. . . .



### With hands

**Janet Sartin,** whose salon is at 667 Madison Avenue, N.Y.C., has always been on the side of hand treatments. She finds that skin problems can be corrected just by using her own special preparations to cleanse and correct imbalances in the skin. Miss Sartin gives special treatments to improve texture, activate muscles, preserve elasticity (see photo). Though the treatments are given by hands, she is sometimes assisted by a machine to give her—as she describes it—"electrified fingers." The client holds a little electric attachment that gives off a faint tingle; this sensation is carried up to the face to work with the finger-smoothing, increasing its benefits. "Nothing electrical touches the face. I must be able to feel, with my hands, the reactions and responses of the skin, to know exactly how it's working." Janet Sartin deliberately avoids the word "massage," believing that it implies too much stress on the face. "We do not ever want to break down any fatty tissue, which we need for support—or move any muscles in the wrong way." Miss Sartin believes in diet and vitamins, doesn't believe in strong measures like dermabrasion—says the scarf cuticle (outer layer) can be beautified, doesn't need to be removed. Janet Sartin's care goes far beyond her salon—if you write her, she will send you a skin chart (check your type, your problems); then the appropriate preparations will be prescribed and dispatched.

Also stressing hands in face-work is Sabina at the **Charles of the Ritz Salon,** 461 Park Avenue, N.Y.C. Sabina believes her fingers are antennae with which she picks up any signals of "help." Believing in a light but lengthy massage, her fingers beat like a bongo drummer's to liven the skin while ozone, blown from a glass cylinder, adds freshness.

**Elizabeth Arden** was long a devotée of the hand approach. She used to scrutinize the finger pads of any treatment girl applying for a job, and hired only those with "fat finger pads"—stating they could feel the skin better and so understand its needs. Her salons today all over the world reflect this thinking—while also making use of latest machine techniques for body firming.



### With machines

At the **Christine Valmy Salon,** 157 West 57th Street, N.Y.C., the emphasis is on machines, not hands. Not only are many machines in use, but there is also a school—called the International School for Aestheticians and Makeup Specialists—that trains cosmetologists how to use them. Procedure runs something like this: Cleansing, analysis of skin, massage with hands while an ionized mist pours from a machine onto the skin. Then an electric brushing machine sluffs off flakes of dead skin. Oily areas are dealt with using an emulsifying lotion to liquify the sebum in pores, worked in with a heated electric mask that helps lotion penetrate. An electric vacuum cleaner for the face loosens grease and grime, works like a deep massage (see photo). A high-frequency lamp helps deep penetration. Finally, Valnel, a special Valmy preparation, is used under make-up. Christine Valmy believes beauty machines are a breakthrough in beauty, states the majority of salons don't use them because they are too expensive. Graduates of her school are spreading her methods throughout the country, and this month sees the opening of three new Valmy salons, bringing the total to about a dozen across the country.

A pioneer in the workings of beauty machines is **Elisabeth Ungar,** 160a East 70th Street, N.Y.C. Like a professor of beauty (with some impressive diplomas on the wall), she presides over her treatment rooms, working her apparatus with deftness and dedication. Two machines she developed herself: the Tonatron, to exercise the face muscles; the Galvanotron, to texturize and "force-feed" the skin with beneficial preparations. (Both machines, compact and white, can be obtained by mail order from Miss Ungar's salon. They're expensive—$229 and $279 respectively—but, says Miss Ungar, are lifetime investments.) More possibilities from Ungar machinery include wrinkle removing and the removal of the little red thread-marks of broken capillaries—both done with an electric needle. When asked how she feels about the hand-vs.-machines controversy, Miss Ungar answered, "Machine work is lasting—not permanent, but lasting. Benefits of a hand facial will only last—and I'm being charitable—forty-eight hours at most."



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MOVIES by Rosalyn Drexler

# Rescuing Truth; Shrieks In The Night; The Dancer's Art

Costa-Gavras rides on for political justice; Elizabeth Taylor screams again; and ballet dancing makes better people

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Fiction writer Rosalyn Drexler (see page 116) wrote a prizewinning play called* Home Movies; *next, she will be the heroine of a movie by two women filmmakers. She's a New Yorker, a Marx Brothers movie fan, and a cousin of Chico.*

**STATE OF SIEGE** is a movie thriller that is both a work of art and a political statement; it also reflects the human nature of the man who made it, Costa-Gavras. The key to the movie's esthetic must be found there. Mr. Gavras incorporates simultaneously the beautiful, the truthful, and the good; that is, he confirms the imagination's intuitive sense of what is right for man. Though *State of Siege* is, as was Gavras's earlier movie *Z*, intended as a political act, the form of the film itself is not revolutionary (as Godard's films are) but thoroughly commercial. His story is told swiftly and powerfully; it is a call to arms, a plea for justice. He asks; ". . . what is the alternative for slaves and the oppressed?"

Franco Solinas, who wrote the screenplay with Gavras, in discussing the film said: "We haven't sought to make a suspense film. We wanted to ask the public a question . . . not in the classic sense—will he die? ['he' being the 'communications expert' who was executed by the Tupamaros, a guerrilla group in Uruguay]—but is he or is he not responsible? Guilt not in the traditional sense . . . he has killed, he has robbed . . . but much greater. A responsibility of a political nature. Our point of view is not romantic. We are not giving a discourse on morality. We do not seek to establish whether Santore is good or bad. Santore interests us because he represents a system which is bad for the majority of men."

*State of Siege* is severely critical of the way American AID funds are used in underdeveloped countries and is a fictionalized version of the story of Daniel Mitrione (Santore . . . played by Yves Montand), the American (communications expert) who was killed by Tupamaro revolutionaries. This expert is accused of having trained the Uruguayan police force in the very latest torture methods (electrodes are attached to genitals, eyelids, lips, then the "juice" is turned on to force confessions; union members are called out of their headquarters and summarily executed by secret police trained by Santore).

As the film opens there is a manhunt on . . . a blue car fills the screen: front, then back revealing Uruguayan license plates. Cut to an aerial view of a vast field (cool blues and greys) with policemen and dogs on the leash prowling the landscape. This is chillingly beautiful. There is a state funeral and a flashback to the Monday on which the guerrillas launched their perfectly planned coup. We go back and forth from the guerrilla hideout where the cop is being questioned by his captors to the govenmental offices, press conferences, and police activities as tensions rise.

Although I would have liked to see more of what the Tupamaros were fighting for and against, not just shots of ugly old imperialists against idealistic young revolutionaries, the film served the purpose of informing me of a situation of which perhaps many of us are unaware. But what can we do about it? We are the bad guys . . . and Costa-Gavras, the Ralph Nader of international political injustice, rides again.

In **NIGHT WATCH,** Elizabeth Taylor does some virtuoso screaming, and Laurence Harvey plays the best-dressed stick in the crud. She is the wealthy woman, he the penniless nothing who marries her and attends to her properties, stocks, bonds, and ersatz art collection. Their bedroom is hung with artificial-lemon, -lime, and -cherry Matisse paintings, while Far Eastern statuary stands guard. The lampshades in their opulent London house are our $2.98 five-and-dime variety in laminated rayon. In spite of the exquisite decor, it is not a happy home. Liz sees or imagines she sees—in an abandoned house across the garden—first, a man in a winged chair with his throat cut and, then, a woman in the same winged chair with her throat cut. These are the times that Miss Taylor's screams ring out loud and clear. It is worth waiting for. There is also a storm, banging shutters, a suspicious gardener, an inspector, a psychiatrist, a beautiful best friend, and for the necrophiles a scene in the morgue.

The dialogue at best is worst, *e.g.*, Miss Taylor to her husband (Laurence Harvey): "Living doesn't matter, only life." Make of that what you will. This melodrama digs its own grave. At one point the inspector, suspecting Liz's sanity, asks the husband: "Is your wife alone much?" and he answers: "Not more than most women." Sad commentary, but what does it mean? Nothing. This picture is a Joseph E. Levine and Brut Productions presentation. Brut is a men's fragrance put out by Fabergé, the company that put money into *Night Watch*. One noticed a yellow plastic bomb of KïKu (a perfume) on Miss Taylor's dressing table. KïKu is also produced by Fabergé. Clever these manufacturers . . . but not clever enough.

I loved **FIRST POSITION,** a movie about the people who study ballet and the artists who teach it. Inside of every genius there is an ordinary person in flux who suffers the ambivalences, hungers, and "petty" misfortunes that the rest of us do; when the talented person works, this is resolved. The exceptional person *must* work. In her diary, young dancer Janis Rostwick writes: ". . . Dancing makes me a good person. The more I dance, the better person I become. . . ." There is gently flickering love between Janis and a young boy who studies with her. In class they are in continual close physical contact, but on a Saturday-afternoon visit to Janis's apartment, their shyness is palpable, and a chance touching of hands causes immediate withdrawal. Training and striving are ever present: the pupil vis-à-vis the master who has the power of animating him or her. Sequences of *Petrouchka* intercut throughout the film; the awakening of Petrouchka's soul can perhaps be likened to the feelings of any student.

*First Position* is a tone poem drenched in sweat. It begins with the loneliness of the long-distance piano tuner sounding his middle C and re, mi, fa, sol across the emptiness of the rehearsal studio and ends with a voice-over of a masterful female ballet teacher ordering positions while stills of the students fill the screen one after the other, frozen, slow, releasing us from the fast pace and inspired activity of the rest of the picture. This is a unique look into a seldom tapped milieu, honestly observed and directed by William Richert who produced *Derby* in 1970. ■

# Scotch and the single girl.



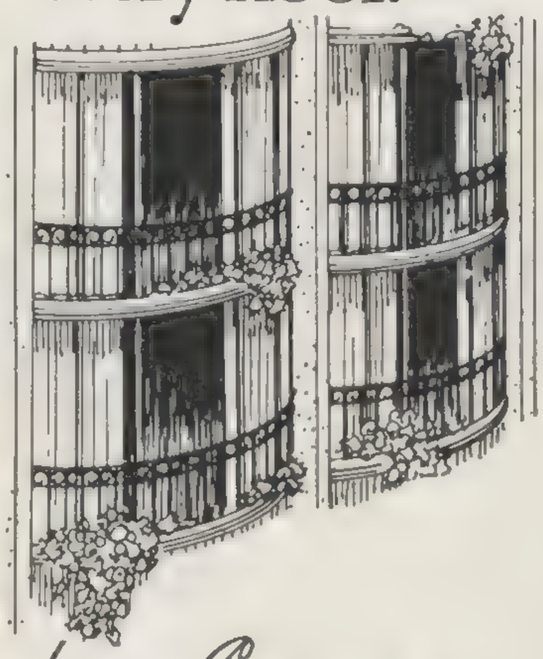

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TRAVEL by Elsa Klensch

# Newborn Resort

## How an almost untouched Dominican sun coast, La Romana, became a sportsmen's paradise

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Or you can play golf on a new world-class course that has seven holes swinging along the edge of the ocean and the fairways landscaped with hundreds of almond, cashew-nut, orange, and teak trees.

When Cuban-born Alvaro Carta first conceived the idea of turning three thousand acres of virgin country at La Romana on the southeast coast of the Dominican Republic into a new Caribbean resort, he was determined to make it uniquely Dominican.

Now that the first stage—the golf course and adjoining hotel—is completed, Señor Carta, the forty-four-year-old president of Gulf+Western Americas Corp., which owns the resort, is satisfied. The sixty-room hotel looks like a village with its six red-roofed buildings, each with ten rooms, scattered around a central bar and dining room. The rooms are spacious, with lofty ceilings, natural-wood furnishings, and windows that open onto sweeping views of the golf course and ocean. The rooms do exactly what you want them to do—give the feeling that you are on a tropical island, completely out of touch with the telephones and tensions of big-city living.



*"Teeth of the dog" golf course*



*La Romana pool terrace*

*Golf Digest* has called the course, Campo de Golf Cajuiles, "magnificent—one of the world's best." Designed by Pete Dye, it was built under his supervision by three hundred Dominicans. Dye—who is well-known for his Harbour Town links at Sea Pines Plantation, Hilton Head Island in South Carolina—believes the terrain should be left alone and that the golfer should be required to negotiate only natural hazards.

At La Romana, Dye lined the fairways with native coral rock called *dientes del perro* or "teeth of the dog." He used these walls, cane fields, occasional wastelands, and a dry riverbed to form his hazards. He made his greens small, swift, and severely contoured and surrounded them with tenacious centipede grass. Dye considers the par-4 fifteenth hole, with its tee perched over the sea cliffs, "the longest 370 yards in golf." On this beautiful-to-see, hard-to-play hole, the length of a drive increases in direct proportion to the velocity of the prevailing wind.

Apart from golf, at La Romana there is the ocean and those flour-white beaches. Each morning and afternoon the guests are shuttled across deep-blue waters to the hotel's private beach—Bayahibe. The beach, a half-mile palm-fringed curve, has water as warm and as soft as velvet. Nearby is the fishing village of Baya- (Continued on page 52)

# Don't ignore your hair now when it needs you most.

In summer your hair needs all the love and affection it can get. And what do you do? If you're like most women you ignore it. Let it fend for itself.

You know what summer sun and heat and smog do to your skin. So think what they do to your hair. Then chart a Summer Hair Care Program. Now. When your hair needs extra care.

**An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.** If your hair misbehaves in the summer, it could be rebelling against the kind of treatment (or lack of treatment) it's getting. You wouldn't face the sun without protecting your skin. So why not do the same for your hair? One way to help keep it from becoming dry, dull and frizzy is to cover it in the sun. Scarves and hats are right in tune with the season, and very flattering, so enjoy them. Your hair will enjoy the benefits, too.

**Regular visits to your beauty salon are especially important in the summer.** If you're going to help your hair look shining and lively, then you've got to see that it gets professional hair care. One thing that will help is a good haircut. When your hair is as thick at the ends as it is at the roots, it looks healthier, less frizzy and has more body.



**Have your salon condition your hair.** Because your hair is like your skin, it has qualities and problems of its own. No one knows more about hair care than your salon, so don't try to do it yourself. Find out what they recommend. Your hair stylist may want to analyze your hair (hair analysis is a service Redken offers) before deciding which Redken products will do your hair the most good.

**Don't undo the good your hair stylist does by using the wrong products at home.** Because your hair is primarily protein and acid-balanced, Redken products are organic protein and naturally acid-balanced. Every product that comes out of our laboratories has been scientifically formulated to be compatible with the natural state of your hair. Every Redken product does something good for your hair. That's why stylists use Redken in their salons and recommend it to their patrons for home use.

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*PHinal PHase Creme Rinse.* Removes tangles and helps prevent split, broken ends. Restores radiance. Leaves your hair more manageable.

*Climatress Moisturizing Creme Protein Conditioner.* Brings dry, dull hair back to life by restoring the hair's natural moisture balance. Combats brittleness, frizziness and breaking.

*P.P.T. "S-77."* The acid-balanced protein reconditioner that works wonders on badly damaged hair. Helps revive and rebuild hair. Helps keep it in good condition.

If your salon doesn't carry Redken products, look for the Redken beauty mark in your telephone directory. You'll find it under Beauty Salons.

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# La Romana: unspoiled, no big hotels, gentle islanders

hibe, founded more than a century ago by Puerto Rican fishermen. Among its two hundred and fifty residents are what must be some of the most beautiful children in the world. Mayor Aurelio Luis Santana, called "Neneno," is extremely hospitable and more likely than not will greet you at the wharf and invite you to his house for coffee.

At the hotel, there are a swimming pool, bicycles, tennis courts, and trap and skeet shooting. La Romana's dude ranch has a polo field and riding stables and occasionally holds mini-rodeos starring Dominican cowhands. The hotel has two Bertram power boats for battling wahoo and marlin and skiffs for fishing for robalo or snook on light tackle in the nearby Chavon River.

There's day sailing aboard the hotel boats—a fifty-two-foot gaff-rig schooner, *Merengue*, as well as two smaller boats. For those who want to play with something smaller yet, fourteen-foot Hobie Cat sailboats are available to guests at Bayahibe Beach.

Señor Carta's plans for the area include several more hotels, condominium apartments, and villas spaced out around the areas near the beach, the dude ranch, and the river. "We are talking about inns rather than hotels," he said. "We want the resort to be unique—no skyscrapers, no big hotels. What sort of building we put up will depend on the topography of the land and what will look best in that area."

## What to take

Remember, La Romana is in the tropics and whether you're planning on golf, sailing, or merely lazy-ing on the beach, you'll need lots of cool clothes with the emphasis on cotton.

Swimsuit cover-ups are a must to get you to and from the launch that shuttles to the beach. There are changing huts at the beach, so take along an extra set of clothes in case you don't want to sit around in a wet swimsuit.

Take all your cosmetic and drug needs. While there's a well-stocked drugstore in the nearby town, it does not carry every item of every line.

For more ideas about clothes to take to La Romana, turn to pages 118-131.

PLANE FACTS: Dominicana Airlines, the national carrier of the Dominican Republic, has recently begun daily flights between New York's JFK airport and Santo Domingo. Flying time: three and a half hours; take-off time from JFK: every day at 2:30 P.M.; from Santo Domingo: 9 A.M. Excursion fares in economy class for a stay not over twenty-one days, $168 flying Monday through Thursday; on weekends, $190; first-class excursion fare is $284 any day of the week. (At JFK, Dominicana passengers check in at the Lufthansa terminal.) U.S. passengers carrying proof of citizenship buy their tourist cards at the airport for one dollar.

From the Santo Domingo airport to La Romana resort, hotel cars pick up visitors for the ninety-minute drive; round trip, $10 per person.

HOTEL ARRANGEMENTS: At the new Golf Hotel (Casa de Campo), a double room including breakfast and dinner, $73 for each of two persons; at the Hotel Romana, $62 per person. The Golf Plan, an excellent arrangement based on six nights and seven days, includes room, breakfast and dinner, tax and tips, unlimited golf, plus the use of a golf cart for eighteen holes a day; for each of two people sharing a double room at the new Golf Hotel, count on $258 for the entire plan; at the Hotel Romana, $225. Refrigerators in each room are stocked with papayas, pineapples, melons, and bananas. As if waiting to be called, maids arrive immediately, dressed in long uniforms, with ruffled skirts, their heads tied in kerchiefs. For reservations, write Hetland & Stevens, Inc., 200 East 42nd St., New York, New York 10017. ■

***For more information about tripping to La Romana, write Vogue Travel, Department D, P.O. Box 3374, Grand Central Station, New York, New York 10017.***




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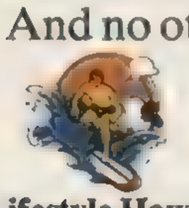
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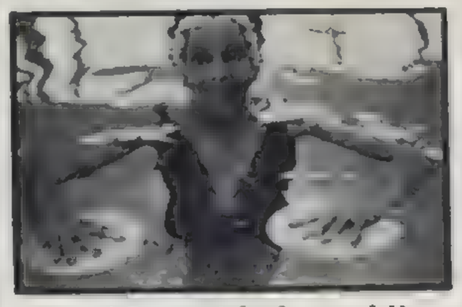
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# Shape-Up With Aquacise

## Using $H_2O$ for a better shape



*Terri Lee with the paddles*

"Water is the closest thing to the fountain of youth," says Terri Lee. After meeting her, one tends to agree . . . for, although a grandmother, Mrs. Lee has the grace of a prima ballerina and the slim, trim figure of someone half her age. Admitting she is more at home in the water than out, she glides across the pool at the Top of the One Club and Spa, One Lincoln Plaza, New York, demonstrating a series of Aquacises, designed exclusively for Vogue readers, that are carried out with special paddles which increase the resistance of the water. To create Aquacises, Mrs. Lee combined dance movements, exercise, and swimming all to better shape and trim down flab. She wrote about her original water-work-outs in a book called *Aquacises—Water Exercises for Fitness and Beauty*. (Copies can be obtained for $4.50—Aquacise paddles, $5.50—from Terri Lee, Box 4711, Falls Church, Va. 22044.)

## Terri Lee's Aquacises

**Otter** Great shape-up for all of you. ON YOUR MARK: Hold the body straight, preparing to assume four different floating positions. GET SET: Float on your back, hands at sides, palms facing down. GO: Roll into a sidestroke-glide position (lower arm extended, upper arm at side); roll onto the front and move arms



to a forward-V position; roll onto the other side (lower arm extended, upper arm at side); roll onto the back, bringing hands down to the sides. Do one complete movement to the right; reverse arm movements to roll left. Repeat 6 times to the left, 6 times to the right.

**Sea swallow** For arms, bosom, posture. ON YOUR MARK: In shoulder-deep water, stand with your back against the wall, legs forward at an angle, feet on floor. GET SET: Hold paddles in front of body, palms facing down. GO: Press arms down to the wall on either side of you, then lift arms sideways to shoulder level. Press arms back down to sides again, then lift them forward to starting position. Repeat 6 to 12 times. Be sure to hold tummy in, back against wall (push against floor with feet to help hold back and hips firmly against wall).

**Angle worm** For arms, bosom, abdomen, upper thighs, posture. ON YOUR MARK: In shoulder-deep water, stand with your back against the wall, legs forward at an angle, feet on floor. GET SET: Hold paddles in front of the body, palms facing down. GO: Simultaneously, press arms down to the wall on either side of you and lift one leg forward. Reverse movements to return to starting position. Repeat 6 to 10 times, alternating legs and kicking high each time.

**Tadpole** For inner and outer thighs, arms, bosom. ON YOUR MARK: Stand in waist-deep water, left side toward wall at arm's length away, feet together. GET SET: Hold onto the deck with left hand; hold a paddle in right hand, arm at side. GO: Simultaneously, lift right arm and leg to the side. Then, press down past the starting position and across in front of your body. Swing arm and leg to the side again and repeat 6 to 15 times before reversing position to other side.

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READYBEAUTY

# An Ancient Dance With A New Twist

Shimmy and shake—
relax into shape

**Q. What exercise is creative, sensual, and tones the entire body?**

**A. Belly dancing.** It's come a long way from the days when a curvaceous lady called Little Egypt introduced it to America at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893, and carnival barkers invited audiences to "watch the little lady shimmy and shake." Today, belly dancing is recognized as good, sound exercise, and much of that definition is due to Serena Wilson, America's foremost exponent of the belly dance, who has regularly given lessons to Mrs. Jacob Javits, Mrs. Jean vanden Heuvel, and other busy women on the New York scene. At the Serena Studios, 138 West 53rd Street, New York (212-245-9603), the acquired technique, done to Middle Eastern music, leads students to concentrate on grace, sensuality—and to improve their stamina. Because its feline movements require the mind to be in complete control of the body, the dance is creative both mentally and physically. All the movements carry over into everyday life, making even the simplest actions—walking, sitting—a beautiful study of the female in motion. As every part of the body is in use, the exercise factor is a total one.

Everything you might ever want to know about belly dancing can be found in the book written by Serena and her husband, Alan—*The Serena Technique of Belly Dancing* (Drake, $6.95). From the book—an exercise for firming hips and thighs: Stand with feet parallel to one another (about six inches apart); turn both feet out slightly. Raise hip by lifting heel from floor; do not bend your knee. Slide shoulders away from extended hip. Your weight should be on the leg opposite the extended hip. Reverse. All belly-dancing movements begin with the rib cage being lifted forward and high, the shoulders pulled back, the abdomen pushed out, while leaning into a shallow back bend, with the pelvis in a deep tilt toward the back. This means the entire torso is held in an arch. Slowly bending back, the ribs sink into the waist as the knees bend and the pelvis pushes forward, the shoulders coming forward completing the contraction, setting the pelvis again into its slow tilt back; the ribs push up and shoulders pull the torso back into its arch. Continuous undulating movement . . . patterns with hips, rib cage, arms making circles; arms moving with shoulders in figure-eights; hands curling and opening in snake-like ripples; wrists arching and turning; the head moving from side to side, and forward.

Not only does belly dancing expressly tone the figure, but, during pregnancy, it is an excellent way to prepare the muscles called upon during natural childbirth—it was the first exercise regimen in this area. Its therapeutic aspects have been recommended by many doctors to their patients, because it *is* relaxing. Since the dance incorporates many of the benefits of isotonics and isometrics, it helps the dancer stay in tip-top shape. Belly dancing is not restricted to one age group—the very young to the elderly study it and its growing popularity has spread across the country, reaching as far as California (where Mrs. Harold Robbins, wife of the author, could certainly be called an expert), Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania at the local YWCA, Madison, Wisconsin at Tara's School of Dance, and as far south at Little Rock, Arkansas's Studio of Mid-Eastern Dance.

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BOOKS by Melva Weber

# Mind-Changing New Ways To Understand Each Other

## Psychiatrist Donald J. Holmes tells: how he looks at sex problems, "bad" children, pornography—other "misplaced" behavior

A three-pound, thousand-page book—labeled *Psychotherapy* and written by physician and psychiatrist Donald J. Holmes for those in the "helping professions," doctors, psychiatrists, ministers, counselors—is turning out to be a hit with nonpro readers, shaking up psychologists and laymen alike. It promises to become a classic source, if only for its chapters on sexuality. Large and strenuous but clear as Western sunlight (and the most readable medical book since Dr. Spock's), Holmes's book (published by Little, Brown and Company) provides a dazzling collection of insights into what it means to be a human being.

Out on a limb in every possible direction, Don Holmes describes a life view that is learned but marvels at human events; he's scholarly but continuously excited. A kind of Galloping Gourmet of the human condition, he provides throughout the book sunshiny photographs, all nude: mothers and children at play or cuddling each other; a girl sleeping with her puppy in her arms; a child in a reverie; a man and a woman making love.

Do you think Woman's Lib is mostly nonsense? As Holmes sees it, "Big conflict . . . is tied in with the Women's Liberation movement," some triumphs, some troubles. Women who come to him for counsel on personal sexual problems provide examples: "She may [say] . . . 'I don't have anything to *do* with Women's Lib.' But just listen to her sex problems! She can't stand the way *he* is; passive on the one hand, insisting on his childish male prerogatives on the other. And her intense personal dissatisfaction with her life, her sense of domestic entrapment, manifests itself in sexual disorder for both.

"Do you know, even quite unsophisticated women, conservative and even a little bit drab on the surface, will sit there and talk like Germaine Greer and not even realize it?"

A chauvinistic male himself? On no account; Holmes is



rather a pro-human being, but a fond and applauding observer of the sexual differentials.

In his book, Holmes traces the ways a newborn child explores and exploits its world: "Within a few months after his birth, . . . [the mother] begins to sense that many of his motoric and vocal outbursts are as much experimental as anything else. . . . Irritated by his imperious ways and suspicious of his motives, she does not respond as quickly. In round after round of this interminable contest, he wins a few, loses a few, and some are rained out." How infinitely soothing to a mother miserable with guilt over her anger at her grabbing, testing, relentless baby.

What is "good" and "bad" behavior? Dr. Holmes's book tweaks us out of our old notions. Most "right" or "wrong" behavior is likely to be only transient local custom, he thinks. For examples: an American who kisses his own wife on a street in Rome may run afoul of the *carabinieri;* and an Italian gentleman who pinches a pretty girl on a city street in the United States may get himself into considerable trouble. As dirt may be just a substance out of place, badness can be merely behavior out of place.

"A common complaint of parents in today's child-guidance clinics is that their child is urinating, defecating, masturbating, or talking or running around in the wrong places and at the wrong times. And yet, if he had been reared where there were no serious restrictions on masturbation but stringent prohibitions against reading Shakespeare, then we could expect to hear from the distraught parent, 'He reads too much Shakespeare and doesn't masturbate enough.' "

The old, dark myths surrounding masturbation—that genital self-stimulation causes everything from eye damage to insanity—are steadily being dispelled today by physicians and by enlightened parents. In their place are developing newer half-myths that place primitive sensual gratifications on the "you'll outgrow it" list.

Says the intrepid Holmes: "The licking, mouthing, tonguing, sucking, and frictional body contact, so visibly enjoyed in infancy, usually remain treasured pleasure-giving behaviors throughout life; and the moral denunciation of them as childish, simply because they start in childhood, is no more reasonable than derogating breathing, eating, and smiling on the same grounds."

In the world of Holmes, pornography is not harmful; neither is it a harmless indulgence. It is a positive boon; but he wishes for more creativity. "The little cartoon 'dirty books' of childhood days, the girlie mags, and the skin flicks undoubtedly do more good than harm in public education and in the deconditioning of inhibitory neuroses. But what they do could be accomplished . . . better by men of talent."

Other people's "dirty words" are no problem to Dr. Holmes; but sometimes his psychiatric colleagues use some words he cannot stand. "Latency"—as understood in "latent homosexuality"—is one of them. "Everybody," he says impatiently, "is latent everything."

Another such word is "frigidity." To Holmes, the word "should be eliminated from medical-psychiatric practice. It is a man-made, man-sparing notion that falsely seeks to explain man's lesser sexual capacity as secondary to deficiencies in her character. . . . Female 'frigidity' is a cruel and destructive myth, as virtually all of it is caused by men."

Holmes writes, too, of those sad and troublesome offenders called "deviants"—the practicers of secret rituals, the compulsives, the pourers of garbled filth into the telephone for the ears of any stranger, the window-peepers, the exhibitionists. How are we to understand and accept their strange and threatening behavior, their "crimes without victims"? His explorations and discussions of these cases—often drawn from his own experiences with patients—do provide ways of understanding, of seeing other people from a new and revealing point of view. ■


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By Maria Elise Crummere JUNE 1—JUNE 30

# Horoscope

If you were born when the Sun was in Gemini:

Yours is the most versatile, intelligent, and amusing sign of the zodiac. Your symbol, the twins, represents your ability to play two roles in life. You may have two incomes, one from a professional field, another from an avocation that becomes a financial success. Though your duties may be demanding, Saturn, the planet of reputation, in your sign until August 2, assures the laying now of a foundation for future success. During June and July, Uranus will be in trine (best luck) to Jupiter (opportunity), bringing you an unusual offering. These two planets will consolidate your affairs, making this a tremendously important time in your life. The changes made now will endure and bring financial promise.

## Aries March 21–April 19

**Love:** Your ruler, Mars, in Pisces now, is handicapped by four planets in Gemini; do not expect love to flow smoothly. Things will go your way later, after the first eleven days of the month.
**Work:** You cannot afford to take the initiative until after the full moon (June 15); cooperate now with business partners. The last ten days, speed through your month's chores successfully.
**Health:** Curbing your energies is always frustrating, but it is a blessing now, giving you a chance to organize your strength for an extremely busy time ahead. Don't fret—keep your control.

## Taurus April 20–May 20

**Love:** Your sentimental heart feels slighted when Saturn joins your ruler, Venus, in Gemini and burdens you with heavy demands from the people you love during the first week of the month. Let them go; transfer your energies to your career.
**Work:** The last week, financial opportunities will increase; move quickly to accept an offer on the last day, new moon, June 30.
**Health:** The pressure you feel at the beginning of the month declines after full moon, June 15. During the last week, with tension gone, you will thrive, encouraged by new developments.

## Gemini May 21–June 21

**Love:** You have Venus and Mercury in your sign now, but you are checked by Saturn as the month begins: love is a problem. Responses are delayed and pressure is high. Not until after full moon, June 15, will your decisions be effective, suit your love.
**Work:** You may have to work to complete a long-overdue assignment that once seemed a chore; but now it will engage your interest and stimulate financial gain for you.
**Health:** Mercury, your ruler, in Cancer, brings a lazy time that will provide the rest period that your nervous personality requires.

## Cancer June 22–July 22

**Love:** Rely on your instincts in taking an important step after the first week, resolving domestic problems as well as matters of the heart. For best results, avoid contention or further discussion at full moon, an eclipse on June 15.
**Work:** During the second week, accept opportunities to improve your earning power; sidestep new ventures at mid-month.
**Health:** Avoid strenuous undertakings now. Watch your diet and take care of your health until the last few days of the month; then the new moon on June 30 brings a happy new period.

## Leo July 23–August 22

**Love:** You prefer to be in control in matters of the heart. Since your ruler, the Sun, now in Gemini, will join Saturn just before the full moon (an eclipse on June 15), you may be brought to a test. Avoid the problem; cooperate.
**Work:** You may be expected to give your utmost to your career. A surprise during the first week leads to lucky developments.
**Health:** At full moon, June 15, ease up to avoid fatigue or depression. Your usual thorough way of fulfilling all your obligations would be exhausting to your nervous system just now.

(Continued on page 62)

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# You can take a White Horse anywhere

# Douching vs. Norforms

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# HOROSCOPE (Continued from page 60)

## Virgo August 23–September 22

**Love:** Your tendency to point up failings in others could bring a disappointment during the first four days; the choice of your heart may turn away from you.

**Work:** At the end of the first week, you could improve professional affairs by being more cooperative with your associates; full moon, June 15, may trigger a surprising resistance.

**Health:** To save your health, avoid pressure by foregoing social demands at full moon, June 15. The new moon on June 30 (the second new one this month) restores you to the social spin.

## Libra September 23–October 23

**Love:** Love and the social scene are really your métier, and the new moon on June 1 (there are two this month) accents both; but love may have to wait until just before full moon (June 15).

**Work:** Venus, your ruler, in Cancer may slow you down; and ideas you meant to launch may refuse to surface. After new moon on June 30, you can strengthen ties with business partners.

**Health:** A week before the month's ending, an unexpected event will stimulate your enthusiasm. You will get into new action that comes at the end of the month, feeling great.

## Scorpio October 24–November 21

**Love:** Contrary to your natural power drive, with your ruler, Mars, now in Pisces, you will feel romantic and yielding. Easy does it; just before full moon, June 15, you will face a test.

**Work:** After full moon, June 15, concentrate on a major plan; it may take until the end of the month (the new moon on June 30) for you to come out the winner.

**Health:** At mid-month, take extra care of your health. Your ruling planet, Mars, is against Saturn then—a block that is a test of strength. There is safety for you in a slower pace.

## Sagittarius November 22–December 21

**Love:** You favor the romantic scene. Now your ruler, Jupiter, is in Aquarius—the sign of new ventures; but since Jupiter trines Saturn (the past), you may have to settle for an old love.

**Work:** You have had more work, old and new, and more commitments to keep than you can handle. This month is a period of fortunate developments for you in your job—carry on.

**Health:** You keep up such a fast pace that you are usually overtired. Now with the influence of Saturn (endurance) and Uranus (the new), you feel optimistic. The month ends on a high note.

## Capricorn December 22–January 20

**Love:** Your conservative nature is always ready to accept the ways of fate. Now your ruler, Saturn, in Gemini (youth) is good to Uranus (awakener) in Libra (mating sign). Jupiter (luck) completes the trine: this promises new opportunity in love.

**Work:** With a grand trine involving your ruler, Saturn, your chances to boost your career are ripe. The last week is the best time for you to work out a steady program.

**Health:** With optimism high, plans secure, prospects good, you are and should be enjoying very good health.

## Aquarius January 21–Feburary 19

**Love:** The unusual attracts you, the new motivates. But now with Jupiter bringing you luck in your own sign and your ruler, Uranus, in trine to Jupiter in Libra (the mating sign), you will have to weigh the choice of a lover or mate carefully.

**Work:** The fortunate atmosphere that surrounds you now should provide you with many choices. Make at least one decision that will endure before the full-moon eclipse, June 15.

**Health:** Do not try to cover too many programs; an even pace will keep an erratic climate from canceling your flow of luck.

## Pisces February 20–March 20

**Love:** Your romantic dreams are close to fulfillment now with Jupiter (opportunity) in a sextile—a good aspect—to Neptune, your ruler. The second week of the month, before full moon, June 15, is the best time for you to concentrate on love.

**Work:** This is also a good time for you to negotiate about a job plan or an artistic idea; press every advantage now.

**Health:** When you are involved happily either in work that you enjoy or with someone you love, you bloom with good health. Enjoy these good days; changes come after new moon, June 30.



*On Father's Day, Virginia Slims reminds you that founding fathers couldn't have been founding fathers without founding mothers.*




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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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# How often should you shampoo your hair?

**Shampoo often enough to keep your hair looking its best.** Most women find their hair is prettiest the first day after they wash it—when it's so clean each strand of hair flows free and doesn't cling to its neighbor. If that's the case with you—it's good to know your hair can be washed as often as every day—if you use a gentle shampoo like *Johnson's*.





**Shampooing can give your scalp the exercise it needs.** You may have heard people say that frequent shampooing makes your hair get oilier. Not so! In fact, the gentle massage that a normal shampooing gives your scalp helps normalize oil flow. It's like "exercising" your scalp and exercise is as good for your scalp as for any other part of your body.




**Bleached or dry hair often needs shampooing before it looks oily.** Bleached hair is often rougher than normal healthy hair, so it can trap dirt and sprays. It can look dull and unhealthy before it looks oily, so don't wait for oiliness to shampoo. And this kind of hair needs a gentle shampoo, like *Johnson's* Baby Shampoo.



**Shampooing can add fullness to your hair.** No matter how you wear your hair, long and smooth or short and curly, your hair needs fullness to look its best. Hair can look limp even before it's oily—so shampoo often with *Johnson's* Baby Shampoo for a full, lively look.

## You can shampoo every day with *Johnson's* Baby Shampoo. It's so gentle.

It can't harm your eyes—it can't hurt your hair!

HEALTH by Melva Weber

# Good News From Sleuth-Scientists

Steaks that won't harm your heart . . . clearance for kaffeeklatsch-ers . . . where the doctors are . . . and a miniaturized birth-control pill

## Good grief—polyunsaturated Chateaubriand!

The unsaturated food fats—which are usually of vegetable origin—have been gaining favor, for a good medical reason: high cholesterol, which is generally lowered by a diet that contains proportionately more unsaturated than saturated fat, has been clearly associated with heart attack.

Saturated fats come mainly from animal foods—milk, butter, cheese, and meat; it takes a lot of food processing to switch the saturated fats in these foods to polyunsaturated form. Now, in Australia, scientists are polyunsaturating animals on the hoof. A team at the National University, headed by Dr. Paul J. Nestel, produces cattle on specially processed feeds; and the animals give both meat and milk that are very high in polyunsaturated fats. People who went on diets of the special beef and dairy products actually showed a 10 percent drop in their blood cholesterol.

The special livestock—lambs were treated, too—had feeds treated with linoleic acid, a process that tricks the animals' first stomach compartment out of its usual habit of turning unsaturated fatty acids to saturated ones. These animals' meat looks and tastes like any other beef and lamb, though the researchers say it may be tenderer.

Six healthy human subjects went on controlled diets, with lots of beef, drippings, cheese, butter, and whole milk and cream. First, about a month on a fixed menu using ordinary food; then a similar period on the same menu but using meat and milk products from the linoleic-fed animals. Result: Even though their actual cholesterol intake averaged five-hundred milligrams per day, the test people showed striking decreases in blood cholesterol. The fats in the specially fed animals' meat and milk were as effective in dropping the cholesterol as if the dieters had gone on an all-vegetable-oil diet.

## Are coffee breaks dangerous?

Coffee addicts, your favorite brew is not a heart-hurter—so says Dr. Siegfried Heyden of Duke University, in a study made for the U.S. Public Health Service. Dr. Heyden disagrees with another study, made recently at Boston University, that suggests a relationship between heavy coffee drinking and heart disease. There is no significant difference between coffee drinkers and non-coffee drinkers in the important factors of blood pressure, cholesterol, blood sugar, and uric-acid levels, Dr. Heyden said; in his own study of twenty-five hundred people, he found that heavy coffee drinking did not raise cholesterol levels. But, he says, cigarette smoking is associated with twice as high an incidence of heart attacks as nonsmoking. And people who smoke heavily are more likely to be heavy coffee drinkers, too.

## After The Pill, what next? The Mini-Pill

The United States Food and Drug Administration has approved the sale and use of progestin-only oral contraceptives. Progestin is the synthetic form of progestogen, a hormone secreted by the body in the normal cycle. The pink-pill section of sequential oral contraceptives contains progestin. For women who want to avoid long-term estrogen dosage or those whose doctors advise less estrogen, the mini-pill is available in this country under two brand names: Micronor, made by Ortho Pharmaceutical Corp., and Nor-Q.D., made by Syntex.

The mini-pill contains no estrogen and, unlike the sequential pills, is taken continuously, without skipping any days. However, the prescribing information issued by both manufacturers points out several differences between the new mini-pill and the existing oral contraceptives. For one thing, the progestin pill is statistically a little less effective; but a rate of less than one pregnancy for every one hundred woman-years is still an outstanding contraceptive performance. Next, the mini-pill may produce irregular, unpredictable uterine bleeding patterns, which your doctor should know about and explain. Finally, though no estrogens are put into the mini-pill, it has a built-in estrogenic factor. As synthetic progestogen is broken down by the body, a small proportion of its degradation products may become biologically active estrogens. You get a lot less estrogen, but not a completely estrogen-free regimen. To find out whether the mini-pill is for you, talk with your physician or gynecologist.

## How to find a doctor when you need one

*By learning how best to choose medical services, you can get better care and stay healthier. A new book,* How You Can Get Better Medical Care for Less Money *(Walker), gives you many pointers on finding the right doctor when you need one, on getting useful information about hospitals, health agencies, medical institutions, and health insurance. Example: What you need for your primary care is a good general practitioner, or family doctor, rather than a specialist; but these are in short supply, so the best "general" specialist is the internist. Since a specialist should be board-certified and should appear in the* Directory of Medical Specialists, *a doctor who charges specialist fees but is not so listed could be asked about his credentials. Outspoken authors of this useful guidebook are Charles Marwick, senior writer at* Medical World News, *and a certain Dr. Morris Placere, the pseudonym for a very real surgeon practicing in a big city.*

## On the trail of the "kissing" disease

Infectious mononucleosis, very sick-making, is a worry and puzzle to medical scientists. Doctors need to know more about the organism that causes the disease and more about the ways the organism is transmitted. Evidence has been found that mononucleosis is caused by a virus known as Epstein-Barr, or EBV. Though the disease is not really highly contagious, it seems to crop up mysteriously, without any detectable exposure.

At Yale University a research team led by Dr. George Miller has solved part of the mystery: "Mono" patients remain carriers of the disease for many months after recovery from the infection; and earlier tests could not prove when the virus was being shed from mouth and throat tissues. The Yale team has now developed a test for detecting the elusive EBV in the throat, making early diagnosis of the disease possible.

## If you want to stay sicker longer . . .

If you really want to prolong an illness and play roulette with your health, Georgetown University Hospital's Dr. Elbert Phelps, director of the outpatient department, can tell you how the expert un-patients he meets do it: First, diagnose yourself or get medical advice from a friend or relative. Second, when you see a doctor, don't tell him all your symptoms. When he tells you to have certain tests made, don't do it. When medicine is prescribed, stop taking it when you feel like it. When symptoms are relieved, don't bother with a check-up. Go on eating, drinking, and smoking too much. Be concerned about your illness—in fact, worry yourself sicker about it. Get the best medication you can without any prescription. Finally, don't try to understand the doctor's instructions—they're too confusing. Catch yourself in any of these bad-patient habits? Then you'd better reverse Dr. Phelps's cheeky suggestions, try for better health.










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Drugstore, supermarket, the variety store—we all buy there.

# The Neighborhood SHOPPER

**Happiness is the corner druggist, the block-away supermarket, the walking-distance variety store (once quaintly called "the five and ten"). They dispense excitement in the form of everything from diet discoveries to desk lamps, from hair products to houseplants.**

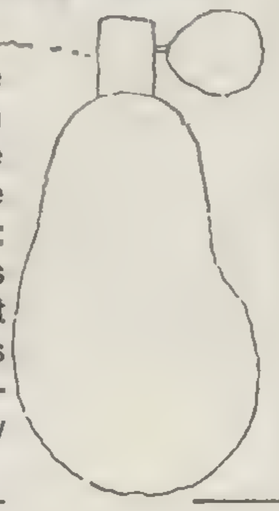
## The hand that rocks the cradle

has also appropriated the creams and lotions and oils and powders that stand near it. Coming in strong, the potential of baby products for skins that will never see twenty again. Take Baby Oil, for one. Combined with (would you believe?) hominy grits, it's an old Southern recipe for a beauty mask. It also removes carbon and paint stains, painted-on decals and eye makeup—softening and smoothing all the while. Baby Cream is an overnight lullaby for grown-up complexions and a perfect light makeup base for the same ounce-of-prevention group. Baby Lotion boasts, among other versatile claims, the ability to become a perfect combination blusher and moisturizer when mixed with liquid rouge. Johnson & Johnson (who else?) stands ready to pamper you with these and other confidence-inspiring, beauty-making products.

## How to frustrate room service

A woman who works and travels, lives out of a suitcase, tipped us off on how to beat the high cost of hotel orange juice. She takes packets of a new morning drink that looks and tastes like fresh orange juice (including a dollop of real pulp) and *doesn't* cost 50 francs or so at the Plaza Athenée. It's nutritious and less fattening than the original from the Sunshine Tree. Contains more iron and vitamins C and A *and* fifty percent fewer calories. Just add cold water and enjoy—at home or abroad. Instant Breakfast Sugar Twin by, of all people, Alberto-Culver. (And *you* thought they were only interested in your *hair!)*

## Non-fattening note



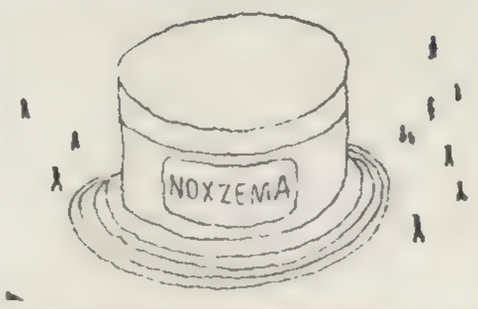
Watch for the next earth-born entry in the back-to-nature sweepstakes: avocado. It's coming up not only in creams but also synthetized into new *fragrances.*

## Sponge off your relatives



. . . or, better still, yourself. Sponges are beauty news. They're unbeatable for applying makeup base, eye shadow, even lipstick via the new sponge-tipped applicators. Most of all, they're great for your whole body. You haven't really enjoyed a bath until you've shared the tub with a sponge. Nothing like a squishy, soap-filled sponge to do a thorough cleansing and slightly stimulating job while you're up to your neck in nice, warm water. A floating raft of new sponges suddenly have appeared from Switzerland. Of the lot, the two we like best are one shaped like a miniature neck pillow, and a mitt version which is you-know-what on one side and polka-dot terry cloth on the other. E-Z-Bee imports them. They cost about the same as Junior's rubber duck —and do a lot more for *you.*

## Triple non-threat




is the word for the newest system of face care—cleanser, moisturizer, and overnight treatment in one. One simple jar or tube, it turns out, is the goddess symbol worshipped by a cult of busy beauties who swear by that defiantly unfancy old favorite, Noxzema Skin Cream. It's (1) a no-nonsense, non-drying dirt-and-makeup remover; (2) an invisible-on-your-face-or-pillow overnight treatment for dry skins; and (3) a gentle moisturizer all day long. Full of proven, honest-to-good-skin ingredients, it may have been hiding its beauty light under a bushel of valid but distinctly do-gooder claims—like its efficacious effect on adolescent skin problems, sun- and windburn, and even diaper rash. No more. Noxzema is as good for the over-thirties as for those who don't trust them.

## Shopping-cart chic —summer style

Inexpensive, bright-colored *bandannas* save your hair on the beach. And you don't mind throwing away the priced-at-pennies kind when they get full of sun oil. . . . Small, insulated *food hampers* are marvelous for toting beauty things to the water's edge. Pre-cool your cologne, lipstick, and eye shadow in the fridge at home and take them along in these plastic, zippered, sun-resistant carry-alls. No mess, no melting, no matter how hot the sun. . . . *Bright pastel nail polish* has now appeared in the drug- and variety stores. Might be a painless, pretty way to experiment with nails and toes painted sky blue or grass green. . . . Same counters also have packages of three sponge-tipped *eye-shadow* applicators, extras so that you're not lost when the dauber in your cake shadow goes to pieces before the contents are used up. . . . *Plastic bottles, jars, and soap carriers* in pretty colors pack perfectly and, with more rigid airline inspection of hand luggage, the more you can check through (including your makeup case), the faster you're on your way. (Pretty soon we may get back to traveling with a handbag and a book. So pick up a *paperback* at the corner store.)



## Clip and save



If your new Gatsby hairdo seems to have a mind of its own, the solution probably is a barrette that keeps waves or short flying locks in place with jaunty efficiency. The conservatives opt for a single mock-tortoise clip; breezy types in tennis sweaters are wearing two wild-colored ones—one at each side of their "Fitzgerald faces."

## Plant your dinner guests

right where you want them at the table. Woman we know (who owns a drawerful of gold place-card holders) often buys tiny, live potted plants at the corner store, inserts real little garden markers inscribed with her guests' names, and uses them as decorative, ecological place cards.



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FOOD by Maxime McKendry

# One Meal Makes Your Day: Breakfast



The first meal sets the tone. Too important to be rushed, breakfast is an energy-booster, a mind setter-upper, even a good time for talk

Rushing—whether through meals, across the city, or to finish a job—saves very little time and gives no joy en route. This is one reason why breakfast is such an important meal, partaken while the mind is still fresh, rested, vulnerable to the first sensations of the day that mark its course towards equable good humor or contagious irritation.

It's a good time to talk to people, in spite of the Englishman's breakfast-time plea: "If you have got anything to say to me, I wish you would kindly say it to somebody else!" A younger Londoner, Ian Dallas, recently wrote, in *The New York Times,* on the Islamic concept of man: "Until man is prepared to reflect he cannot learn. . . . Reflection is not reading an article while eating one's breakfast. . . . Eating breakfast with some awareness in itself would inevitably lead to a changed diet in the case of almost every reader of this newspaper." One *can* be conscious of breakfast as a tonic pleasure and get up a little earlier to enjoy it a little longer, starting the day with a peaceful awareness of oneself.

Why should your kitchen look like an industrial plant or a Rube Goldberg cartoon, with the toaster popping, the orange squeezer whirring, the automatic egg-boiler blinking its light, the radio/clock/coffee-perker sulking because, through mixed signals, it brewed coffee at four in the morning?

Active people need a hearty meal packed with protein to start the day. Lunch should be less lavish; and, if there is no late dancing afoot, dinner should be the lightest of all three meals.

It is a mistake to drink fruit juice on an empty stomach: it is too acid; eat something first. Gloria Swanson suggests biting into the whole fruit, rasping off some peel and pith with your teeth. This, she says, is the way nature designed fruit to be eaten and allows absorption of the maximum vitamin content.

Most Europeans eat cold cuts, cheese, smoked fish, such vegetables as celery and radishes for their first meals: so does William Paley, chairman of the board of the Columbia Broadcasting System and chairman of the board of trustees of The Museum of Modern Art. He likes porridge (made, correctly, overnight), fillets of sole or flounder, kippers, finnan haddie, even a tiny steak or lamb chop before a demanding day that calls for an army of high protein on the march like Wellington's troops, whose fighting energy was catered to in one of the Iron Duke's famous memos: "The attention of Commanding Officers has been frequently called to the expediency of supplying the soldiers with Breakfast."

European hunt breakfasts are to this day more gargantuan than supper: sideboards laden with porridge, eggs every which way, kidneys, bacon, liver and onions, fish cakes, tongue, ham, kedgeree, scones, oatcakes, baps, Stilton and cheddar cheese, fresh fruit. In Scotland, where to put sugar and cream on porridge is a dire sin, this creamy bowl of cereal is eaten standing or walking around the table to the skirl of bagpipes.

Boiled eggs will not crack so easily and will taste better if a little vinegar is added to the water. Boil water, put in the eggs, turn off the heat, and let the eggs rest in the water for twelve minutes for softboiled, fifteen for set. The eggs will be so soft that they should be eaten in a bowl.

Once your breakfast starts to become a lively, imaginative meal, you will be tempted to include it in your entertaining.

What about a breakfast in summer, out on the terrace before the heat wilts you and the flies annoy? Try out the Portuguese eggs. Afterwards, you can go back to bed, have a whole day ahead for your children, friends, lover, yourself.

What about a breakfast party in the city over the weekend, instead of the Sunday brunch that crunches the whole day? Try the deviled roe, serve *granita di caffe,* the Italian water-ice, instead of hot coffee.

What about leaving your loved one in bed and whipping back with such a re-energizing treat as candied bacon (the Duchess of Windsor's secret weapon, so they say)?

What about making breakfast for yourself in the kitchen with Virginia rice cakes (prepared the night before), adding a rose to the Porthault tray from the new shop Cache-Cache in New York and taking it back to bed where you can nibble luxuriously and read your morning papers or your latest love letter?

How about pretending you are taking a day off from the harem and making eggs sultane all for your beautiful self?

*Above: Breakfast, in a mezzotint by Tissot, "Le Matin," done in the 1880's. Courtesy The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.*

## Proper Porridge

*three servings*

Boil 3 cups water in a saucepan; sprinkle in 1 cup medium-grade oatmeal and stir vigorously. Simmer for 30 minutes, add ½ teaspoon salt, and simmer for another 10 minutes. Set aside until next morning and reheat in a double boiler or use the cold solidified porridge this way: Slice the porridge into slabs; put one in a round dish and top with berries or sliced peaches; cover with another slab of oatmeal. Beat 4 egg whites until light, add 4 tablespoons powdered sugar, and beat again until firm and glossy. Spread meringue over the fruit and oatmeal, dust thickly with sugar, and stand in a low oven until meringue browns. Serve with cream.

## Portuguese Eggs

*one serving*

Cut top off a ripe, juicy tomato; scoop out the seeds and core. Season inside with salt and pepper, add a few snips of fresh basil. Break an egg into the cavity and bake in a hot oven until egg is set. This method poaches the egg in the juice of the tomato which is very tasty and light. Several can be done in one pan.

## Deviled Roe

*two servings*

4 soft herring roes (fresh or canned)
2 teaspoons each dry mustard and Worcestershire sauce, mixed
2 anchovies, crushed (or several drops anchovy essence)
2 tablespoons cooking oil
2 squeezes lemon juice
¼ teaspoon Cayenne pepper, salt
2 tablespoons chopped parsley

Wash roes and pat dry. Blend anchovies or essence with the mustard and Worcestershire-sauce mixture until smooth; add oil, lemon juice, pepper, salt if needed. Lay roes in greased flameproof dish, brush with sauce and put under sharp grill. Turn once, adding more sauce. Serve on buttered toast, garnished with parsley.

## Candied Bacon

Arrange slices of sugar-cured bacon on a grill. Dust with brown sugar and broil or bake until crisp. The grill must be raised from the pan to allow the fat to drain off.

## Virginia Rice Cakes

*four servings*

1¼ cups rice, boiled, still hot
½ stick butter
2 cups milk
¼ teaspoon salt
2 eggs, lightly beaten
1 cup flour

Stir butter into rice; add milk, salt, eggs; mix well. Sprinkle in flour and knead into a soft dough. Divide into ½-inch thick patties and cook on a hot griddle until both sides are brown and crisp. If the rice cakes are not crisp enough, they can be dried out a little in a warm oven.

## Eggs Sultane

*two servings*

Beat 2 egg yolks with 1 tablespoon each olive oil (or softened butter) and good chutney; season with salt and pepper. Pour into a buttered flameproof dish. Carefully break 4 eggs onto sauce, season eggs, and bake in medium oven until the eggs are set. Serve each egg on a slice of buttered toast; spoon sauce over.

# Two things America has learned in the past 5 years: "Black is Beautiful," and...

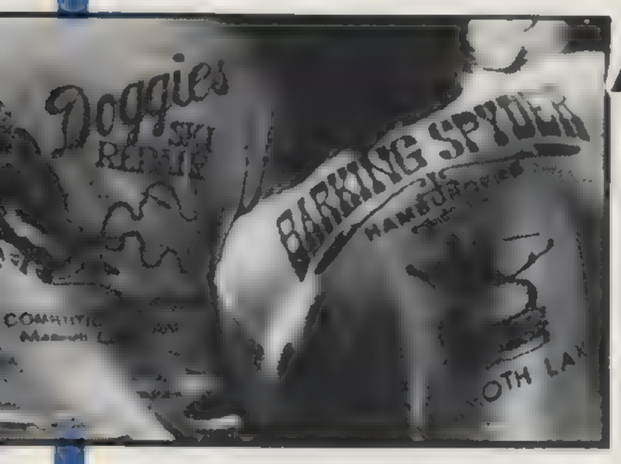



## "Don't give up the ship!"

Forget all the adjectives.
The only thing that matters
in Scotch is taste.
Buy one bottle.

# VOGUE OBSERVATIONS

**SUMMER SKI SHIRTS** **SUMMER WEST** **DIRT BIKES**




## AMERICAN SUMMER '73





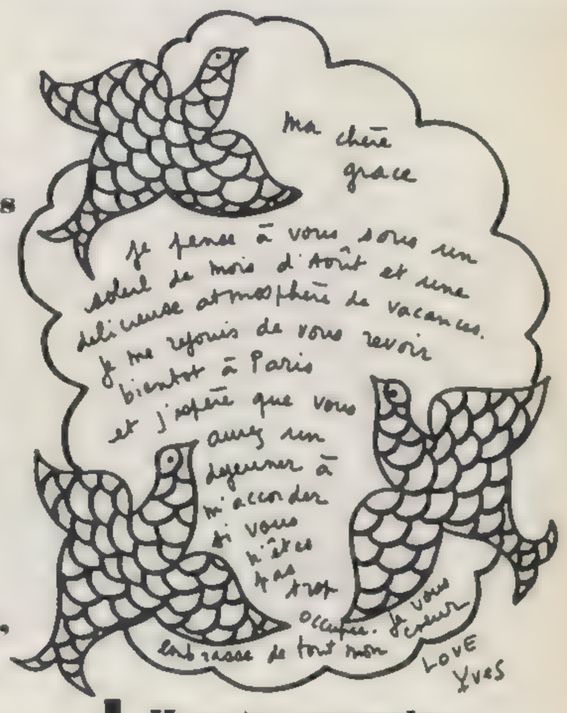



Summer the **AMERICAN** way . . . where the American woman goes, what she does, what she needs. . . . **SEATTLE:** North to Canada. . . . Bicycling (walking shorts, sweater sets, tennis shoes, knee socks) . . . lake rowing (wind-shirts, heavy turtlenecks, jeans). . . Ballroom-dancing replacement—night swimming in a Victorian indoor pool surrounded by wicker furniture—drinks by the pool, in thick terry robes (Banff Springs Hotel). . . . **SAN FRANCISCO:** Sonoma County, wineries on the Russian River, Lake Tahoe . . . Bolinas for backpacking and mountain climbing (jeans, sweaters). Lake Tahoe—bulky sweaters (Irish fisherman's), black Irish monk's capes, wind-breakers, jeans, boots. . . . **MAMMOTH, CALIF.:** There's skiing through the end of July in shorts, bikini tops. The thing to wear—T-shirts that advertise status stores, restaurants (see picture). Forty percent of Mammoth's residents ride dirt bikes in the summer on desert sand dunes near Death Valley. . . . **ASPEN** (more popular now in the summer than in the winter): The thing to do—Chinese martial arts (Kung Fu) . . . outdoor and indoor classes at the Martial Arts Institute. "Healthy existence" emphasis—bicycling in shorts, a shirt knotted at the waist. . . . Fly fishing, stream fishing (jeans, a denim shirt). . . . White-water rafting in wet suits (the water is freezing—no bikinis!)—everyone is learning this! Mountain climbing (jeans, lumberjack shirts, wind-shirts, hiking boots). **YOU MUST HAVE HIKING BOOTS** from Aspen Mountaineering Ltd. Aspen evenings—classical music on the grass (navy fisherman's sweaters and the American summer essential—JEANS). . . . **SCOTTSDALE/PHOENIX:** The Star Lakes for speedboating and motorcycling in wind-shirts, thin cotton jeans, T-shirts, and espadrilles (a long hooded caftan after swimming to protect from windburning). . . . **HOUSTON:** Ranches, Lake Way, Galveston Bay. Big pool life—bikinis, espadrilles, and Mexican cotton muslin caftans for super-hot days. Straw cowboy hats, Panamas, lots of sunscreen lotion. Hunting at night in Jeeps (jeans, cowboy boots, denim shirts). . . . Evening life—practical (it's humid and smoky at barbecues)—Western gear: jeans, silk shirts, a cotton Lothar jacket. . . . **NEW ORLEANS:** The Gulf Coast—lots of white linen, flat sandals. Big bathing-suit life—it's very humid (too hot to play tennis!). . . . Floundering and spearfishing at night with flashlights. The look for men—white linen suits for evening. . . . **NASHVILLE:** Sea Island, Georgia (the Southern version of Southampton). Tennis, white pants, sundresses. . . . **CHICAGO:** Lake Geneva (turtlenecks, velvet jeans, jackets, bare sandals for evening—it's cool!). . . . **WASHINGTON, D.C.:** Old-fashioned Southern summers, Hot Springs, Virginia. Mineral baths, riding, golf, card-playing at night. . . . Rehobath Beach—porch-sitting, crabbing, clam digging (jeans, cut-offs, shorts, T-shirts, big Irish sweaters). . . . **BOSTON:** Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard, The Cape—big sailing country . . . bicycling . . . driving Jeeps over miles of sand dunes . . . picnics out of huge handwoven baskets (Topsiders, Irish fisherman's sweaters, wind-shirts, Brooks Bros. men's sweaters over white jeans). . . . **NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND:** Tennis, beach living, planter's punch under a straw hat around the pool or outside your Bailey's beach cabana. . . . The thing to do—picnics and clambakes in the evening (cocktail parties are out!). . . . Sneakers, heavy sweaters, old blue jeans, lots of fog and melted butter. . . . Some people reportedly go to Newport just so they can shop at Allie Horvitz Army-Navy Surplus—known as the "haberdasher to the Newport 400." . . .

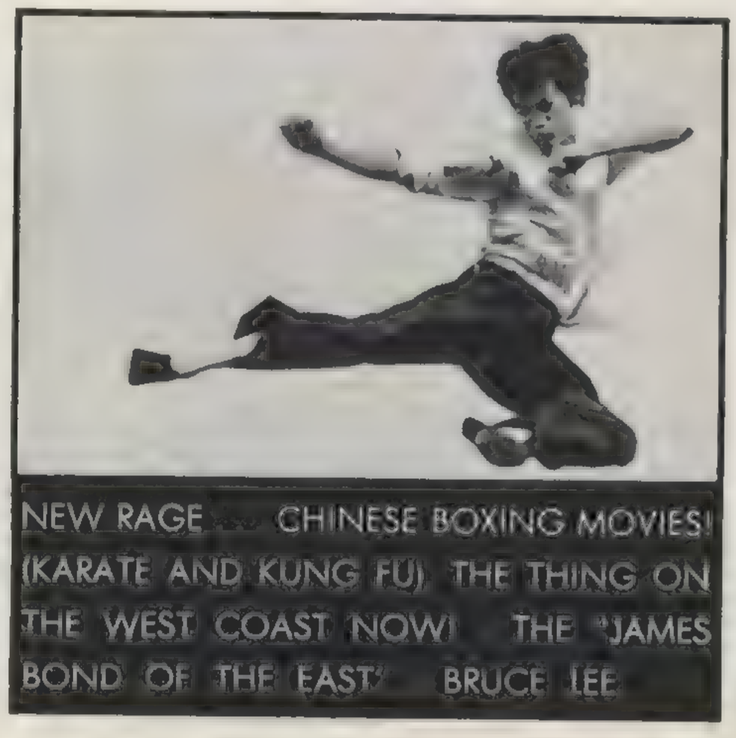
BERSELL, FOX

**Below, *Jonathan Scull* (son of Robert Scull of N.Y. taxi and Pop Art-collecting fame) . . . his Scull's Angels taxi company with a new twist—polite (hand-picked) drivers, charge accounts, 24-hour radio call (you can get one in 15 minutes in the rain!) Drivers open doors, THEY SMILE (bet you've rarely seen that in N.Y.!).**






**How to remember a vacation? KEEP A JOURNAL of thoughts, drawings, a pressed flower . . . in Florentine paper books from The Mediterranean Shop, N.Y., English cockerell paper ones from Ffolio '72. Above, Yves Saint Laurent *draws* vacation letters to friends. . . . Below, a tin of felt pens (Buffalo Artist colors) and a watercolor book from Sam Flax for private inspirations. . . .**








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# VOGUE BOUTIQUE AMERICAN STYLE

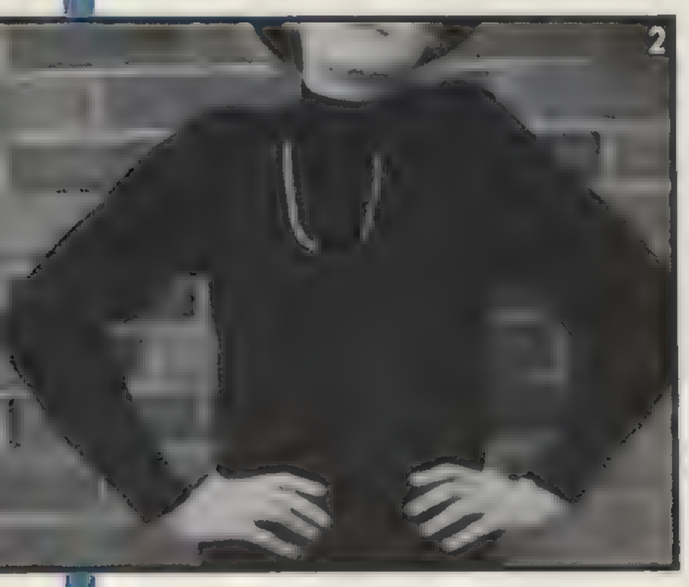
## YOU CAN'T HAVE TOO MANY OF THESE!

**Or How to Simplify a Summer Weekend the American Way. Classics to have for years and collect by the dozens for anywhere in the world!**


1

## PULLOVERS

**The look for mountain living, sailing, cool summer evenings . . . oversized and classically "marine." 1. Thick white turtleneck, $14, Hudson's Army-Navy Surplus, N.Y. 2. Navy pull, $7, Kaufman's, N.Y. (Irish knit ones from Irish Pavillion, N.Y. Boston ladies love men's Shetlands from Brooks Bros. Therese David in Aspen for navy fisherman pullovers. Way to wear them . . . jeans!)**


2

## BIKINIS

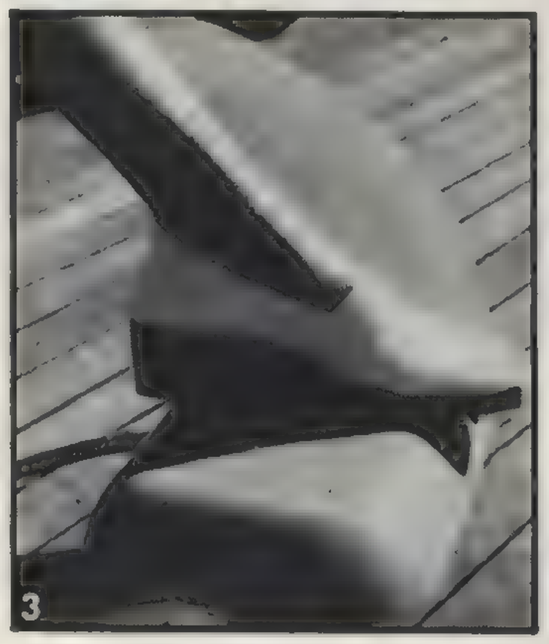
**Little French ones, barely there for sunning . . . buy them in pairs and mix bottoms and tops. 7. Black cotton knit (or 15 colors) from De Noyer, N.Y. $25. More from France: Seattle—Apogee West; Nashville—Pappagallo; Boston—Ann Taylor; L.A.—Theodore's, Right Bank; Miami—Kini Boutique; Chicago—Paul B.; Houston—Via Veneto.**

BARBARA BERSELL


7

## THE SUMMER SHOE

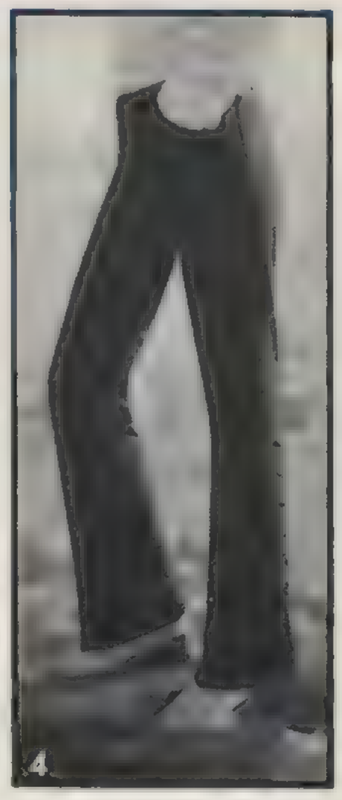
**ESPADRILLES! To own in carloads for all ways of summer clothes, from bare dresses to sailing (they're thinly rubber soled!). 3. From I. Miller (available in their 12 stores across the country), in white, pastels, brights, brown, black. Wedged, $13; flat, $10. . . . Right Bank Clothing Co. and Theodore's in Beverly Hills have their versions in patterns and solids.**


3


8

## HEAD COVERS

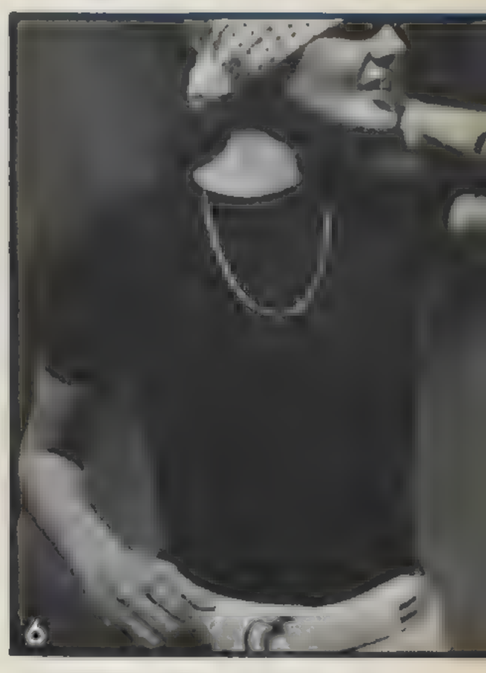
**Best Summer Heads . . . 8. White cotton stitched-brim tennis hat, $3.50. Brooks Bros., N.Y.; Saks Fifth Avenue. Also find them in tennis departments and shops (they come in khaki, blue denim, and black in Army-Navy stores) . . . great sun protection for jeans dressing, pretty with a T-shirt and cotton skirt!**


4

## JEANS

**The world's favorite thing to wear . . . THE INDISPENSABLE! Summer '73 jeans looks. 4. Straight black by Wrangler. $6. (The narrow leg!) 5. Wide straight leg, waist-high, hip-pocketed, by Landlubber. $6. For jeans, N.Y.—Wrangler Wranch and Different Drummer; Boston—The Lodge; Newport—Allie Horvitz; Miami—Robert's Western Gear; Potomac—The Saddlery; New Orleans—All American Jeans; Chicago—House of Lewis, Paul B.; Nashville, Dallas, Phoenix, Denver, San Francisco—Jeans West; Scottsdale—Porter's; Aspen—Tom Mix's Flying School; L.A.—Fred Segal.**


5


6

## T-SHIRTS

**6. Short-sleeved, spare, cotton, rainbow of colors! At Jax (N.Y., Chicago, Palm Beach, Beverly Hills), $6. Tapemeasure, N.Y., has great ones from France. Where to get imported ones: L.A.—Right Bank, Theodore's; Nashville—Pappagallo: Washington, D.C.—Appalachian Springs; Aspen—Tom Mix; Boston—Ann Taylor; Chicago—Paul B.**



AMERICAN SEXY! THE WIND SHIRT . . . OVER A BIKINI. THE "UNIFORM" FOR STREAM-FISHING, SAILING, WHITE-WATER RAFTING ON THE COLORADO RIVER, ASPEN MOUNTAIN CLIMBING, MOTORCYCLING IN ARIZONA DESERTS. $25. AT GREENMAN'S, NEW YORK.




With summer in sight, a woman feels an overwhelming desire to see herself in a whole new light. **Kimberly** lets her do it...with a pants suit of fresh-picked lime . . . in easy-moving, easy-living knits of Trevira® polyester. This is the best of line and design. Kimberly crafts it that way—with meticulous detail. Be a Kimberly Woman.
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# FASHION ESSENTIALS FOR AN AMERICAN SUMMER

## the clothes you can't get through summer without

This isn't a case of: here is a list of needs you never knew you had and unless you run out and buy everything on it, you'll be lucky to squeak through Labor Day—these are the things you've always needed and always will. . . . The point is, there is a certain pattern to the way most of us live in summer—a sort of constant, casual shifting between in-and-out-of-doors and in-and-out-of-town—and certain kinds of clothes that are just very, very good at it. They go with the territory—they're easy and right, and they look wonderful. . . . No matter what else we own, they are everybody's every-summer base—what we collect year after year, and wear for years, and wear out...and replace with new versions of the same sort of thing. . . . Nobody ever starts from scratch; you take stock, re-stock, fill in. That's how to use the list at right . . . and how to have absolutely everything you could possibly need or want for any summer, anywhere from sea to shining sea. . . .

- cotton dress for knocking around in every day
- cotton shirt and pants (which can be jeans)
- cotton scarf to tie around your head (or neck)
- cotton scarf to tie as a bandeau under a shirt or jacket (instant sun-look when you want it)
- T-shirt—the classic cotton-knit kind
- separate short skirt for day
- printed cotton envelope bag
- narrow leather belt with a good metal buckle
- classic espadrilles—rope soles, canvas uppers—any color as long as you've got white
- sneakers
- a flat, bare sandal for everyday cottons
- a sandal with a small heel—about an inch and a half—to wear at night with pants
- a sandal with a three-inch-high heel for short dresses, day and night
- a Panama for shade (and becomingness)
- a long-sleeved V-neck wool pullover—a little on the big side (a man's is perfect)
- pants and matching shirt-jacket to use as a pants suit
- a raincoat—sharp, shirty, classic—and lightweight
- a bikini—for the most sun
- a maillot—for the most fashion
- a caftan you can put over a bathing suit or wear after the beach
- a printed cotton sarong to wrap around you at the beach
- a shawl to wrap around you at night
- a short dress to wear at night in the city
- a pyjama for evening—or a shirt and pants with that feeling—or a strapless top and pants
- slim gold chains to wear all the time
- a big thick terry robe to fall into after bathing
- bikini-underpants—cotton knit is coolest
- sunglasses—a really *good* pair—simple frames



The look of the

# AMERICAN WOMAN TODAY



LAUREN HUTTON...

**model, actress, and Vogue's prototype of the American look as we see it in 1973— vital, self-assured, of-the-moment... in a totally modern way: a glamorous woman.**

On these 22 pages, Lauren wears the clothes we all want now—the fashion essentials of an American summer.

AVEDON





A white cotton shirt, pants—you could add a classic white espadrille, chains, a thin leather belt with a good buckle. It's great. Clean, simple, casual—the real-life look of an American woman in summer

Levi's for Me white chambray workshirt of Kodel and cotton, (Amerintex fabric), about $9, cotton denim jeans (Mr. Gant Bedford Grand Royale fabric), about $11. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Jeanscapade, Laurel's Clair, these 22 pages, by Rick Gi[illegible] Necklace, American Indian Arts Gallery, Fashion Fabrics Museum.

LAUREN HUTTON/*AMERICAN SUMMER FASHION ESSENTIALS* AVEDON



The kind of dress you could use seven of, and wear fresh every day with brown legs and flat sandals—one of those really appetizing cottons that always look as if they'd just been laundered.

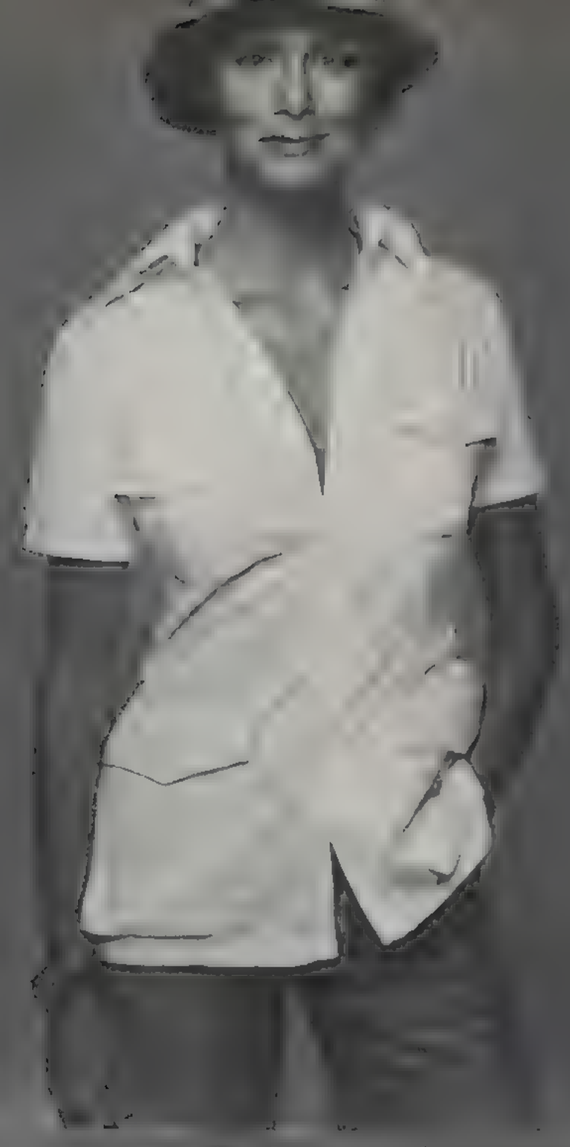
Dress, of blue-and-white ticking stripes with a self-tie (the Indian silver cord is Lauren's own) and scarf, by Albert Nipon. About $75. Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Hudson's; Marshall Field; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin.



Two musts: A silky-soft Panama for shade; a man's classic V-neck pull to wear over bikinis, shorts, pants—even if you're only using it as a muffler, it's a great thing to own.

White cashmere pullover, from the men's department at Saks Fifth Avenue. About $45. Hat, Don Anderson for Scheer Brothers, also at Saks. Tiffany earrings.





A few of everyone's favorite things...the over-everything safari jacket, above...the classic T-shirt, left, and Topsiders—Lauren calls them the Queen of Sneakers. (The sawed-off-jeans skirt is her own.)

Safari jacket by Ralph Lauren, of white brushed-cotton chino; about $60. At Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin....White cotton knit T-shirt, by Bagatelle International; about $9. Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Florida. Sperry Topsiders, at Abercrombie & Fitch. Lauren's own G.I. fatigue hat and skirt—this, from Betsey, Bunky & Nini.

AVEDON



This summer's number-one beach look: a thin skin of a maillot– and the gold chain you wear all the time.

Chocolate-brown maillot by Elisabeth Stewart, of Antron nylon and Lycra; $24. Bloomingdale's; Hutzler's; Halle's-Cleveland; J. W. Robinson. Gold chain, from Van Cleef & Arpe's.

LAUREN HUTTON/*FASHION ESSENTIALS*

**Q.** What do you wear when you're going out to dinner but can't change out of what you're already in?

**A.** A simple-as-day dress in an any-time fabric—like the beige crêpe, right.

Two pieces are by David Wolfson for Arnold; One piece crêpe of Avisco acetate and Enka rayon. Scarf and pleated skirt, each about $40. At Bloomingdale's, Burdine's.

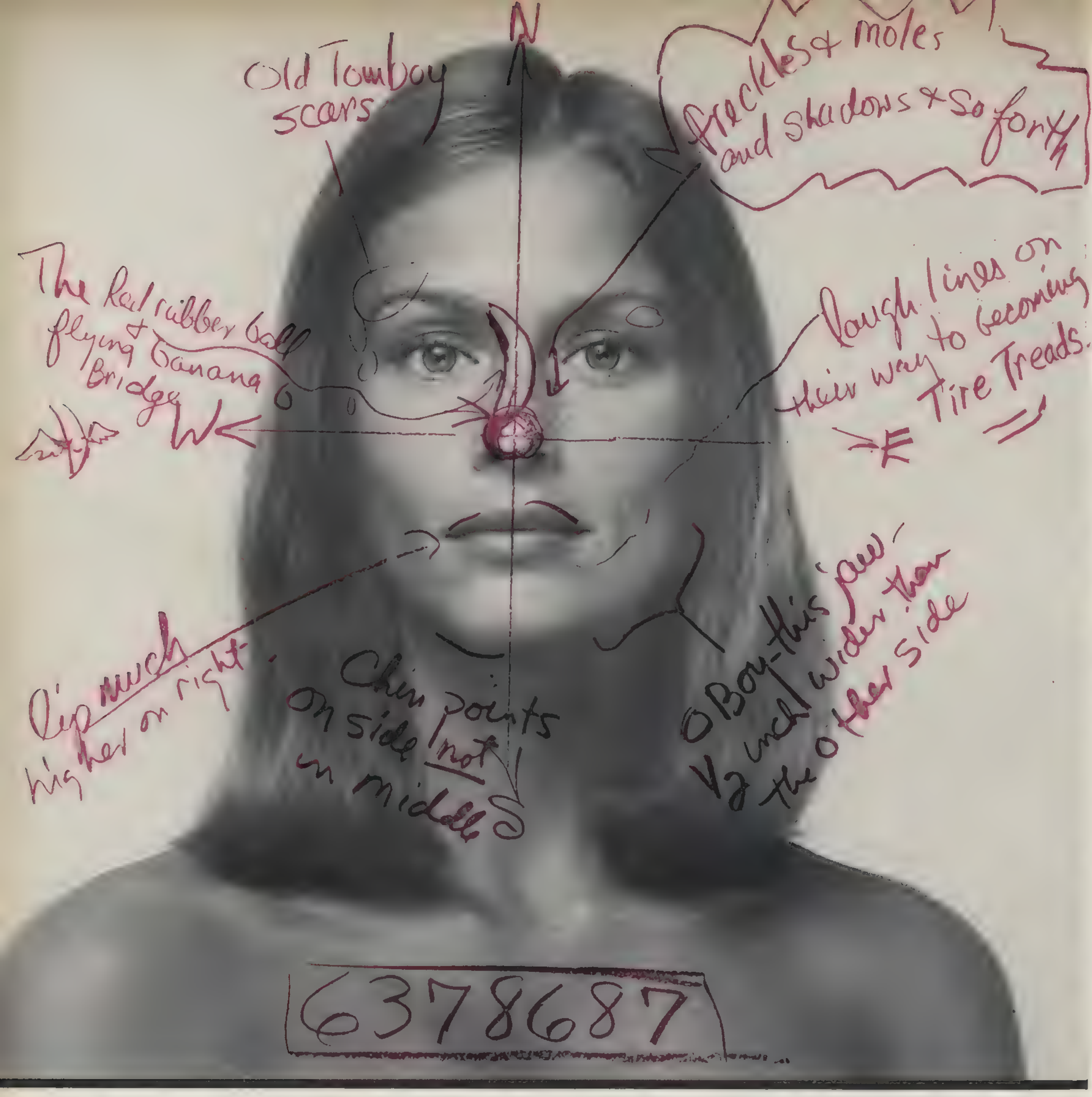
**Q.** The sandal you want at night with pants, pyjamas, long gauzy caftans—a gold slingback on a small neat heel.

Sandals by David Evins; about $65. I. Miller, N.Y.; I. Magnin. Black satin pants, of acetate and viscose (Pomeria fabric), to order at Halston Limited; about $200.

LAUREN HUTTON/*FASHION ESSENTIALS*

For short dresses,
day or night, get
yourself a sandal
with a slim high heel
—it makes
legs look beautiful.

Blue patent sandal by Herbert Levine;
$45. At Lord & Taylor.




## How Lauren starts her day

Most days start for Lauren around 7 or 8 A.M. with a long shower, which she turns to freezing cold for the last three minutes, for a "grit-my-teeth astringent for my whole body." Because her skin is ultra-dry, so very sensitive, Lauren long ago became "mad about moisturizing," evolving her own mix for face and body (down to the waist) of ¼ cup vitamin E, ¼ cup conch oil—"bought on the beach in Mexico"—and ½ cup coconut oil, making a white creamy potion which is quickly absorbed. Next comes breakfast—her favorite meal. "Sometimes I have Eggs Benedict, or whip up a blend of eggs, raw milk, Lecithin, and a couple of bananas. I try to get a lot of iron as I'm anemic and my nails often split. My hair suffers most of all. Some days I go through five changes of style with hot rollers, combs, and plenty of hair spray. I shampoo every two days with Wella Balsam Herbal Shampoo and use a Wella Balsam conditioner. When I see my hair is really 'complaining,' I try to fix it with Redken's Extreme Protein Pak." After breakfast, Lauren's makeup routine is a simple one, takes only 15 minutes, yet—as she describes it—"evens out my problems, helps me be a better still life." (See next page.)

BEAUTY NOW:

# Lauren Hutton's PERSONAL BEAUTY STORY —not forgetting her "hang-ups"

**Once upon a time, this great model didn't think she had a chance of getting to the top…above, her self-evaluation… then her own beauty plan worked miracles**

At the drop of an eyelash, Lauren Hutton will reveal the spirit that propels her onwards, upwards—it's part namesake Lauren Bacall, part Huckleberry Finn style—for Lauren is deliberately self-mocking, slightly mischievous, not at all awed by her tremendous success but not taking it for granted either. Six-and-a-half years ago, as she tells it, "I'd been turned down by every model agency except one—Eileen Ford's, which I'd left till last thinking that with the best I didn't stand a chance. Incredibly, Eileen Ford said she'd take me on, providing I had my nose fixed and my teeth capped. I promised I would, once I had the money, but inside I was figuring it would take me a long, long time to get around to it—if ever." Instead, that nose—"shaped like a banana" as Lauren describes it— and the little gap in her front teeth gave her an immediate, fresh place in the model market. The question of a nose or tooth job was never raised again. "If I had any hang-ups, they were over my height [she's 5′ 7¾″] and lack of bosom. I wore falsies, and once they were stolen from my locker and shown around. I really knew despair." Today, Lauren doesn't worry about her bosom or her body. "I never vary from 116 pounds, I suppose because I don't have time to eat much and my life is one long exercise then, when I can, I love to swim and scuba dive."



AVEDON





# LAUREN HUTTON
## How to look great in fifteen minutes

Every day, early morning, Lauren Hutton allows herself a maximum of fifteen minutes to achieve the finished look seen right—glowing, vital, above all, *very* pretty, revealing the true womanly woman underneath. Although Lauren isn't autocratic about using natural products—"some synthetics are a must in my business"—she has a fondness for her own natural brews, as evidenced by her self-made moisture mix (see previous page). To grow her eyelashes, she regularly uses rosemary oil; to grow her hair (and strengthen it), she rinses it with stinging nettle tea.

## CORRECTIVE SPOTTING

Countdown starts with what Lauren calls "corrective spotting." Fresh faced, just out of the shower, she uses color to even up her complexion on three areas of her face where skin tone is slightly darker than the rest. According to how much sun she's taken, she mixes a lighter-color cream—usually a yellow shade ("looks like mustard")—and applies it under her eyes, under her lower lip, and on the upper left-hand side of her nose. "I put it on one side only to straighten it up—my nose is shaped like a banana." This correcting with color, making the entire face all one color—from lightly tanned to golden—takes about two minutes.

Lauren doesn't believe in base, uses color only to correct or contour. Her next step is to use Ultra-Color Gelstick in Bronzed Copper, by Charles Revson for Ultima II, around the chin area. Put on with a flat-bristled Japanese brush, she starts under her chin, working quickly in downward strokes—"no chance of a double chin with this trick." Then she adds more bronze color on the left side of her jawbone to diminish the effect of that side, "which juts out more than the right." After using the brush, Lauren further blends in the color with her fingers, until she's sure her jawline is on an exactly even keel. Another three minutes gone by.

## FACE SCULPTURE

"Every face needs character—and good bones create it." For those "good bones," Lauren brushes the same Bronzed Copper Ultima II Gelstick just under her cheekbone, working straight across, then down onto the cheeks, and blending it with her fingers to produce a dramatic sculptured cheek. This takes three minutes. To give herself a healthy flush, Lauren likes rouge—two colors, orange and pink—drawn on with the brush in cheeky stripes, then blended in fast to the sides of her temples. She adds a pink dot on her chin to give an extra rosy effect. "It reflects up." Rouge takes one minute.

## LAUREN'S UNIQUE TRICK FOR EYES

Lauren's eye makeup starts with an upside-down arc of Ultima II Bronzed Copper Gelstick curving from the corner of her eyebrow near bridge of nose down onto the eyelid and back up again to the other side of brow. To emphasize eye shape, Lauren has evolved an unusual trick—using a black cake mascara as liner actually under upper-lid lashes. She likes a touch of gold shadow, and Ultima II Lash Makeup Automatic in Charcoal Brown on upper and lower lashes completes the eye picture in three minutes flat.

## ONLY THE MOUTH TO GO

Lauren goes to it with a clear pink, put on in dabs—again, she says, "to even up my uneven lip shape." Two dabs go on the inside of upper lip, one dab inside center of the lower. She blends it to just the shape she wants, slightly blurring intensity of outline. Nearing the fifteen-minute deadline, she finalizes makeup with a gleam of Vaseline on mouth, eyelids, and top of cheekbones; then—again unique and stunning—spreads Ultima II Frostspun Patina Shadow in Spungold Russet over entire lower lip, center of upper lip, center of eyelids—and in a streak on cheekbones. Eureka.

**The 16th minute, right: Lauren's finished makeup, hair like ribbon. And the essential luxury—a really beautiful shirt to wear at night with pants or long skirts.**

Silk chiffon shirt, from Halston Limited; about $150. Kabat Textiles fabric.

AVEDON



**The long, skin-showing, body-skimming dress—if you're going to be in a long dress at night, this is the kind you want to be in.**

Black matte jersey halter-plunge dress, held together in front by a strip and a prayer. By Boutique Donald Brooks, of Trevira; about $165. At Martha; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Joseph Horne; O'Neil's; May D & F. Accessories, next to last page.

**Everybody's summer-in-the-city look—the short bare dress to wear at night with a high-heeled sandal, glamour-girl hair.**

Beige dress by Rodrigues, of Qiana nylon (Initial Trends fabric); about $105. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Sakowitz; Liberty House, Hawaii.





# LAUREN HUTTON: the spirit and mind behind the beauty

## By Kate Lloyd

Lauren Hutton marches to a private inner radar. She models to make money (this is her seventeenth cover for Vogue), has starred in one movie a year for four years to make money, and, for love and no money, travels six months of the year. This drives agents who believe clients should stay put around the bend. Lauren —around the bend of the Amazon River; or laughing with Pygmies; or chasing bugs in Nepal, butterflies in Bali, and bats in the Seychelles—sympathizes with the agents to the point of trying to keep her nose from peeling.

"Like Holly Golightly, Lauren leads the life she wants," said Eileen Ford, who took Lauren on in 1966 as a model at the Ford agency. "Unlike Holly Golightly, her head is screwed on right." With the heroine of *Breakfast at Tiffany's,* Lauren shares something else: a breakfast-time at Tiffany's. When Lauren came out of Florida to start a life of travel (she had borrowed $200 and booked on a freighter to Africa), she hit New York at 7:30 Sunday morning; and, remembering little from a former fling at the city (except that she tipped a cab-driver ten cents and he threw it at her), she asked to be dropped at Fifty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue. "There I was, early Sunday morning, on an empty street corner with everything I owned—college test papers, old sneakers—in two suitcases, crying." How she got off the corner by tracking down a friend from Sophie Newcomb college, where Lauren had worked her way through several courses by waitressing all night in a New Orleans jazz joint, is less important than her arrival there. Lauren dares everything, gets out of predicaments as they boil up. (Continued, next page)

FASHION ESSENTIALS



**Lauren at night in the kind of dress "a man would like"—the short, simple sexy one you've got to have for town in summer.**

White off-the-shoulder dress with roll-up sleeves and elasticized waist, by Oscar de la Renta Boutique. Of Qiana nylon (Webco Mills fabric), about $110. At Lord & Taylor; O'Neil's; Maison Blanche; Swanson's; I. Magnin.

**Delicious to own—something cool and pretty to slip into at home, when you're not dressing for anyone but yourself.**

Cream semi-sheer smock-shirt and bikini by Stan Herman for Youthcraft/Charmfit, of nylon (J. P. Stevens fabric). About $22. At Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin. Lauren's hair, combed by Rick Gillette. Accessories, next to last page.



FASHION ESSENTIALS

# LAUREN HUTTON

(Continued) Lauren is, in fact, Tom Sawyer, 1973—a year when Tom Sawyer could readily be a girl. She is adventurous, imaginative, jaunty, ethical in an old-fashioned Golden Rule fashion, direct, and brave. She is impetuous, too, jumping into scrapes and then getting out of them by sheer refusal to be trapped in raw deals. From a flashy film start at the top in *Paper Lion* and a quick step to playing opposite Robert Redford in *Little Fauss and Big Halsey,* Lauren, after one more film, *Pieces of Dreams,* and a fourth not yet released, hit a bramble of legal entanglements and contract conflicts. Lauren-style, she dug her heels in and stuck out the troubles, refusing to give in to what she considered to be unfair demands.

In the clear at last, Lauren Hutton now takes her film career as a challenge. She'll make it or bust. Why? "Who doesn't want to be a movie star?" she asked, shrugging, her hands deep in her grey-flannel pants pockets. That's half an answer, her friends think. Anything Lauren does, she does with whole heart, rejecting, improving, tearing apart, and doing again. Anything mediocre, she dismisses as "bourgie," knocking her own image as unsparingly as she is generous about others'. "She is one of the wittiest and tenderest girls I know, without a phony bone in her body," said Eileen Ford. "But I still don't know what made me take her." For Lauren is anything but a classical beauty. Her nose flies west, her mouth flies north, she can cross her left eye at will. She *made* herself beautiful by learning, watching, willing—not by surgically altering her defects.

From tomboy to poised beauty is the stuff of the American Dream; Lauren Hutton, an almost ridiculous case in point. Her interest in all things creeping, flying, wriggling began when, as a child, she had ants and grasshoppers for backyard playmates. In the Florida Everglades, her stepfather taught her woodsmanship, fishing, and survival. All the way through school she wore blue jeans, getting around the rules by wearing dresses *over* the jeans: "I looked like a drag queen." (Jeans are still Lauren's first line of clothes, with the most faded and worn pair saved for dress-up.) "I was extremely unpopular and a late bloomer—like twenty-one. My homeroom teacher had to get me a blind date to the senior prom."

Lauren claims, too, to have been illiterate until she was twelve, when one of the first books she read was Malthus. No joke—peo- (Continued on page 164)

AVEDON

## The sweater-set dress—tank top, cardigan, and skirt in blue matte jersey—very handy little out-to-lunch-and-dinner number.

By Jayna Modes, with matching scarf; Jasco Fabrics rayon. About $225. At Elizabeth Arden Salons; Sakowitz.





## Another version of the dress we all want to jump right into, above—a shirty, unwaisted one in a cool workcloth-blue cotton.

By Carol Horn, about $48. At Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Kaufmann's; I. Magnin.

**The perfect summer raincoat, left—it feels like being in a thin poplin shirt. And it keeps you dry.**

Snap and tie coat: Raincheetah by Norman in natural beige rubberized cotton. About $95. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Jandelson's; Neiman-Marcus.

**Basic have-to-haves: a skirt that moves well; a sweatery top you can tuck in, or pull out over pants.**

Navy cotton knit top, about $22, pleat-front skirt, of natural beige viscose, about $60. Both, Jaeger. Top, Lord & Taylor. Skirt, Jaeger International Shop. Both, Kaufmann's, O'Neil's, Hudson's; I. Magnin. Accessories, next to last page.

LAUREN HUTTON/*FASHION ESSENTIALS*

AVEDON



Just when you thought there wasn't another good beach cover-up to be found, along comes this simple, wonderful, long-enough, clean-feeling white terry pullover. Grab it (two of it—one for when you wash the other).

By Ralph Lauren, of cotton terry; about $17.
At Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

Everyone needs a bikini—what else is going to get you so golden in public? —just a wisp, but fresh and pretty like the navy-and-white stripes here (Lauren loved this: "You can put it on and forget it—if you've got to wear a bathing suit, wear one you can't feel").

By Rose Marie Reid, of Antron nylon and Lycra; $17. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Joseph Magnin.

# PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

Prices at the supermarket, money, money, money. . . . The continued misery and misunderstanding at Wounded Knee. . . . What Watergate? . . . Helen Reddy's Women's Lib song—catchy tune, wretched lyrics like "I am a woman/hear me roar."

. . . WILFRID SHEED'S savvy novel, *People Will Always Be Kind*, wrenching and gorgeously black-humored, about a polio victim who made it big in politics because of the kids and "countless ladies who followed politics like soap opera, and men who clung to it like baseball"; his campaign buttons included a million saying "Fop Power.". . . Texas bumper stickers: "Remember when the air was clean and sex was dirty.". . . In London, the fast fun of *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat* by the same team who did *Jesus Christ Superstar*. . . . Same town, on Pont Street, S.W. 1, a restaurant called DRONES, white walls and swinging greenery, very big with the young theater crowd for quiche, hamburgers, and such.

. . . The outright entrancement of the portrait photographs exhibited in "CECIL BEATON: The First Ten Years, 1922-1932" at the Sonnabend Gallery. . . . DANIEL BARENBOIM, the young, controversial conductor grabbing the admiration of his contemporaries. . . . The laughing-on-the-outside story that had to happen sooner or later, "HOWARD'S BAG" by Douglass Wallop, in which the hero is impaled on the sabre of his secretary's group therapy crowd. . . . Flea markets and garage sales flourishing like dandelions and crabgrass.

. . . Jacqueline Susann's latest bed-hopping book, *Once Is Not Enough*—surely the most understated title of the year. . . . Singing funnyman MARTIN MULL's LP and its praise for "Margie the Midget"—"walking hand and ankle/she's got her arm around my sock." . . . The rattling dice of backgammon tournaments straight across the country. . . . Pittsburgh's WQED experimenting with the preservation of their series *The Family Game* in book form; subtitled "Identities for Young & O!d," it contains the mind-stopping revelation that all plays recently written at the Yale Drama School share one constant—none of the characters has a job.

. . . GOLD, a trove mined from a span of centuries and continents magnificently displayed at the Metropolitan Museum: Etruscan pins, a Colombian funerary mask, a *couvert* with the arms of Talleyrand, a minute reclining Buddha perhaps two inches long from 18th-century Thailand, an Iranian cup—1000 B.C.—with four gazelles marching around it, their bodies repoussés and the heads three-dimensional; on and on until you come upon such follies as a gold card case, 1910, enameled with a "town landaulet automobile and floral motif"; and then a gold brick minted in San Francisco and borrowed from the Federal Reserve Bank in New York; roughly 6½" x 3½" x 2" thick, it weighs 401.75 Troy ounces (about 27½ pounds).

. . . JAMES WRIGHT'S recent collection of poems, *Two Citizens*, tender, profound, with an exhilarating precision and no lapses into maudlin. . . . The lingering, true delight of the Indian paintings in "A Flower from Every Meadow," the exhibition now at Asia House and set to travel to San Francisco and Buffalo—every detail threads the eyebeam. . . . *The New Hip Pocket Grunt Digtionary*, a byproduct of the JEFFERSON AIRPLANE, in which one learns that an airport is a light wine.

. . . Rock and roller-skating on TV with the girls turned out in boutique duds. . . . *Any Number Can Play*, a novel by the London *Observer's* Southeast Asia man, Dennis Bloodworth, set in the hypothetical country Mekong, and rich with stiletto wit, vivid pseudo-reporting from the hero, a correspondent named Larry Ivansong whose wife is Thinking Lotus; lots of double agents and the Paramahamsa Bonze, a guru who is the sharpest put-on in the East. . . . Reno Sweeney, a new night place for food and drink and, in the back room, real entertainment touched off by that old smoothie Jimmie Daniels of the late Bon Soir (where Streisand started) and backed with sparky talent on its way to fame.

. . . In Paris: "FRANÇAIS SI VOUS SAVIEZ," a three-part documentary movie of France's political history, eight hours long and absolutely enthralling, explained with characteristic cynicism by *Le Monde* as "why we lost the war of 1940; why we lost the liberation; why we lost Algeria.". . . MINI-JAZZ, half calypso, half jazz, and best at the Haitian dance parlors in New York where everyone is hooked on dancing up a passion.

YVONNE BRATHWAITE BURKE, *below*, remembered by most people as the very pretty, very firm "chairperson" at the last National Democratic Convention, went from there to being the first woman California has elected to Congress in twenty years. A worker, she has co-sponsored eighty-odd bills; serves on two committees, Public Works and Interior and Insular Affairs. Burning interests in which she has experience are housing and urban development. Burke was added to her name last June by a man who says, "Love is commuting 6000 miles a week."



ALEXIS SMITH AND KIM HUNTER
CATTING IT UP IN "THE WOMEN"



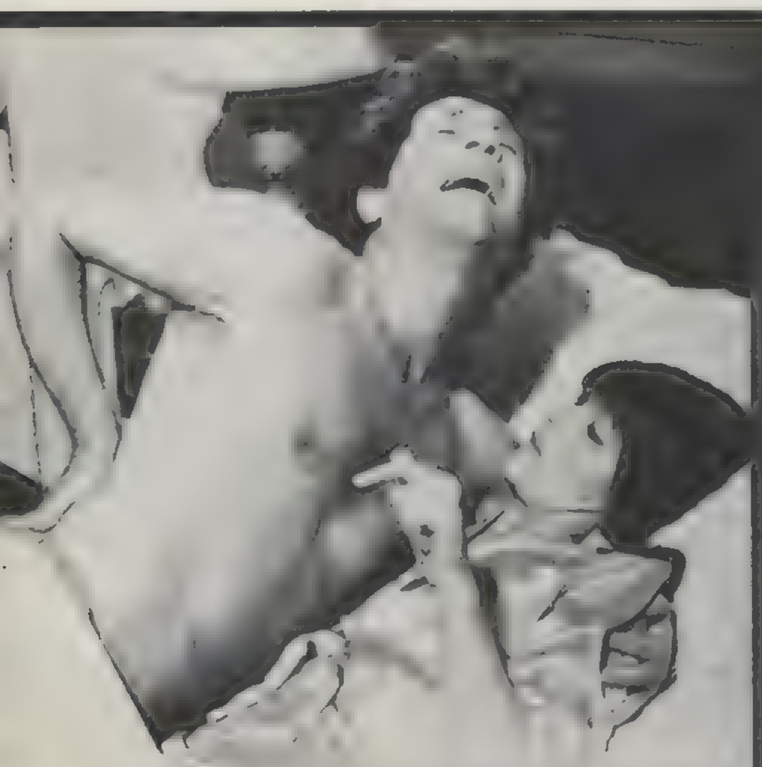
YVONNE BRATHWAITE BURKE
CONGRESSWOMAN —HUMAN VALUES

ALEXIS SMITH, as the calculated bitch, *above*, with KIM HUNTER, the ever-loving wife, in *The Women*, Broadway's revival of the 1936 shocker by Clare Boothe Luce that stopped lookers cold when a girl up to her neck in bubbles took a bath on stage. No surprise now, but the feline infighting is still good for a lot of laughs; and the cast, a tumbrel of stars—Myrna Loy, Rhonda Fleming, Dorothy Loudon, as well as the two above. Thing is, "the girls" of now have a faster, cooler left hook, maybe because there's less time with all those heavenly servants gone. Or is it Lib? Either way it's a rough game on the *champ d'amour*, but some basics still stand—like getting your man, and if a cowboy likes you better than his horse you might as well marry him. Swell clothes and 'thirties tunes for nostalgia plus smashing performances by Marie Wallace as the tarty husband-stealer and Mary Louise Wilson turning a fine sardonic line as the unwed lady novelist who refrains from Telling All.

. . . St. Veran, a new wine from Pouilly Fuissé grapes, dry, white, a bit fruity. . . . SIMENON's *Maigret and the Informer,* a boon for escapists, all about chateaux robbers with their wiles and women. . . . KAREN KAIN, the dazzling ballerina touring with Nureyev and the National Ballet of Canada. . . . *Groups, Gimmicks and Instant Gurus,* a book by psychologist William R. Coulson who has faith in encounter groups but makes clear the risks inherent in some cases. . . . The girl who shops at ZABAR'S DELI, parking her Afghan hound outside with this order: "Hang out." And, what is more, he does.



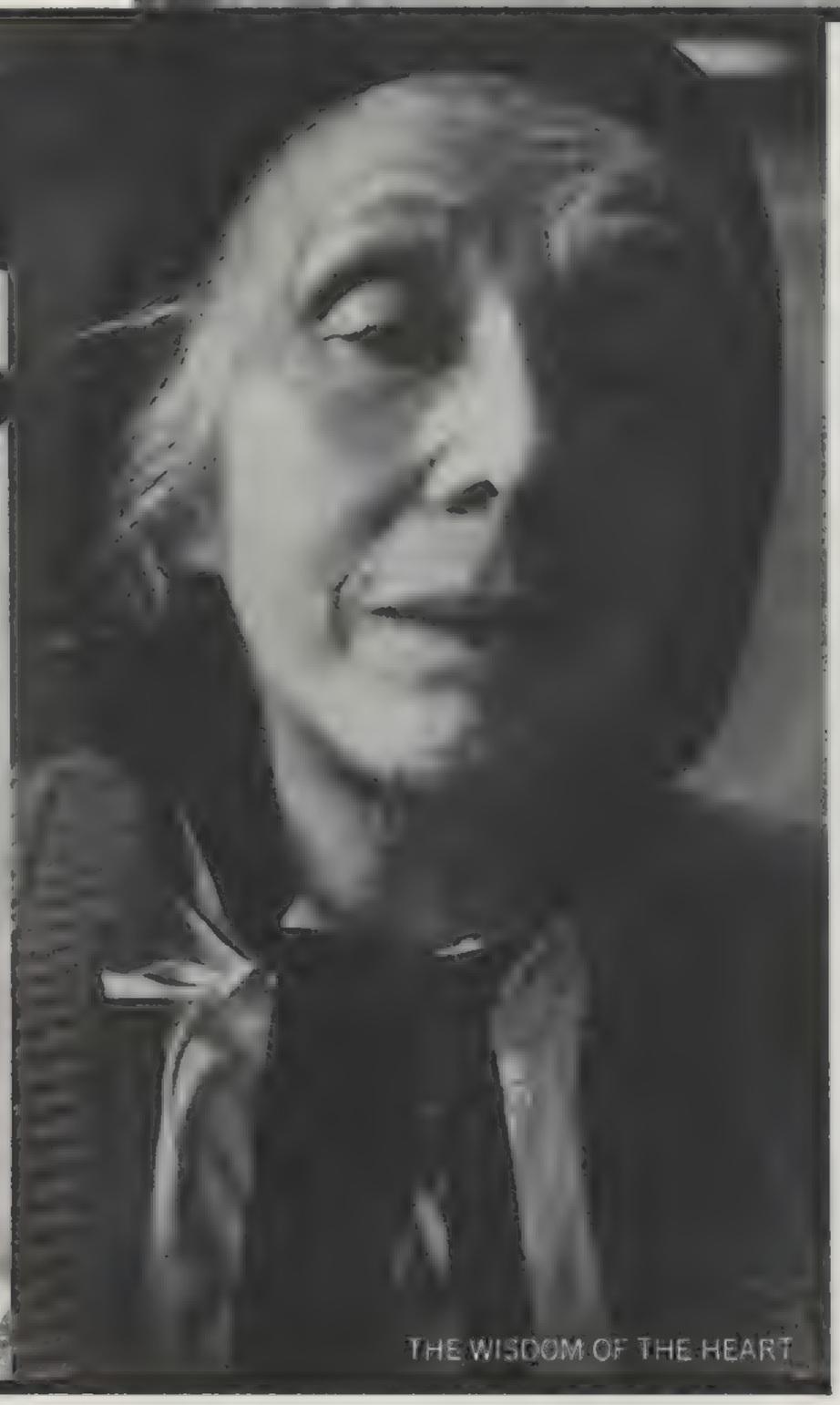
EYES EVERYWHERE—SUSPICIOUS, RIVETED, TORMENTED, ICY



MUSCLE SPASMS JINX ROMANCE



SEXPOT WHO MAKES "FATE BETS"



THE WISDOM OF THE HEART

. . . Motion pictures, especially these: *State of Siege,* a brilliant and terrifying movie filled with surveilling eyes (YVES MONTAND's *above)* about affairs of anti-diplomacy in South America, made by Costa-Gavras, who did *"Z,"* and starring Montand as an American "adviser for communications and traffic" which translates to trainer of special police; Montand never better—controlled, believable, unbreaking. . . . GEORGE SEGAL and GLENDA JACKSON, *far left, top,* in *A Touch of Class,* a real movie-type movie implying that a little cosy adultery can be plenty complicated and very funny, from plane boarding to getting a room with a view, zippers, and muscle spasms requiring the house doc; one riotous scene when they snug up with a big box of Kleenex to watch *Brief Encounter* on the telly. . . . BERNADETTE LAFONT, *far left, below,* the most succulent new sexy around, in *Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me* making "fate-bets" with herself— for instance, if she takes the ladder away while her father is in the barn loft, will he notice or just plummet; amoral, crazy, hilarious, euphoric. . . . LILI DARVAS, *left,* the remarkable Hungarian-born actress, her beauty still indelible in *Love,* a small flawless film basically about the long dying of a very old woman, but fundamentally concerned with the varieties of love: the old woman's for her son, a political prisoner who she believes is in America because she has been so told by his passionate, tormented wife. With uncloyed affection the younger woman builds a separate unreal world around the bedroom in which the older weaves a time scheme of her own, recalling the pleasures of youth, revived by the miracle of spring, longing for the cabbage she's forbidden to eat, and above all waiting. The artistry of this movie lies in the revelation of two strong women living, even teasing each other in the endless stretches of nothing that make up their lives.

The PROCOL HARUM, the wizard, no-side English rock group—*below, left to right,* B. J. Wilson, percussion and mandolins; Gary Brooker, composer, piano player, and singer; Mick Grabham, guitar; Keith Reid, lyrics; Chris Copping, organ; Alan Cartwright, bass—and their live performances here with some sweet numbers from their new album, *Grand Hotel.* Keith and Gary, at home in the Plaza wearing plaid lumberjacket and black pin-dot shirt respectively, explained that the return-of-white-tie-and-tails party tipping their New York arrival was partly for Grand Hotel atmosphere, partly because "everybody enjoys getting out of their jeans . . . they were together on it." And about that lead song: yes it does stand for everybody's not fully realized dreams—from "tonight we sleep on silken sheets" to profiteroles, which seem to be a group hang-up. Hear them, hear that sure piano, strong organ backing, and 22 mandolins.



"WE ONLY WANTED TO LOOK SMART"

. . . "LAW AND ORDER," the Irish answer to *The Godfather,* full of hops and just about as good for you as Guinness or a nice pot of tea. . . . Help wanted for Central Park's Cottage Marionette Theater which may have to shut down this summer for lack of air conditioning; the current rage for three-year-olds and up is "GULLIVER," a joy because he's a real man pinned down by the Lilliputian marionettes. . . . The strung-out Wall Street whiz who makes pickled herring and mille-feuille pastry as therapy, both, fortunately, delicious. . . . JOHN LAHR's punchy first novel, *The Autograph Hound,* a strange and sympathetic revelation of a very little guy whose life consists of gathering graphiti of the famous: Joan, and Judy, and all. . . . The insidious honorary degree racket in which obscure colleges write you a letter about your "distinguished" achievements including a blank where the fine print indicates you pay a sum of money if you want the sheepskin.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...



One cool-thinking woman—a mother, a psychologist, a college president—tells how we are changing, why we need training for leadership and for success

# SUCCESS: You Can Learn to Love It

## Matina Horner, interviewed by Barbara Rose

**Matina Horner, a petite brunette of thirty-three, does not fit the image of either an academic or a college president, yet she is both. Born in Boston of Greek immigrant parents, Dr. Horner will steer America's most prestigious women's college through a difficult moment; for Radcliffe must now decide whether to merge with Harvard College, giving up its separate identity, or simply to continue to share classes and faculty with Harvard, as it has since World War II. Although it would seem that no education would prepare women for an active role in the world better than a Harvard education, the paradox exists that Harvard men are among our country's top leaders in all fields; but Radcliffe girls have not accomplished as much as the graduates of Smith, Wellesley, Vassar, or Bryn Mawr, in certain fields, even though their test scores are higher. (Many Radcliffe girls have gone into the arts.)**

**A Bryn Mawr graduate herself, Dr. Horner became an experimental psychologist at the University of Michigan. Her work was centered on the theory that motivation or the lack of it is determined by what the person believes society and its institutions expect of him or her. Through her research, Dr. Horner came to the conclusion that gifted women fear success. She found that the expectations of women were hopelessly confused by conflicting sets of signals. Encouraged to educate herself, the American woman begins to understand that if she becomes too aggressive, too competitive, in short, too successful, she is thought of as "unfeminine"—a failure as a woman.**

**Matina Horner herself is an excellent model for the many young women who wish to combine the traditional feminine roles with a professional life. Married to physicist Joe Horner, she is the mother of Tia, eight; John, six; and Christopher, four. She is sure enough of her principles and accomplishments to avoid the more militant factions of the Women's Liberation movement; yet she is also compassionate about the problems and conflicts of those who have not found or perhaps do not wish to find success in a man's world. I was impressed with her thoughtful candor. She has no easy answers, but perhaps her combination of scientific detachment and genuine human concern may bring a faster solution to the "woman problem" than demonstrations and angry epithets.**

**Who is the American woman today?**

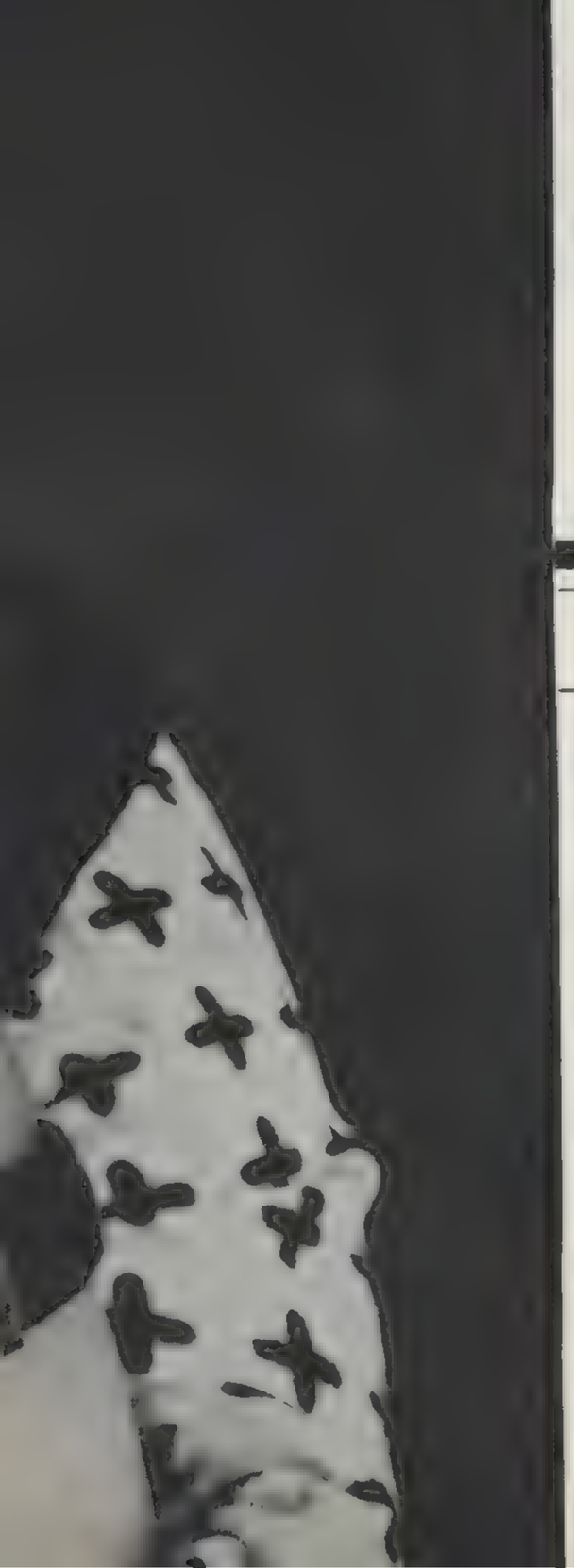
I'm not sure there is one American woman. I think if there is an American woman, it's many women with different life-styles. I hope we'll all be able to choose different life-styles; that would really be the essence of the American woman—the freedom to choose from any number of life-styles.

**Do you agree with Freud that "anatomy is destiny"?**

Not in and of itself, no. It is also not something to be ignored; but Freud himself was totally confused about women. The part of his theory that has had the greatest impact on the kinds of questions we're looking at today—beyond the fact that anatomy is destiny—is the sense that the essence of femininity really lies in the absence of aggression. This idea has been the basis of many of our stereotypes about women. Although there is much truth in the underlying premises of Freud's thought, the expectations of the absence of aggression and its implications for active and passive behavior in women have been the most damaging. We tend to build into women the expectation that if they behave in an active way, if they step outside the boundaries, their behavior is nonfeminine. Suppose a woman shows tremendous competence in something that's been traditionally considered out of bounds—like engineering. The experiences she then has, the social rejection she experiences, the self-doubt she has about herself, the pattern of her social relationships, what may happen to her husband's feelings about her if she happens to be married, the reactions of other young men and other young women to her based on whether she's an attractive person or unattractive person demonstrate that her sex begins to be a variable of considerable importance. I have great difficulty seeing why sex has anything at all to do with whether one is competent in engineering or not, but it somehow gets brought into the situation and people tend to reject her or tend to find it necessary to discuss aspects generally associated with her sex. She has had to be terribly aggressive to get there, and that creates self-doubts in her if she isn't a particularly confident individual.

(Continued on next page)





**"I hope we'll all have the freedom to choose from any number of different kinds of life-styles; that would really be the essence of the American woman"**

PENN

Matina Horner, the thirty-three-year-old experimental psychologist who last fall became the sixth president of Radcliffe College, Harvard's prestigious sister across Cambridge Common in Massachusetts, has studied women's education in depth and attitudes toward success in particular. Exotic-eyed, with a low, murmuring voice, she looks her part as the young mother next door but thinks as a scientist who brings professional detachment to her tricky pairing of roles, sometimes uses some "wild methods." Example: Mrs. Horner wakes her small daughter at ten at night for one-to-one chats that have given them "a special relationship" (her little sons just mutter "Hi, Mom," and go on sleeping). President Horner said she secretly wanted to be an actress; but in asking photographer Irving Penn about the studio lights she showed her true passion: "The electric strobe is mathematics," he said, "the window light is poetry." "To me," she replied, "mathematics *is* poetry."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Barbara Rose, who often writes for Vogue about art, has had at least nine views of campus life—first, as an undergraduate at Smith and Barnard Colleges; then, as a graduate student at Columbia University; finally, as a teacher at The New School, Queens College, Sarah Lawrence College, Yale University, and at the University of California at Irvine and in San Diego, where she was a Regents Professor.*

# Matina Horner: "If women are going to be finding new roles, somebody has to help men to adjust to new family styles"

*(Continued)*

**Is physical appearance more important for a woman?**

Up until very, very recently that's been true. People have always had to make some kind of statement about how attractive a woman was. I've been fascinated to see many of the young men now paying more particular attention to physical attributes—the way they dress and the way they look and the actual appearance of their hair—than used to be the case. I think right now probably physical attractiveness is less of a significant variable for young women than for young men—an interesting change.

**Do women today have a new image of themselves?**

I don't think that even the word "women" really encompasses the range of the individual differences. I hope we will come to recognize and allow individuals to act really in accordance with their own inner dreams, independent of whether they're men or women. More opportunities are being stressed, women are becoming aware of more opportunities for themselves. But I think that's also true for young men who are now seeking equal access to some of the activities that have been primarily female, be it nursery-school teaching or any of the areas that have traditionally been associated with females.

**What works to shape a new image of women?**

I think what we can do in our educational programs and perhaps through some of the media is to challenge some of the existing expectations by showing that they aren't really based in fact and that there can be woman physicists who are not unhappy individuals, who are not necessarily unattractive, who do not have to sacrifice motherhood in order to achieve these ends, and also to allow those women whose inner dreams don't lead them to seek careers in this particular area to be comfortable with the notion of motherhood alone. I think there is a really dangerous substitute attitude coming into society where the mother is being devalued and there is a new kind of pressure by a particular group of women.

**Is motherhood an essential fulfillment for a woman?**

I think for some women it is and for some women it's not. And for those for whom it is not, the choice should be free to fulfill their directions the way they want to.

**Are women's roles changing in society, in the family?**

Family structures are changing partly in response to ecological questions and the population problem. Traditionally, the family has been the source of self-esteem for women, the thing they could do to feel good about themselves. If we're going to take away having a number of children as a viable source of self-esteem, in fact punishing it for ecological reasons, then we've got to open up other options so that people can feel good about themselves. With the mobile kind of society that has come about, there's been a loss of the sense of family that many people are trying to recapture in various versions of a communal kind of setup. I think it's awfully important that there be some way of including the older community. With new scientific and medical advances, we have more people living longer. There are many old people who could essentially be substitute grandparents and, if women are going to work, provide day care of some kind. It need not be institutionalized day care, but child-care provisions or substitute parenting has to be found; and I would look to the capable idle older people who are perfectly healthy and really seeking viable lives.

**Do these new roles that women may be assuming in society or in the family change their relationship to men?**

All the changes that women will inadvertently or advertently experience will have a very marked impact on the relationship between men and women and on the way that men feel about themselves. After all, they've been brought up and have internalized expectations about themselves that include being essentially the breadwinners and heads-of-households. That's been the source of esteem that they've always had. If women are going to be finding new roles for them- (Continued on page 158)

# THE AMERICAN WOMAN WRITER: JOYCE MAYNARD

In her book *Looking Back* (Doubleday & Company, Inc.), published this spring, Joyce Maynard demonstrates triumphantly that, at nineteen, she is the strong, reflective, appraising voice of her fragmented, television-raised generation. Using herself as a looking glass, she views therein the gains and pains of her 'sixties peers. A deeply feminine, albeit slightly coltish, young woman, Joyce has huge, brown seeress eyes that crinkle to delight while she talks about doll's houses: "That's what I'm working on now—a book about doll's houses . . . how to make them . . . all about them"; at the sight of a plate of smoked salmon: "I love it. You don't get much of that up in New Hampshire where I live"; when she muses about the New England countryside and her passion to own a house in that northland. In her book, Joyce wrote: "Freedom is choosing, and sometimes that may mean choosing not to be 'free.' " When Vogue asked her to write about herself, she sent the following:

I never set out to be a writer, and feel somewhat surprised to find myself identified as one. That's not to say I didn't have any ambition when I was little. I had a very strong one. From about age four on up, I wanted to be rich and famous. I suppose this rather unattractive drive came from growing up in a small New Hampshire town and from feeling, generally, a little unappreciated. (I was one of a chorus of cuckoo birds in the first grade operetta and—though I milked the part dry—went unnoticed, hidden behind the piano while another —far inferior, I felt—actress starred as Sleeping Beauty.) At home, I watched old Shirley Temple movies and dreamed of talent scouts. I wrote letters to television producers and book publishers and Pablo Picasso, not yet sure (it seemed almost incidental) whether I'd make my debut as a singer or a dancer or an actress or a painter.

I never consciously chose writing; it has simply always been one of the things I've done, and lately I've tended to do more of it. But on the list of Ten Things I Like Best to Do, I doubt if writing would appear. I like riding my bike, drawing with a Rapidograph pen, tending my plants, singing along with my records, dancing, baking banana bread, spending time with certain children I specially care about, watching old movies—and anything with Mary Tyler Moore in it—on television, living in the country. The List of Ambitions has changed: I would like to do some one thing really well and uncompromisingly. Whether it will be writing murder mysteries or television situation comedies or illustrating children's books or teaching kindergarten, though, I haven't yet decided.

**"I never consciously chose writing; it has simply always been one of the things I've done, and lately I've tended to do more of it.**

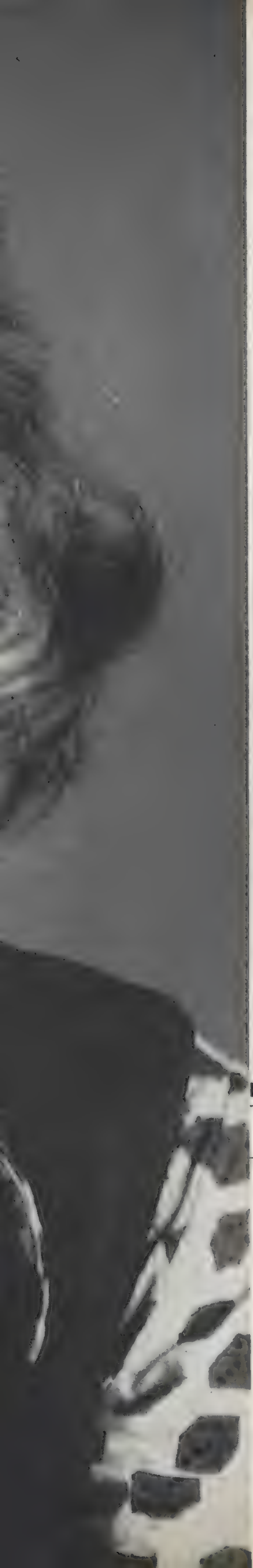
**"I'm sick of my eyes because they look sad when I don't feel that way"**



AVEDON







A free-hearted novelist-mother exposes parents and children in their raw struggle for separate lives

# FAMILY WAR: Can You Win?

By Anne Roiphe

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The wife of a psychiatrist and the mother of five children, Anne Roiphe has enlarged women's self-view with her rueful look at the terrors of family life in two novels,* Up the Sandbox *and* Long Division.

I remember in my late teen years when I vowed my children would never suffer the embarrassments, suffocations, rigidities, and guilt-provoking scenes that were holding me down when, buoyed by adolescent hubris, I was in a hurry to fly as far and free and wild as possible. I remember with a certain rue my conviction that a new world was coming. My friends and I, relieved of the cultural and economic burdens of our parents, of course with better values, pure and good, idealistic and forever uncorruptible, would create, instead of generational warfare, an easy communication, a mutual respect, a loving context for our children that would involve no clutching or clinging—no imposition of life's choices. I believed that loving was enough to bring about this green future. Now that I am older and more than a little crumpled, I clearly understand that what I had imagined as an open meadow was in fact the Minotaur's labyrinth complete with dead ends, bats whose sticky feet get caught in your hair, and the Minotaur himself lumbering around, happily anticipating his next meal.

Death and taxes are only the most obvious of inevitable unchanging things in this tumultuous world of ours. Despite the sexual revolution, the drug culture, the war to end all hope, parents and children live in the same malaria-infested swamp that has always spread across the internal geography of family life. Social forms change and yet parents and children repeat the primitive dramas over and over again almost as if time referred to decoration and style, not to progression and profound alteration.

I haven't forgotten the sweet smell of the sleeping child; the heady flush of excitement with the initial halting words; that peculiar sense of falling in love, as if for the first time, that a parent experiences as a child begins to show his individualness, his particular shape. That new love for the new child brings back the early adolescent state of euphoria where everything is possible, each moment intensely lit with the fierceness of the love, opening, expanding. I remember the excitement of a child's first dive under water, the first book taken out of the library. A million variations and elaborations on these events will be a part of each parent's experience and memories. The night the fever broke at four in the morning and you didn't have to rush to the hospital after all . . . a shy discussion of sex . . . a child's decision—I'm going to be a doctor, a poet, get married . . . the pleasures of all this and more are not subject to generational differences but, like the umbilical cord (a biological entity unchanged for billions of years), form the essence of the emotional connection between parent and child.

But we all know and increasingly admit the fear and pain we suffer with our children. These disappointments, like termites, ultimately can reduce the whole house to rubble. It seems clear now that many of the problems between parent and child center on the struggle beneath their mutual needs for dependence and the opposing need to fight that dependence. It's sad to watch the peculiar weavings of love, the distortions and even pathological grimaces it takes as it finds its way between the pressures of conflicting urges—the need to be separate, individual, distinct; and the equally strong need to merge, be comforted, become a part, meld and slide into another.

I discovered this when my first child walked. No, she said, in a definite voice. Initially I thought it was dear, sweet to see her assert herself, refuse to eat the food I had prepared, rush out the playground gate, flush her socks down the toilet; but as the weeks went by, I began to see that something important had forever ended. The time when I nursed her happily and we fell asleep together and it was hard for me to think of myself as someone single, separate—that innocent Eden was over. Now, with the books pulled out of the bookcase, my child and I glared at each other. Separate, opponents, two people at odds and alone. Temporarily, the terror (Continued on next page)

## THE AMERICAN WOMAN IN CHINA: EVANGELINE BRUCE

**"We have always wanted to go to China. It is an adventure and a challenge. It's like starting a new life in many ways"**

AVEDON

Just one month ago, Evangeline Bruce, *left,* became *the* American woman to over eight hundred million Chinese. As the wife of David K. E. Bruce, the head of the new United States Mission to the People's Republic of China, she offers that country the first continuous up-close look, in a quarter of a century, at what the American woman is. What she does, what she says will be under scrutiny—all the time. Not that this fazes Mrs. Bruce. David Bruce has been the United States Ambassador to Britain, France, and West Germany, and, in each country, Evangeline Bruce has scored her own successes as hostess, diplomat, and American beauty. She sparks with intelligence, wit, and appreciative laughter—at once amused and amusing. Of herself, she said, "One must inspire confidence in one's personal integrity. People soon see through you if you try to be anything you're not." And so, in China, she will do many of the same things she has done in Europe and Washington—gardening, reading, and seeing as much as time allows of a country that has always fascinated her. But it will be a sharp shift from other posts: "We have no immediate diplomatic precedent to follow. So I am really not sure what my role will be." Not at all impressed by herself, Mrs. Bruce is impressed by the standards of American Foreign Service wives around the world. "I have known and worked with hundreds of them. We should be very proud of their performance. I think most of us have decided that by being ourselves, we serve our country—and our husbands—best."

## Anne Roiphe: "It's hard to mark the boundaries between parent and children; I am me–and also some combination with them"

*(Continued)* of aloneness might drive the child back onto my lap; we'd listen to music, turn the pages of a book together, and reunite for awhile till the struggle would begin again. She was not a part of me, not controlled by me, nor I a part of her or controlled by her; and that was difficult for us both.

I began to have other thoughts, other centers of interest besides my child. I wanted to travel here, go to the political meeting there. My husband and I wanted time for ourselves without the children. I wanted to talk on the phone to friends. I wanted to work; and then my child started to protest—a great cry, a scream at my needs for independence from her. For awhile, this struggle between us was raw and open. I think this must be universal in our society; and I guess this needing and not needing, clinging and pushing away, is just the reality that makes being a child so painful and a parent so difficult.

As my children grow older, I see this same battle take new and more complicated forms. I had always promised myself that, unlike my mother, I would not use my children to enrich myself, to reflect pride back to me. I would not want them to impress my friends or be clean at times that suited my needs. I would never produce their poems at the dinner table or push them into accomplishments I would have wished for myself. No ballet lessons because I wanted to be a dancer. But, here, I certainly apologize to my mother whose errors turn out to be simply human nature, or my nature, too. I deeply want at least one or more of them to be doctors, because that's what I would have done had times and opportunities not been different. I know I have no right to this expectation, and yet I can't help extending my life through them. I can't remain separate; my own identity just isn't enough.

I have been known to show my children's poetry to my friends. I know I'm not a better writer if they are talented; and yet I can't help glowing in reflected praise, as if it enriched me to have them do well. Why? I think it's hard to mark clearly the boundaries between parent and child. I am me and I am also some combination of me and them. Sometimes I like it and sometimes I don't, and they feel exactly the same way. Tensions arise at all these points of confused connections.

Our timing is always miserable. (Is that perhaps inherent in human contact?) I am irritable and exhausted from a bad cold just when one of them wants to talk all night about the future of Marxism in America. I come to kiss a child good-night, warm with a longing to be close, and the child is chatting on the phone to a school friend and pushes me away, convinced I'm trying to listen to her secrets. The closeness and the need for distance, the distance and the need for closeness fill the parent-child relationship with potential dangers. Explosions major and minor must occur from time to time.

My ego, just like my mother's, is involved. If they wear dirty clothes, it reflects on my cleanliness. If they do badly at school, it reflects on my brains and study habits; and if they do well, it's because I am virtuous myself; and so, though I never meant to, I begin like my mother to take some measure of myself in my children's life. My well-being begins to depend on them and their life choices just as once their very survival, the total shape of their days depended on my well-being and my choices. As on a seesaw, the power in the relationship shifts from side to side. Naturally, the children don't like my identifications with them. It hampers their freedom no less than my mother's ideas on dress and decorum once hampered mine. It's a pity, but there it is.

Of course, parent and child are vulnerable to each other and vulnerability invites attacks. My children know how to disappoint me, shame me, infuriate me, and worry me; and, of course, in doing so they establish, proclaim, and enjoy their independence. On the other hand, I know that they can't tolerate being too alone, my being too separate, or angry, or distant. Right now they need me still, so I also have the power to hurt them, to wound them, to assert my independence.

I think all mothers sometimes feel like the science-fiction doctor who creates in his laboratory a giant beautiful butterfly that ends up eating the doctor bone-clean. But, of course, it's not always like that. There are the other kinds of moments as well, the peaceful, easy, sharing times.

The child confides a secret that a best friend told; a child brings a shell for your special collection. You surprise a child by meeting him at school and taking him out for an ice-cream soda. You go to a movie together and talk for hours about why you both hated it—and on into infinity with examples which, no matter how they multiply, still represent the idyllic pauses in what now seems a familiar battle terrain.

Values have certainly changed. My mother believed in a proper kind of behavior. Some clothes were correct and desirable, and others were not. Sex was secret and the woman's place was clearly (Continued on page 162)

## THE AMERICAN WOMAN IN SONG: ROBERTA FLACK

Like a healing blanket to wrap yourself up in, Roberta Flack's rich and sensuous blue-blue sound is currently cresting the peak which began in 1969 when she recorded "The First Time Ever I Saw Your Face." The woman behind the powerful piano and the warm, supple voice has a strong, warm, down-home presence which is uniquely American. Her music soars beyond age barriers to appeal to teen-agers and to dowagers. She began as a music teacher in Washington, D.C., doing piano-moonlighting on the weekends in the Tivoli Opera Restaurant and in Mr. Henry's, where she was a must-hear for visiting musicians. She left the school system in 1969 to perform full-time. Many gold records later, Roberta is on two more upward veers: "I am writing the score for a film—the birth, life, and death of Christ as seen in the works of Rembrandt. Then, sometime in October, I start work with Lonnie Elder and Gordon Parks on *The Bessie Smith Story*. I play Bessie and that is really exciting to me. Not that I want to be a movie star but she is an idol of mine, and I know that this will be done with love." Love is important to Roberta, and she finds it apparent in all the women she most admires: Bette Davis, Tallulah Bankhead, Ethel Waters, Barbra Streisand, Lena Horne, and Bette Midler—"all very much the Woman, all with a mad, gay, feminine, and loving style."

**"If women respond especially to my music, I think it is because the song means something to me and I am honest about expressing it– a woman can hear honesty."**



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# What You Really Want Now: POWER

By Michael Korda

## A plain-talking man, who sees men with their mystique down, reveals to women the last big male trade secret

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Book editor Michael Korda found out where American women are today while looking at examples of un-Liberation for his own book:* Male Chauvinism! How It Works *(Random House).*

*Liberation!* That's already an old-fashioned concept," says Barbara, "it isn't enough," closing her eyes against memories of National Organization for Women (NOW) meetings in New York West Side apartments, seminars on day-care centers, the picketing of Governor Rockefeller's Manhattan office to demand legalized abortions, the long factional struggle of lesbians vs. straight women that threatened "The Movement," the whole idea of women as a revolutionary class. "I went on all the marches, licked envelopes, signed petitions—*women*, I thought of us as a *group*, a bloc, you know, like farmers, or Puerto Ricans, or migrant workers. But I've been moving away from all that, thinking more about myself, and I've discovered what I guess men knew all along, which is that what matters is *autonomy*. I'm making myself into an autonomous woman, and I'm beginning to understand what it is that men have always had, why they've always seemed to lead stronger and more interesting lives than women—power!"

Barbara looks steady, controlled, very unlike the young woman I first met a year ago. At that time I was having lunch with her boss, an unabashed male chauvinist who wanted to interest me in one of those complicated financial schemes that are only comprehensible to the very rich, of whom he mistakenly thought me to be one. A common bond—we had both been to the same school—had led me to accept his invitation against my better judgment, and it was without surprise that I failed to recognize my old roommate in the rubicund and fleshy face that now greeted me at the bar of a midtown restaurant, eyes glaucously blue as if pickled in gin, lips attempting to smile against a habitual muscular reflex of ill-temper and impatience. "My girl is joining us for coffee," he told me, as he forced the headwaiter to seat us at a larger table, "she can fill you in on some of the details." As it happened, he was wrong. Barbara, mini-dressed, flushed, and wearing a NOW button defiantly, joined us before we had even ordered; either because she had miscalculated the number of drinks my companion would need before accepting the menu or, more likely, because she was making her own individual protest against being presented to me at the end of the meal, like a girl leaping from a cake at a stag party. Whatever the reason, any thought of my joining an offshore-oil tax-shelter scheme or investing in a capital-gains cattle ranch vanished as my luncheon companion, by now well fueled with straight-up Martinis, no twist, proceeded to explain to Barbara and to me why a woman's place was in the home, calling on me to confirm that women had never and could never understand business, a diatribe that reduced me to a paroxysm of boredom only somewhat attenuated by the fact that it was delivered in a voice loud enough to capture the unwilling attention of the entire restaurant. Barbara's reaction was to sit in abject silence, a tear creeping from the corner of each eye, whether from shame or frustration it was hard to tell. Pleading simultaneously illness and a prior appointment forgotten, I left before our food had arrived and plunged out into the street to find a hot-dog vendor.

As chance would have it, I met Barbara again a year later in the same restaurant. She was clearly lunching with a client and looked in some hard-to-define way a very different person, as if some magic force had shaped an attractive but comparatively formless face into the hardened mold of character and will. Before, one might have said, "There's a pretty young woman." Now, one would be more inclined to say, "There's an interesting person." Fascinated by the change, I arranged to meet her for a drink that same evening and learned that she had separated from her husband, moved into the city, and taken my old schoolmate's job away from him. "It's odd," she said, "but that lunch did it for me, I guess. It was the last straw. I thought I was liberated because I was working, but as I sat there listening to that drunken boor I realized that no matter how hard I worked, I was still letting other people run my life for me. I had a fixed role—working wife—and a fixed job—assistant to an investment adviser—and that was my life. I knew I could do my boss's job better than he could, and I walked in to the executive vice-president's office the day after our lunch and told him why, expecting to be fired. Instead he promoted me, and now I have an office of my own, and a secretary, and an assistant, and I'm making my own decisions. I'd always thought, down there at the back of my mind, that power was a bad thing, that it wasn't something women were supposed to have. But it isn't *true*—you need power to become a real person, to take on the risks and excitement of being autonomous, of shaping your own life. Now I'm looking ahead to having a company of my own—I think I could swing it—and thinking about going back to my husband, this time as a fully equal partner. I don't know if I'm happy, but I'm *living*."

The relationship of women to power has always been complex. On one hand, they have been deprived of any opportunity to wield real power; on the other hand, they have been told that it isn't natural for them to want it. In a recent study of alcoholism, for example, the researchers noted that male alcoholics usually drink "to satisfy their needs for power." Since the evidence made it clear that men use alcohol in order to increase their feelings of being big, strong, sexually aggressive, influential, and powerful, the problem of women who drink too much was simply left out of the study; it being assumed quite naturally by the researchers that women don't share any of these needs or feelings and must, therefore, have other more mysterious reasons for taking to the bottle. But this is extremely unlikely and is typical of the false assumptions we make in talking about "power." What men seek (and most know they cannot find) is *autonomy*, the power to determine the limits of their own lives, to make their own decisions, to be free of any absolute authority over them. Modern life being what it is, they can seldom hope to achieve this; and they compensate for the lack of it by aggression, whether violent or sublimated—indeed a large part of our social and cultural life consists of supplying them with the opportunity to work out these aggressive instincts in relatively harmless ways, whether it is sport, entertainment, or the competition of business life. Those who cannot compensate successfully may take to the bottle, among other things; but the majority of men somehow manage to create a power world for themselves, whether at work, or in marriage, or at play, and it is these roles that support their masculine self-esteem.

Women seldom are considered to have the same needs, both because their traditional social role has been a dependent one and because until recently it was usual to assume that their sexual role was submissive rather than aggressive. Now that women are emerging at last from the isolation of domesticity and beginning to discover that what they have been told about themselves has mostly been untrue, the question of power is beginning to assume a new importance for them. For power and success are not in fact synonymous. "Liberated" women may go out into the working world, perform interesting tasks, earn considerable amounts of money (though only 3 percent of all the women in the labor force were "managers or administrators," according to the economic report of the 1970 United States census, and in positions of executive power in major corporations, men still outnumber women 600 to 1), but what they do *not* have as a rule is an attitude towards power, which remains largely a part of the "masculine mystique."

When I was researching my own book on male chauvinism, I was struck by the number of women I had talked to who had achieved successful

careers in terms of position, title, and money but had unconsciously shaped their jobs so that they "reported" to a male executive, in effect working for his approbation and approval. In many cases, of course, this was merely the outcome of the usual male-female struggle for authority in working situations; but in a surprising number of instances the woman had instinctively limited her own autonomy, voluntarily conceding power and authority to a man who did not necessarily want the role. One male senior executive in the television business told me, speaking of a woman vice-president in his division, "I didn't want her to defer to me, and she didn't need to. She's a terrific businesswoman—I guess I should say business*person*—and she's not afraid to make her own decisions; but once she's made them she needs to present them to someone else, to have someone tell her she's done a good job, to have the final judgment passed down on the deal. So I do it. But she's wrong. She thinks she's made it because she's got a title and a good salary, but it's still as if she were baking pies and asking her husband to taste them, only moved to an office and a working situation. And it means she'll never go to the top—to the board of directors, for example—which she *could* do, given her talent and brains and ambition. To do that, you have to want power, to enjoy it for its own sake, to be *autonomous*. When I see a woman who is, I'll start worrying about my job."

For the moment, few men need worry. *Fortune* recently studied the "ten highest-ranking women in big business," but while the article was sympathetic to women (though, curiously, it was written by a man), only three of the women had actually *worked* their way up to positions of authority. The others had been thrust into the position of making executive decisions by fortuitous circumstances—they had not so much sought power, rather it had been thrust upon them, either by inheritance, or by the ownership of a large block of stock, or by the fact that they had helped found the business with their husbands and were then obliged to take it over when they died. It is not, for example, of much use to most women to know that Mrs. Dorothy Chandler's most important act as a senior executive of the Times Mirror Company (which owns among many other things the Los Angeles *Times*) was "persuading her husband to relinquish his job as publisher of the *Times* to their son, Otis, in 1960." This is not so much autonomy as old-fashioned aristocracy, the kind of power that women often held in royal families and still do in more ordinary domestic circumstances.

The search for autonomy is the first sign of women's coming of age. Many of the women I have talked to had been members of "The Movement," in fact began their path to liberation through it; but having come so far, they turned away from dependency on "their sisters," from membership in a group, just as they first broke away from the more traditional forms of female dependency. Janine, for example, a successful advertising executive, though still in her twenties, went from being "her father's little girl" to the equally dependent roles of being a receptionist/secretary and working wife, then put two years of her life in "The Movement," joining the various organizations, spending two nights a week in consciousness-raising sessions, going through a period when she saw male chauvinism everywhere around her (sometimes with good reason, sometimes not). Now she has been graduated; she knows who she is; she is putting her energy into her work, changing jobs when it doesn't seem to her there's a chance of getting ahead, determined to *be* someone by the time she's thirty, to have a position in which she can make decisions, influence events, possess power and authority.

"Until now, I've always had the kind of job," Janine says, "where you worked hard and somebody would tell you that you'd done something good. And I used to like that, I enjoyed it when my boss said, 'Gee, thanks, that's terrific!' But yesterday, some guy at work brought me a layout that I had to approve, and I told him without even thinking about it, 'Hey, you've done a beautiful job on this, you know?' And this blinding flash went off in my head. I was praising someone else's work, and a man's at that! And he looked happy about it, too. I had *authority*, respect, I felt for the first time what it is that men are supposed to feel, and why they worry so much about *having* respect and authority. My husband used to come home from the office in a state of deep depression when he thought he was losing out in a power game of some kind, and I was always sympathetic, but I never really *understood*. Now I know. And what men sometimes feel they're not getting, women have never *had*, they don't even know they're missing it. Power isn't masculine. It's something we *all* need."

"Well sure," Marcia told me, sitting behind her desk in the new office she has just opened as a public-relations consultant, an attractive, twenty-eight-year-old woman with her own business, "but women have always known about power. That's been part of our problem. Most women like powerful men, they always have. I don't mean *sexually* powerful necessarily, I just mean that women always understood power was a special kind of thing, that it was important and valuable, it made a man more interesting, more attractive, more fun to be with. I think a lot of women went too far, I know I did, and confused power with sex. You know, you'd see some guy who was making million-dollar deals, and giving orders to five assistants, and commuting between a bungalow at the Beverly Hills Hotel and a suite at The Plaza on the Red-Eye flight from L.A. to New York to close a picture deal or start a shopping center or meet with the President of the United States, and you'd think, 'Right, this one can give me something.' But what? A lot of powerful men aren't that good in bed, most of them are married anyway, and all you get to do is sit around listening to them make long-distance telephone calls to their brokers and tell you how tired they are. Still, even when I was a lot more naïve than I am now, I could see that their power was something real and effective, and I knew I didn't have it. I guess I hoped that some if it would rub off on me.

"Then about two years ago, I read an article that really changed my life. It was about Henry Kissinger, and one sentence was this: 'The girls Kissinger takes to Chasen's can't even imagine these endless, tedious hours of thinking, straining, groping for answers in a bewildering world.' And I suddenly realized, 'My God, that's *me* they're talking about!' O.K., I never dated Kissinger; but I was one of those 'girls' who gets taken out to dinner by powerful, important men and 'can't imagine' what the *serious* side of men's lives are like, because after all, we're only *'girls,'* right?, and how *could* we be expected to understand politics, or diplomacy, or business, or finance, or *power?* And I realized then that Henry Kissinger's power doesn't do anything for you when you have dinner with him: you have to make your *own*. So I tore up the magazine and quit my job at a big PR agency and went out to get my first client that very afternoon. I've got nothing against Mr. Kissinger, I admire him in fact, but I'd love to have dinner with him someday and have someone walk past our table and say, 'Who's the man with glasses having dinner with Marcia Hunte?' I want to be as famous, and as rich, and successful as I can be and have the power to live my own life the way I want to; and that's what I'm doing, even though it means sometimes being lonely because some man wants you to give up doing what you're doing to live with him or having an occasional girlish tremor of fear before making some big financial decision. I don't envy men their power any more—I *learn* from them."

In the words of psychologist Rollo May, "powerlessness corrupts." We have surrounded the subject of power with a host of neurotic obsessions, but it is powerlessness—the sense that we are impotent, have no control over our destinies, no goals or means by which to reach them—that ultimately leads us to become anxiety-prone, victims of the national malaise of alienation. Powerlessness is the cause of violence, of paranoia, of heavy drinking, of rage and frustration—but how few women have ever faced the lack of power in their lives? Even distinguished therapists somehow presume that the will to power is primarily masculine, that women must in some way define themselves by a different, "feminine" standard that excludes power.

It is the first sign of women's successful liberation that they are discovering how false this is. Like men, they need the power to shape their lives, to make themselves autonomous, responsible, free to make decisions and take on responsibilities. It is the display of autonomy that attracts women to powerful men, and it is just that sense of one's own power that is emerging as the most important element in the liberation of women.

I only have to look at Barbara's face as we stand outside the bar where we have been talking to understand that the autonomous woman is, in fact, the happy woman. Power has made her free, as it makes all of us free. As we separate to search for cabs, she turns to me and says, "Power isn't negative, that's what I've discovered. It's creative, it's a force that helps you run your life, instead of having it run for you by other people. If you have it, if you have a sense of purpose and worth, you don't need to nag your children, or envy your husband, or bask in the reflection of someone else's success, or live for a crumb of praise. You have something to give because you *are* something. But what a long, long time it's taken me to discover it. When I first sat down to present a major financial project of my own to a group of men, something I'd worked on for a long time, I found myself appealing to them unconsciously as a woman. And I could see they were restless, they didn't believe me. So I took ahold of myself, I told myself that I knew my facts, I'd done my research, my ideas were going to make money for them; and I looked the chairman of the board right in the eyes and let him know I had the power to persuade him, to push this thing through. And when I'd finished, there was this long silence. They were *thinking*. Not about *me*, The Woman, but about *it*, The Deal. And right there, up on the twenty-fourth floor of a Wall Street office building, I learned what power was. I don't think I'm a woman who has sexual doubts; I enjoy sex, but this was a special feeling beyond sex, the orgasm of power, and I understood what it is that keeps so many men interested in life when their wives are already bored zombies. *Power!* I think it's the last male trade secret. And when the secret is out—My God, what a different world it's going to be for women!" ■



# Debbie

## Debbie spins on, in one of her "Irene" dresses

The Debbie Reynolds Doll is the one that you wind up and it works harder than Joan Crawford. Onstage, she whirls and buzzes like an electric bumblebee. She mugs, socks her leading man, and sings in a flawlessly dispassionate voice. There are fake accents, double takes, exhausting jigs, dangerous tap dances atop pianos, baton twirling, and pratfalls. She acts and re-acts relentlessly.

It was Debbie who insisted "Irene"s chorus boys be butch. "I want the women watching the show to be attracted to these men!" said she. And when these masculine marvels show off onstage for our heroine, Debbie turns her mouth into a complete red O of astonished surprise under the wide-apart bright-blue eyes. Debbie's "Irene O'Dare" from New York's Ninth Avenue, circa 1919, shows touches of Texas, Burbank, Beverly Hills, and the M-G-M back lot.

At each performance of Broadway's "Irene," Debbie Reynolds loses a pound, destroys two elaborate red wigs, and proves Rex Reed may have been right when he called her "one of the most criminally underrated performers in show business." In her simple and affecting or beautiful and dazzling Irene Sharaff costumes, she seems a doll-faced plastic daffodil; but underneath the costumes, they say, Debbie Reynolds is wearing iron knickers.

They've always said things like that—Iron Butterfly, The Sandstone Girl Scout Cookie. Debbie shrugs, "I can only work myself to death and beyond that I have nothing to give, so why should I be hurt by criticism? I really am what I am, as dull as that may seem. I am very direct, very outspoken. In that respect, perhaps, I'm difficult. I'm an Aries. I'm very truthful, and a lot of people don't like that about me. But a lot of people don't like you in advance. You have to learn to expect it—being prejudged. But I build up my ability to cope with it. Some people grow hard and defensive; I'm very offhand about it. I am practical, realistic."

Perhaps it is this practicality and realism that help make Debbie a star, but a very odd one—a star without stature, without glamour, without sex appeal, without the usual larger-than-life charisma of those other burning-brights. Yet audiences identify with Debbie Reynolds. They adore her powerhouse vitality, her manic will-to-please, her gone-bananas comedic sense.

Fans clot outside the stage door eight times a week waiting for her momentary appearance and the three-by-five photos Debbie signs automatically each night in her handsome green and white-wicker dressing room. Audiences usually give her standing ovations in New York's splashy new spaceship Minskoff Theatre as she makes an obeisance at the lip of the stage, on hands and knees, head touching the floor. She is the only actress I have

"I'm someone everyone knows, someone they dream they might be"

# DEBBIE REYNOLDS: MRS. MIDDLE AMERICA CAN'T BE STOPPED

By Liz Smith

ever seen applauded by the sophisticates in Sardi's restaurant many nights after the new had worn off her show.

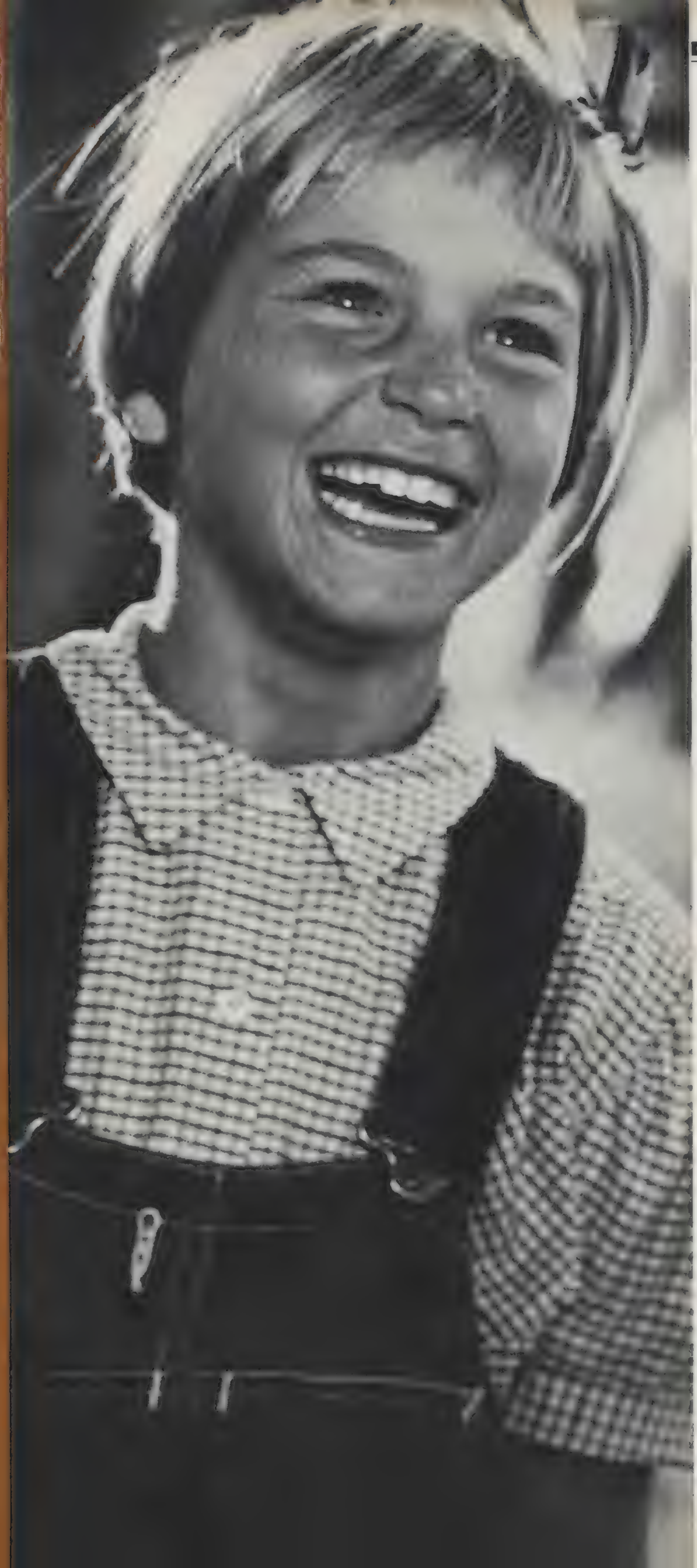
Behind the footlights, Debbie Reynolds is a miracle of illusion, as young, gay, and insouciant as you remember her from the movies. Offstage, the plug is pulled on the electric bumblebee, the vivacity goes. But the hint of cynicism, ennui, and faint sarcasm is probably only show-business bravado—or exhaustion. The stories of "Irene"'s tormented progress, its firings, hirings, and peregrinations on the road are legend. Debbie went down to ninety-seven pounds in the process.

In a turbaned white costume under cascades of pearls and layers of makeup, Debbie stands and walks with the slightly duck-footed step of a dancer. Years of costumes and makeup, of early and late calls, of rehearsal halls, of waiting for setups on sound stages and six months of pre-Broadway "Irene" are in that walk. All these elements have gone into the finished product—a Middle American survivor adored by the middle classes.

Debbie says, "The country I have lived in has enabled me to succeed. I come from a railroad family, from farming people. No one was successful or made more than $8,000 a year. I make twice that in a week. My life has been miraculous, and it could only have happened in America." Debbie speaks in a slow, deliberate, almost careful manner. Interviews can be tricky, but she's a veteran. Talking to the press is a snap for one who was once the fan magazines' de-

light. (Continued on page 159)

AVEDON



THE AMERICAN WOMAN
IN THE MOVIES: TATUM O'NEAL

# SEEN: THE FLASH OF BIG TALENT

Film joy of the summer
is discovering on screen
a big-little bad girl
with stellar powers

As Addie Loggins (a role that may be the tough 'seventies match for Shirley Temple's Little Miss Marker) in Peter Bogdanovich's new movie, *Paper Moon,* Tatum O'Neal makes her film debut playing the American woman at her strong-headed, firm-hearted best: intelligent, independent, ready for anything—but keeping a private store of feminine self-doubt, of love for pretty clothes, of devotion to the man she loves. Tatum gives us the whole range—and she's only nine years old.

The daughter of actor Ryan O'Neal and actress Joanna Moore, Tatum is a sturdy blond child with deep-clear eyes that could look on the first robin or at his feathers on the cat's mouth with equal directness. She must have been weaned on diet soda, because there is no sugar anywhere in her system. Playing opposite her father, she grabs the movie from him and the rest of the cast, never wasting an instant on anything cute or unrelated to the role; and when she acts Addie acting, she's just amateurish enough to make us realize how professional she's been the rest of the time. Tatum plays childhood realistically—the way children live it, not the way grown-ups romanticize it. In a voice that ranges from nightclub husky to grade-school shrill, she gives us the consummate con artist fleecing widows out of hard-earned Depression dollars or the lonesome orphan chatting back to Fibber McGee on her radio.

One critic said, "She seems to have swallowed Thelma Ritter"; but, whatever her secret, Tatum O'Neal is an accomplished comedienne, a serious actress, and—apparently—a hard-boiled young lady. If the last is all artistry and there is really a ringleted tap dancer hiding under her shingle bob and lace-swathed 'thirties cloche, then the child will be a great actress; if, on the other hand, she has been typecast . . . well, then, a string of Tatum O'Neal parts can be written for her. Unless, of course, she decides to be President, instead. —LORRAINE DAVIS

**"Tatum grabs the movie, never wasting an instant on anything cute or unrelated to the role"**

STEVE SHAPIRO

VOGUE, June, 1973

THE AMERICAN WOMAN:
WILLA CATHER CENTENNIAL

From the great American woman writer whose novels are national treasure, a nineteenth-century child's story—just found

# WEE WINKIE'S WANDERINGS

BY

# WILLA CATHER

The year 1973 is the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Willa Cather, a writer so heart-deeply American that her novels, especially of the Middle West *(O Pioneers!, My Antonia,* and more) and the Southwest *(Death Comes for the Archbishop,* and more), seem part of our history as well as of our literature.

The University of Nebraska at Lincoln is sponsoring a year-long series of centennial events; and, in September, Miss Cather will be honored by a commemorative postage stamp, with first-day covers issued at Red Cloud, Nebraska, the town Willa Cather brought to fame and the site of the Willa Cather Pioneer Memorial and Educational Foundation, which supplied these photographs, *right above,* of Willa Cather at the age of nine and, *right,* the family barn in Virginia. When the second photograph is magnified, Willa Cather appears in one door of the barn, with a man pitching hay. She seems to be about four years old—the age of the heroine of this perhaps autobiographical story of Wee Winkie's wanderings.

It was the University of Nebraska's great Cather expert Bernice Slote who found this touching story and identified it as Cather's work; here, Miss Slote tells how she did both:

"The Cather papers include a clipping of the 'Young Folks' page from a weekly called *National Stockman and Farmer* that Willa Cather mailed in early 1897 to her family in Red Cloud from Pittsburgh, where she was editing *Home Monthly* magazine. *Stockman* and *Home Monthly* turned out to have the same publisher and the same address: one Willa Cather could have done both jobs.

"A search of other issues of 'Young Folks' brought this story. 'Wee Winkie's Wanderings' contains many details that establish the scene as the house in Virginia where Willa Cather lived the first nine years of her life.

"The name 'Winkie' is, of course, a play on the name of the nursery-rhyme Wee Willie Winkie; Willa Cather was often called by her family 'Willie' and, sometimes, 'Winkie.'

"We know that in late October, 1896, Willa Cather took a holiday from her Pittsburgh job to visit her old home in Virginia; this unsigned story was published a few weeks later. It seems most certainly to be Willa Cather's and is reprinted here for the first time."



Wee Winkie sat looking sadly about her that July afternoon. She was tired of playing and nothing would go right. The acorn cups would not stand up properly on the little moss bank around which her dolls were seated, and the pies made of pinning sassafras leaves together over ripe cherries did not taste as good as usual. Winkie explained to her corncob doll that the pies did not "rise." She was not absolutely sure that this was right, but she had a vague idea that everything that was baked should rise. Then her dolls were glum and would not talk; they were all pouting, Winkie said, because she would not let them play in the mint bed along the creek and soil their white frocks. Winkie considered it a great misfortune to have children with sullen dispositions. As she was meditating upon these things she heard the sharp click of the mower in the meadow.

Now she had it! She would bundle every one of those sullen dolls into bed, it would be good for them, and she would break the unsatisfactory acorn cups and give the sassafras pies that had not risen to her pet pink pig, and she herself would put on her wide white sun hat with the blue ribbons and go down and ride on the mower with her father. That would be something like it.

So Wee Winkie caught up six dolls at once and rushed into the house. "Mamma, I am going down into the meadow to ride on the mower. Please get my hat."

Winkie's mamma looked up with some surprise from the book she was reading.

"No, I think you had better not go today, little daughter. You remember how the yellow jackets flew up and stung you the last time. I think you are tired now and need a nap more than anything else."

When Winkie wanted anything she wanted it very much, as mamma knew. Her bright face clouded over and she dropped her dolls.

"I think it's real mean you won't let me go. O please, do! I won't cry if the yellow jackets do sting."

"No, Winkie, not this afternoon. I think you had better go upstairs and lie down, or I shall have to make you hem some towels."

Winkie began to pout.

"No, I don't want to hem towels. I don't like anything about this place and I just think I'll run away to the mountains, so I do."

Now this was not the first time Winkie had threatened to run away, and her mamma thought this was as good a time as any to cure her of the notion.

"Now don't say that, Winkie, you know you won't."

"Some day I will," said Winkie, tossing her head.

Her mamma got up and said in a voice that was strange to Winkie and hurt her feelings more than ever,

"Very well then, get your hat and go. Just run away now and have done with it."

"But I must take some cookies and my dolls and things," objected Winkie, rather startled, "people always do when they run away."

"Lay what you want on the table and I will tie it up for you. You will have to start very soon now if you are going to get to the mountains tonight."

Winkie did not understand this sort of treatment at all, she had expected her mother to ask how she could ever get along without her little girl. She did not feel quite so happy about running away now. She laid her small possessions out on the table, and mamma tied them up in one of papa's big handkerchiefs and put on Winkie's hat. Then she said, "Hurry up, little daughter, you will have to go fast if you get to the mountains," and shut the door without even kissing Winkie good-bye.

Some way it seemed to Winkie that the sun did not shine so brightly as it had, and the mountain seemed further away than it ever had before. She walked slowly down the dusty road carrying her little bundle over her shoulder, as she had seen the gypsy women do. Now that no one cared for her any more and she had no place to live she would be a gypsy too. That seemed to be a good idea. She walked down the old Hollow road a little way to where she could see the gypsies' covered wagons through the trees. But she did not feel very much like going up to them and asking to join them. The women were tanned so dark and the men were so rough that she was rather afraid of them, so she decided she would go off and start a gypsy camp of her own.

Slowly Wee Winkie turned her steps back toward the mountain that seemed so big and dark and steep. As she crossed the little footbridge of the creek she wondered what would happen if she should (Continued on page 162)



In her life and painting:
feeling for nature, staunch individuality,
and acceptance of solitude

# PIONEER SPIRIT

"An oasis of serenity for our assaulted, overstimulated senses"

—By Barbara Rose

In 1960, Agnes Martin began using consistently a classical grid format in a series of delicate, pale, contemplative paintings. These quiet, unassuming works earned her the respect of fellow artists and an underground reputation as one of the most independent painters of the 'sixties, whose patient course was never altered in response to any momentary fashion. Seven years later, having produced one of the most solid and impressive *oeuvres* in recent American art, Agnes Martin abruptly stopped painting. She shocked the art world by closing her studio at precisely the moment her works began to achieve widespread recognition. Not even her closest friends are sure why she made the decision to pack her few possessions in a camper and drive west to the remote village of Cuba, New Mexico, where she now lives. Perhaps her reason was that she had said all she had to say; perhaps her need to be in touch with the unworldly, always a strong component in her character, compelled her to leave the world and to live a simple, unencumbered life, as ascetic as her paintings.

It is unfair to an artist as determinedly individualistic as Agnes Martin to categorize her art. Yet her fragile, monochromatic paintings—in which the image is reduced to a series of modular markings on a uniform field—share sufficient stylistic characteristics with Minimal art to be seen within the context of the desire to simplify and use single, often symmetrical images. This tendency was typical of the 'sixties "minimal" abstraction with its source in the paintings of Barnett Newman, Mark Rothko, and Ad Reinhardt. Undoubtedly, Agnes Martin has a debt to all three of these painters who first developed the single image and concentrated on color-light effects; but she quickly found her own direction after a brief period in the 'fifties of learning how to reduce her palette to a few colors and how to divide the canvas into rectilinear geometric units. In opposition to the deep, resonant tonal paintings of the color-field painters, she used pale tints—often different shades of (Continued on page 157)

*Left:* Agnes Martin in 1960, in her New York waterfront studio at Coenties Slip, as she began the strongest years of her painting career.

*Right top:* Now, withdrawn from painting and from people, Agnes Martin on a mesa near her house in the remote village of Cuba, New Mexico.

*Right:* "Friendship," a seventy-six-inch square gold leaf and pencil Martin work done in 1963, now in the collection of Jay Steffy in Los Angeles.


GIANFRANCO GORGONI

# Dear

By Rosalyn Drexler

## A smile-sob story of hopeless passion, told in letters—with tenderness for those innocent Perry Como years

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Out-in-front Rosalyn Drexler's third novel was* To Smithereens *(New American Library); her new play will be* She Who Was He, *Women's Lib in ancient Egypt—Pharaoh Hatshepsut. In this story Ms. Drexler shows us her good eye and ear, her quick hand with metaphor.*



Dear Perry,

I am so tired. So very tired that I started writing this letter all wrong. Haven't been any too well and hot weather coming on. I have a very sore thumb on my right hand. But I never give up my work. I never have gotten all my housecleaning done as yet but except to maby before long. I don't know why I am telling you all this for I suppose you wouldn't give a hang about what I do or say. Anyway, I have never forgotten what you told me to do, go on your way, and you would go on yours. Well that did it. I am trying to do just that and keep straight. I never go out at night dancing. I haven't danced since before I was married to Mr. Culp. But I often thought I would love to dance, especially when I hear good music over the radio. I use to love to hear poor Buddy Clark sing. His voice was very good. For Carnation Contented Hour. You remember. Well Perry, I have heard you say you still loved me. But, I still think that would be a big mistake, for I am up in years and you are still a young man. You had better think it all over and marry a young lady. I really believe Connie loves you for I heard her sing "If I Could Only Make Him Love Me." We can be friends and when you and she get married you can call on me. I will never marry again. I am very sorry to tell you this. Why haven't you ever written me a line if you love me so much? This is the 14th letter. This was very painful for my thumb. I think the nail will come off. Don't have hopes of getting me to marry you. It's all over. Lot's of good luck to you and whoever you get. But not me. As ever your friend,

JESSIE Lee Culp

Jessie Lee Culp was sixteen when she got married, eighteen when she had twin daughters, and twenty-five when she had her son. She was fifty years old when she fell in love with Perry Como. She loved her children dearly but her problem was, she thought, that she couldn't be in two places at once. She knew that it would make her children happy if she would remarry their father, but as she put it in a letter to Perry:

> . . . darling I don't love him, and I know the thought of me sleeping with him would kill me because I don't have no desire for him whatsoever, and I know I'll be making a big mistake and be very unhappy, what shall I do darling? I'm madly in love with you, that I don't like to marry him just for security. All my relatives want me to remarry him again so I'll have a home but I keep telling them, I'll think about it. I don't tell them anything about me being in love with you, they would think I was crazy, that I was asking for the impossible thing to happen. So I'm keeping it to myself, and if such a thing would really happen that you and I meant something to each other my relatives would die with envy! they are so jealous. But now I'll leave it up to you darling, there's nothing I can do without your will in wanting me. Everything seems so dark around me, that I'm turning to the one and only man I love, and if you can't help me in wanting me for your own, I guess there's nothing else I can do, but try to remarry my former husband, that's if he'll marry me on account of him knowing that I don't care for him. I just can't get around him and play the part as tho I love him when I don't feel like getting near him. And anyway my heart is with you twenty-four hours a day, that all I need is a call from you telling me that you love me and want me to come to you, and I'll fly by your side. But I guess there's nothing you can do, so I might as well go to sleep and not listen to those maniacs who try to say things about you. I know they are bothering you too. They told me. Well let's see what the next day brings. Darling, I hope this letter isn't boring you. If it is I'm sorry. Hope to see you real soon. Love and kisses I remain,
>
> Yours alone,
> Jessie Lee Culp

Tall and skinny, not regal and willowy, with a cap of auburn permanented hair hugging her ears, Jessie Lee Culp prepared herself for a brave cruise to Hawaii—to try to forget. But she didn't succeed. His records were everywhere. On shipboard she won a Charley McCarthy doll, for "Best Hat" in the *Guess The Song Title* contest. Her song was "My Heart Cries For You." Its basic form (the hat) came from the cover of a box of chocolates, and the tears were crystal droplets torn with great excitement from the neckline of a dressy blouse, and then glued dripping to the heart. It was no small achievement for her. Her knuckles were swollen from arthritis, and intricate fingerwork was extremely painful. Her hat was her crowning glory. She wore it as an open confession, but her smiling face didn't allow it to be taken seriously. A shipboard companion asked: "Isn't that in the new Perry Como album? I think he introduced it a few weeks ago on T.V." He pretended that the question was a casual one. Jessie Lee Culp covered up cleverly by saying that she wasn't sure where she had heard it, but that it had stuck with her because of the melodic tune.

She sat Charley McCarthy on her lap and changed his name to C.C. Charley Como, their son. He had come to her through the invisible sexual intervention of Perry Como who had to keep things secret himself, or ruin his reputation.

There was a party in the main dining room the night before the ship docked, and a Mr. Gerard Blakely took photos of everyone seated at the table. There were thirteen people present, not counting Charley McCarthy alias Charley Como. Jessie fed him cake under the table so that the captain would not accuse him of being a stowaway and lock him up in the brig. At the party, Jessie wore a sailor hat and a long flowered rayon dress. She wrote a few sentences on the photographs that she sent Perry:

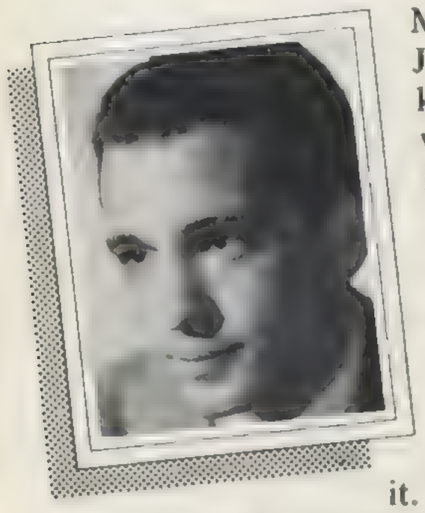


. . . Arthur Godfrey would be surprised to see his supper club taken over by the marines and Charley McCarthy who is our C.C.—one under the chandelier is Capt. Bill Frink—tell it to the marines—third from left is girl Gina Jerome famous concert violinist and composer of songs and instrumentals —she and Clara Roskefeller had the same music teacher—who has passed away—on the table the boat in center is all lighted up by electricity, also on top deck small people are dancing (if you ask me I will) they are controlled by electricity too. When we started we sang "Aloha" and received our parting Lei—when we arrived in San Francisco we sang "Red Sails In The Sunset" and docked in San Pedro—I

am the hostess closest to front—Charley McCarthy was a lovely token of your love, but he is a stowaway, but not found out yet.

J.L.C.

The Sunday Coloroto section of the News ran a feature story on Perry showing him with his family. Jessie Lee Culp became agitated, indignant; she wanted him to acknowledge her child, Charley. To care for him. And so she took pen in hand and dashed off an angry letter:



Mr. Como Dear Sir.
Just a line to let you know I am through with you and to make it plain. I found out you were married. And have a wife and three children. What the devil do you think some people are. I am not a dumey now and I mean it. What of our son who was not in the photograph with you and the others. How do you think he felt? I am a sick woman and I won't have any of your nasty stunts—everybody yelling at me singing nasty songs. I am getting tired of it all. And I don't want you. I don't ever intend to marry you. So don't expect me. I am no dunce. Run along. By-by. For ever.
P.S. Poor Kay Starr even begs for you to come back to her. Why don't you make up with her. I have heard her almost cry as she sang "Please Jack Come Back." She surely loves you and she's young. I am getting up in years as I told you. Have you told your wife? About me and Kay. And the boy C.C.

J. L. Culp

Every night Jessie and the Charley McCarthy dummy said their prayers together. Then she tucked him in and put out the lights. He slept well and did not open his eyes till his mother sat him up for breakfast the next morning. He had orange juice and cereal and coffee, which Jessie ate after first putting the spoon to his mouth. Her other children who were grown and who lived with their father thought that Jessie was a very talented ventriloquist, and urged her to do her act whenever they came to see her. She taught C.C. to sing his father's songs. He learned "You're Getting To Be A Habit With Me," "Til The End Of Time," "It's Too Late Now," and "Bring Back The Thrills." She knew that if Perry had a chance to see their son he would love him and then things would be okay. She found out his address from a screen magazine and tried to arrange a meeting:

Dear,
C.C. is dying to meet you in person. He needs you as you are, not on T.V. Besides I've heard that you won't be on T.V. next year, is that right? And we'll lose you. I hope not and I'll always feel that whatever they do to us is partly my fault. I wish you could tell me what to do. If I thought not watching your show would help I'd do that, if you want me to forget you I'll do that—anything or doesn't it make any difference what I do? But would you do this for me, I know where you live. I've known for some time. Would you please meet me where you turn off Port Washington Blvd on to your street on your way home from the studio. I'll be on the other side of the road. I was there once before, I think you passed me. Do you have a dark colored cadillac? If you can't talk to me would you please just hand me a note? Please do this for me and for C.C. Don't think I'm throwing myself at you, I'm not—I have to see you and talk to you.
With all sincerity,
Jesty Chesty (not pesty) Culp

She went to Port Washington Blvd. turn off and waited on the other side of the road. Charley was wrapped in an old receiving blanket. His bulbous, staring eyes were lidded (like a spoiled can of food about to pop). There was a massive tieup of traffic in the area: flammable liquid had leaked out of an overturned truck carrying propane gas. The police roped off a large part of the road and all vehicles were directed towards another route. Perry's dark-colored Cadillac did not come that way. The area remained closed. It was a warm night and Jessie Lee Culp walked home carrying C.C. She was convinced that They had conspired again to separate her from her loved one. She hummed "Till The End Of Time" to herself as she walked, and gained strength for the coming ordeal of fighting off Devils, Evils, Them, Maniacs; all of whom were waiting at home to harass her and make her feel like a harlot.

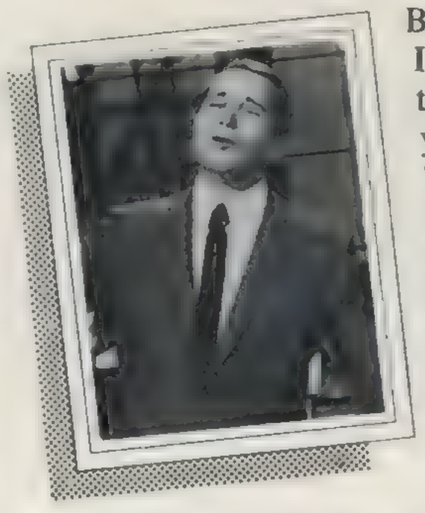
At the agency that handled Perry Como's mail, a secretary scanned Jessie Lee Culp's latest communication to Perry for a request for photos, or tickets to his show. There was nothing to circle in red, nothing asked for that the agency could supply, and so she tossed it into the wastebasket, where it lay fully supported by hundreds of other letters that had also been casually cantilevered into position by her hand, and disposition.

Mrs. J. L. Culp had bought special paper for her letters to Perry. She changed from white to pink with a rose corsage in the left-hand corner. It was very feminine. She wet her index finger with a drop of Evening in Paris perfume and sweetened the letter by rubbing her finger over its surface. Then she wrote:

Dear,
I don't know what else to do. I haven't any pride left. I'm all broken up. Couldn't you hire me as your maid Perry? I've got to be near you or bust. Just how bad can things get for me? You know, you don't have to answer my letters, you can call me. I'm in the phone book. Mr. Culp lives in another part of the city so don't be afraid to call. You are glad to hear from me, aren't you? I notice TV magazine said you were on All Star Revue program but I did not see you. Why not be a guest on the Stork Club program?
We do not need to worry about the weather
As long as you and I can be together
Rain or shine I'm yours and you're mine
So why worry about the weather?
X Cross my heart.
I love you.
P.S. I may be wearing glasses when we meet so that I'll recognize you. I'm such a show off I haven't worn them lately. I took a picture of myself without them for you. Please find enclosed.

Jessie, Jessie, Jessie
(nom-de-plume) Lee General Culp

Jessie Lee Culp went to the movies to see *Cinderella* but C.C. didn't like it. He told Jessie that the prince looked like his daddy Perry Como. Jessie knew that the prince was Perry Como and that her feet were much too big for him. She had a sudden horrible thought: what if she shortened them, hacked off about one or two inches from the toes? Her instinct told her not to do it because the blood might color her dainty white stockings, and then the jig would be up. But C.C. got quiet and wouldn't talk to her for two days. When he finally spoke to her he blamed her for bringing him into a calamitous world. For making him a bastard. He said he didn't want to grow up. He didn't want to lose his virginity. He wanted to be an angel, and climb into the lap of God. Jessie wanted the best for him. She understood his insatiable longing for purity, and knew within her mother's heart that if he lived he would become broken, besmirched, and bewildered. Besides, Perry hadn't acted like a father, he deserved to suffer. Then he would notice her. She went for a train ride, to the end of the line, and after kissing C.C. good-by for the last time, she rolled him gently off the platform, into the path of an onrushing train, and ran laughing hysterically into the ladies room where she threw up. Her ties with heaven were now secure. C.C. would act as go-between for Jessie Lee Culp and God. If he didn't get lazy lying on top of all those soft clouds, he might even appear to her in her worst hours, and fan her fevered brow with his God-crafted wooden wings. But Perry had lost his claim to such comforts.



Beloved.
I have taken care of that wonderful gift you sent me during The cruise. The gift known as C.C. who lived and breathed through me after you. He was all I had. Tho you were what I wanted. Honey, I was willing to be a slave to you. I even rubbed lotion into my hands every time I did the dishes, and took regular diathermy in clinic. I spent part of my money on a static dust remover for your records. I taught Charley your songs and he inherited your talent. But life was never right and so I want to tell you that C.C. died on Thursday Eventide: May God rest his loving soul. He will never get involved with lonely and sick women the way you do, and he has reached heaven as quick as was possible. There are many wonderful thoughts in "Let's Go To Church Next Sunday Morning." Thank you darling for telling me you understood. I want you to believe in me in all ways and not to listen to Those who would have you believe that I want sex with you. I have no objection to it, but would be tortured with remorse if it should interrupt our desperate period of mourning. Can't you feel that we are very close again? You were such a nice chap to sing "Where Will You Be When the Moon Shines?" Of course with my devastating sense of humor I thought I'd thrown so much mud at you in my last few letters that you were disgusted and wanted to set a good example. You know where I'll be? I'll be wearing a black dress and black shoes, black nylons, black slip, black brassiere and black undies. Seriously when you sang "Let's Go Through Life Side By Side" you were thinking I'm sure of praying as the greatest means of attaining our wish. By the way I'm not sure if I'm divorced or not, *(Continued on page 156)*

*LOIS CHILES AND*
*SAM WATERSTON*



*The right clothes, the right setting,*
*two attractive people...on these 14 pages, Lois Chiles and Sam Waterston*
*and the special, private kind of island life*
*everyone would like to live...wherever it's summer*

# FASHION FOR PLEASURE

The story behind the story we've put together on these 14 pages is: you have the clothes you need, you know you look well, and that's it—when you're with someone you like in some idyllic sunplace, you don't want to have to think about how you look all the time—the idea is just to relax and enjoy. So. Here we have Lois Chiles and Sam Waterston (who will be together again as Jordan and Nick in the movie, *The Great Gatsby*). And La Romana, an inviting, secluded Eden on the southern coast of the Dominican Republic where you can walk for miles without seeing anything but green palms and salt-white beaches—Oscar de la Renta, who was born on the island and spends part of the year in his house there, says "If you want to you can always find a place of your own. The scuba diving is marvelous, the fish come right up to your nose. And, if you like, you can have your catch cooked for lunch in coconut milk at one of the fishermen's villages." More of Oscar's thoughts on La Romana throughout these pages. Meanwhile...on Bayahibe beach, the Hotel Romana's private swimming spot (reached by boat...or hired chopper): back to our friends. Sam in chinos, Lois in a simple little navy silk shirtdress—collar opened, sleeves rolled—a good beginning to a good time. By Mario Forte for Rona (AmerMill fabric). About $95. Lord & Taylor; L. L. Berger; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Jacobson's; I. Magnin. Accessories and men's fashions, next to last page. Coifs and makeup, these 14 pages, by Rick Gillette.

CHRIS VON WANGENHEIM



*LOIS CHILES AND SAM WATERSTON AT LA ROMANA*

*"The children in Bayahibe village have such happy beautiful faces. From the moment you get to the village they follow you everywhere. They are intrigued by foreign people—and they have the best time when you ask them to do something —to swim or dive."*

## FASHION FOR PLEASURE/white always looks good

Attract a large following, *this page*, in a little white wrap skirt and black ribbed tank top—two of the most basic summer separates ever invented. By Giorgini. Polyester skirt, about $58. Cotton top, about $24. Bonwit Teller; Makoff.... Down the lazy river, *left*—on the Rio Chavon, Sam, Lois. And the shirtdress for slow boats, fast planes, city streets, anything—white chino stitched in navy, buttons opened. By Bill Smith for the Skip II Collections, of cotton and polyester (Galey & Lord fabric). About $80. Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Swanson's; I. Magnin. Accessories and men's fashions, next to last page.

CHRIS VON WANGENHEIM



## FASHION FOR PLEASURE / the pants life

Back at the ranch, *this page*, Lois and Sam. She's way ahead in a short-sleeved persimmon shirt and matching pants—makes a nice change from jeans or riding pants. Plus a cotton scarf at the neck, a big straw hat. From HBW, designed by Helen Chang, of polyester and cotton (Cohama fabric). Shirt, about $16; pants, about $24. Franklin Simon; L.S. Ayres. . . . If the sweater fits—it's too small, *opposite*—oversized can be a whole lot sexier. This, a man's black lamb's-wool pullover with classic white linen-y pants—both indispensables (but not for serious riding—we're just horsing around). Both by Jaeger. Viscose pants, about $30; sweater, about $22. At Jaeger International Shop. Accessories,next to last page.

CHRIS VON WANGENHEIM



*LOIS CHILES AND SAM WATERSTON AT LA ROMANA*

*"The island has its own breed of horse. Called 'paso fino,' they are small, fiery, and have a high-stepping gait. You can take lessons at the dude ranch—or gallop them through the cane fields and along the beach."*

*LOIS CHILES*
*AT LA ROMANA*

*"There are a million things to do apart from soaking up the sun—you can walk along the jetty. You can fish, play golf, sail, bicycle, and, if you like, try your hand at the trap and skeet range."*

# FASHION FOR PLEASURE
## sun country roundup

The longest white T-shirt, near right—a cotton knit dress to wear for lunch at the pool, for dinner, for the beach over a bathing suit, for a stroll in the shade. At Jax, about $25. . . . On target, center above, a classic white cotton knit T-shirt and denim shorts—the can't-miss summer sports. Cotton shorts by Levi's. About $6, at Altman's; O'Neil's. Shirt, $8, at Jax. . . . To wrap up in the sun, center below—a black-and-white cotton batik sarong tied at the waist, and a white Oxford cloth shirt knotted high on the midriff. Sarong at Far Eastern Fabrics, about $15. Ship 'n Shore shirt, of polyester and cotton, $8, at Bloomingdale's. . . . Day-in-the-sun-dress, far right—a little scooped-out flowered blue cotton knit, very bare in back. Kasper for J. L. Sport. About $60. Bergdorf Goodman; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Halle's-Cleveland; Stanley Korshak. Accessories, next to last page. . . . Playing it safe and smart in summer is getting the least amount of sun, the most amount of tan. Easy, with a little help from Estée Lauder. First the protection—Ultra-Violet Screening Creme which blocks harmful, burning rays. The "tanning" comes from Soft Film Compact Bronzer—smooth, transparent color that gives you a beautiful, natural glow without any sun—it comes in four summer shades from light to deepest bronze.



CHRIS VON WANGENHEIM



*LOIS CHILES AT LA ROMANA*

*"The waters in the bays are still—without a ripple. Then a fisherman's boat chugs by or a pelican makes a sudden sharp dive after a fish."*

## FASHION FOR PLEASURE / a day in the sun

Morning becomes Lois, *opposite page*—here she is at the Hotel pool, with breakfast, her makeup. And the most feminine pale-blue pyjama edged in lace. By Olga, of opaque nylon tricot (J.P. Stevens fabric). $17. At Gimbels; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Jacobson's; L.S. Ayres; Buffums'....Stars at sea, *below*—Lois and three white ones on a next-to-nothing skim of bright-blue maillot. By Sirena, of nylon. $28. At Gimbels East; Carson Pirie Scott; Joseph Magnin....The coolest cover, *above*—a caftan-y shirt in gauzy natural-colored cotton with strips of embroidery. Just what you want over a bathing suit—or after swimming. By Anne Klein, about $126. At Martha; Hutzler's; Kaufmann's; Rike's. Accessories, next to last page. Hair combed by Rick Gillette.

CHRIS VON WANGENHEIM



LOIS CHILES AND SAM WATERSTON
AT LA ROMANA

*"Between five and six at night there is total stillness, then the breeze blows from the mountains. The stars come out and, if you're a stargazer, you could gaze forever."*

# FASHION FOR PLEASURE / the pyjama looks

What you want when you want it, above: the bare-and/or-covered pyjama—bandeau top, drawstring-waist pants, and shirt-jacket in silky dark green printed with lime, gold, blue, fuchsia, and white—very pretty at night around a pool (the one here, at the Hotel Romana). Oscar de la Renta Boutique, of Qiana nylon (Couleur International fabric). About $145. At Lord & Taylor, Maison Blanche, Harzfeld's, Neiman-Marcus. Where to go to get out of the sun and what to wear, *right*: Lois and Sam in the gazebo at Casa de Campo, a new hotel at La Romana. The perfect pyjama—black shirt with gold buttons, wide matching pants with a drawstring waist. By Casa di Cole, of Dacron (Klopman Mills fabric). Shirt, about $28; pants, about $36. At Bonwit Teller, Burdine's, Harzfeld's, Goldwaters. All accessory details and men's fashions, on next to last page of this issue.

CHRIS VON WANGENHEIM



*LOIS CHILES AND SAM WATERSTON AT LA ROMANA*

*"The merengue bands are special to the island. They fill the night with their music and its fast and sensuous beat."*

# FASHION FOR PLEASURE ...as long as it's white and strapless

Glamorous way to show tanned skin, right—a pyjama of white openwork crochet with a long strapless sweater, matching pants. (The boat taking Lois and Sam to some place of their own is one of the cabin cruisers the Hotel Romana puts at a guest's disposal to explore all the island's secret pleasure places.) Adolfo pyjama, of wool and silk. About $545. (Matching jacket, not shown.) To order, Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . The beat goes on, far right. Lois's dress-to-merengue in: a silky, slinky white sarong-dress, slit from top to bottom. Perfect place to wear it—the Hotel Romana's outdoor dance floor, with a music-making "Perico Ripeao" trio. Dress by Oscar de la Renta Boutique, of Qiana nylon (Webco Mills fabric). About $145. At Lord & Taylor; Swanson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. . . . With a white dress, tanned skin—you want a really clear, ripe lively color on the mouth—it's a look for summer that can't be beat. The lipstick here, Radiant Peach, is one of Estée Lauder's shimmering new Summer Blazers—six colors designed to do wonderful things for a tan. All coifs and makeup, these 14 pages: Rick Gillette. Accessories and men's fashion, next to last page.

CHRIS VON WANGENHEIM



# SHAPE UP YOUR FIGURE . . . FOR LIFE

## New exercise sets drawn from gymnastics, yoga, figure therapy, and physiotherapy.

By a British specialist in biochemistry, Dr. Anthony Harris




No figure can reach its potential without good muscles. Western women have, in general, poor muscles, particularly in the back, shoulders, and abdominal region. If there is a muscular defect, a bad figure and poor posture inevitably result no matter what your weight. Dieting without regulated exercise will usually end in disaster, with weak uncoordinated muscles forming a dismal platform upon which the flesh rests, loose and uncomely. This phenomenon of weak bodies, underweight or overweight, is one that can be eradicated by advanced exercises. I find that the ones described here and on the following page do the trick.

During the last decade, I have researched exercises for women and conclude that most of the routines available are of use only to a limited extent. The familiar knee bends, jumping up and down, touching your toes, and so forth, do little for you or your muscles. They are useful warming-up exercises, preparatory to the real thing. During research, two main themes emerged: first, women do not like breathing hard, and unless you breathe hard—hard because the exercise is rigorous enough to make you breathe—you are wasting your time; second, in exercise you must sweat. The schedule of exercises here will make you breathe deeply and make you sweat. [Editor's note: You should not embark on a new regime of exercise without discussing with your physician its appropriateness in your case.] The physiology, the biochemistry, and the function of muscles is extraordinarily complex; we still do not know some important facts about them in relation to physical beauty and general vitality. Muscles act in sets. It used to be thought that each muscle had its antagonist, one that pulled against it, but this is a crude oversimplification. Recently it has been found that the muscle itself has contractile regulating mechanisms in it.

The exercises described here are designed to exercise large numbers of muscles, sets of them in fact, and, being concentrated on the main body muscles, will result in an improved figure.

A healthy muscle in relaxed state is one that is smooth, springy, and bouncy to the touch, resilient to a pinch. The good muscle is not slack; it is exerting a body-shaping effect on the frame and on the internal organs all the time.

Muscles are composed mainly of protein, apart from water; they are not static organs; the proteins of muscle are constantly being renovated, hence the need for good protein in the diet. If muscles are not used, the individual fibers of which they are composed (the number cannot be increased) become thin; through exercise they plump up. Muscles have more endurance the more they are exercised. A slack muscle that is strongly exercised will become shorter and pull the body together. For a muscle to improve its shape it must work against an increasing resistance. The muscle exercises given here provide their own increasing resistance; and you improve as you do the exercises. The increase in the strength of your muscles will not depend only on an increase in their size. I believe that these exercises will strengthen your muscles and will mold your body, but you need not fear that you will become an Amazon; on the contrary, you should look slimmer, more curved and feel more poised.

Women have, weight for weight, less muscle protein than men. Their muscles, too, are smoother and longer, the insertion by ligaments and tendons into the bones is neater and not so deeply embedded; furthermore, the healthy skin of a healthy woman is much thicker than a man's.

The figure-forming basis of muscles are: abdominals, which you can feel in your abdomen (this group is usually very weak in women); pectorals, beneath the breasts; the trapezius and dorsal muscles of the back, which are usually stretched and slack, leading to poor walk and carriage. The last main group open to abuse are the erector muscles of the lower back, lying alongside the spine. When these are weak, and they usually are, a forward tilt of the pelvis and abdomen results.

What of age in regard to exercises? What is age? Who is younger, the forty-five-year-old woman who has always maintained good muscle tone or the twenty-year-old whose

ligaments have stretched under the weight of limbs weighted down by slack, untoned muscles?

These exercises are advanced. As a schedule they are unique, embodying selected aspects of gymnastics, Yoga, figure therapy, and physiotherapy; they owe a debt, too, to physical strength and body development. As a set they represent a concentration of many disciplines. Your general health and vitality should improve. The cosmetic effect upon the figure should be plainly evident, and your ability to cope with emotional stress should increase.

General instructions: Exercise in a warm, draught free room, upon a thick rug or carpet or thin mattress. Wear loose clothing or none at all. When resting between exercises, put on a dressing gown; do not get chilled. Do not attempt the schedules within an hour before a meal or two hours after a meal. Some people find the schedule performed before bed induces immediate relaxed sleep. After a schedule, rest for five or ten minutes, but do not get chilled.

These exercises are not daily exercises; they should never be done more than three times in seven days, and never on two consecutive days. Most women will find once a week is all they need; more ambitious people can try twice a week. The reason for this caution is that in advanced exercises of this type the muscles undergo a period of breakdown and must have rest to build up. The benefit lies in the physio-biochemical synthesis that occurs after the exercise.

These comments, of course, do not apply to fitness exercises or stretching exercises, which should be done every day; such exercises loosen muscles, but do not measurably affect their dimensions or strength, or alter to any great extent the protein synthesis in them.

The new body dynamics will appear to slim you, even if you are of ideal weight; if you are a little overweight, the same is true, because the isotonic and isometric contractions involved gradually eradicate slackness. Possibly, you may actually put a few pounds on—but before you run away, note that it will be muscle; and note secondly that you will have put the weight on while your measurements, particularly in your thigh, calf, waist, and upper arms, will have diminished. Gross weight is no indication of figure. Trust your eyes and measurements rather than the pounds on the scale.

Finally, study the illustrations and the schedule chart carefully, as well as the exercise descriptions, before you start, particularly the instructions on breathing. ■

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VOGUE, June, 1973













## INSTRUCTIONS IN BREATHING

During research sessions for these exercises I was struck by the fact that most women, especially in the younger age groups, tried to perform the exercises without breathing. To eradicate the possibility of your trying this I hit on the idea of borrowing a Yoga technique: that of the lion mouth, as some Yogis call it—and here use it in a different way. The lion mouth is simply this: open your mouth wide and put out your tongue as far as it will go, bending it down on the lower lip towards the chin. Keep your mouth open in this position when you are doing the exercises, and you will breathe very well indeed; what is more, the rhythm of breathing will gradually adapt itself to the exercises, for breathing is an integral part of them.

## THE EXERCISES

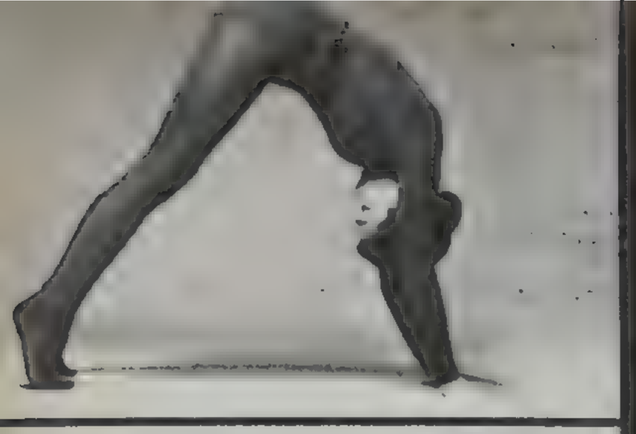
CROCUS: This is an advanced metabolic stimulator and must be performed exactly as described and illustrated. Stand upright with the feet wide apart. Put the hands behind the back of the neck. Now squat right down, as shown in the photograph. Note that the back is kept entirely straight. The feet must be wide enough apart for the whole weight of the body to be entirely on the heels (you may need a plank, say one or two inches thick, or you can use shoes with a wide heel). It is most important that the entire weight is on the heels, not the toes. Now lift yourself to your full height and press hard with the palms of your hands, with the fingers interlocked. Breathe in as you ascend.

CACTUS: Sit down on the floor. Put your hands under your knees. Press your head to your knees and, keeping the backbone curved, rock back, as shown in the photograph, and then, still holding tight with your hands under your knees, rock as far forward as you can. Then rock back to the furthermost point. This exercise must be done on a firm but soft surface, never on a bare board or even grass. It should be done smoothly with no excessive bumping. Keep your legs slightly open when going forward and backward, so that your head is partly between your knees. This exercise must be done tightly, not sloppily.




CATKIN: This exercise is a powerful strengthener and shaper for the body. Lie face down on the floor, reach back with your hands and grasp your ankles firmly, opening your legs as far as you like for comfort, and raising the head as high as you can. Now try to rock forwards as far as you can, and then back.

JOHN SWANNELL



# Shape up — pick the right exercises for your age, your ability










MOLEHILL DAISY: Support yourself by hands and feet on the ground as shown. Raise your buttocks as high as they will go, and look directly between your legs which may be a little apart for comfort. Now, keeping your arms firm, press your pelvis to the floor, keeping your abdomen and chest high as possible, and raise your head back as far as it will go. Now raise your buttocks up as far as they will go.

COWSLIP: Lie on your back, put your hands behind your head with the fingers interlocking, with your knees bent, and your feet under an immovable object (a friend holding your ankles will do, or with a cushion place your feet under a suitcase). Now pull yourself up, and press your head between your knees. The Cowslip is an exercise of high repetition. It exercises the whole set of the abdominal muscles, the back, and the front of the thighs; the pull on the front of the shins exercises these powerful and often underdeveloped muscles. It also molds the waist beautifully and gives contours and molded form to an area too often shapeless, formless, and flabby. The exercise performed with straight legs does not exercise the abdominals to their shortest contractions and sets up strain in the lower back.

MIMOSAE: You may find that to do this exercise well requires a little practice. Stand erect, with your legs about eighteen inches apart. Put your hands behind your head with the fingers interlocking. Now, keeping your feet firmly still and, without moving your shoulders, rotate your pelvis first to the right and then to the left as far as you can. You must keep your arms and chest still. Once you have done this, perform the movement as rapidly as you can. You will feel the pull inside your abdominal cavity. Once you have got the trick, perform for the length of time suggested in the schedules. If you find this exercise easy, then either you are not doing it properly or you have had instruction in belly dancing.

FOXGLOVE: Lie on your back, with your hands firmly placed palms down by your sides. Raise your legs, and reach back with them to touch the ground behind your head, then flick them quickly forward, stopping them about a foot from the floor. Lower them gently, and then start the exercise over again. You may find you have to open your legs to do it. When you flick your legs forward, you will have to push hard on your hands to arrest the descent of your legs properly. Keep your head down. This exercise is a very fine shaper of the abdominals, especially when performed in schedules involving the Mimosae.

NOTE: In all the above exercises, the transition from one performance of an exercise flows freely into the next repetition: no rest is taken during the performance of a set of bouquets of an exercise. Also, remember to keep your mouth open in the lion position and breathe as freely as you can.




NOTES ON THE KEY: The key, below, shows you how to get the best out of the schedules. No one should try her age-group schedules without working as described: at first you may find even VI difficult, but this will pass, and you can then move on. Each stage of progress will take a minimum of two to three weeks, perhaps longer, but in any case do not try to rush the process; there is no hurry at all. You will see that the schedules and the key provide a progressive scheme for continuous improvement. Only one person in a thousand is dedicated to ultimate physical perfection, and the more human of us lapse; and so when you miss a week or two, or more, you have to retrace your steps. If you miss a month or more, as with pregnancy or illness, or pressures of some kind, start again at VI.

**FIGURE-DYNAMIC EXERCISES AND THEIR FUNCTIONS**

| Exercise | Muscle sets most affected | Benefits to figure |
|---|---|---|
| Crocus | The back, and the thighs, abdomen, gluteals | Advanced invigorator of the respiratory functions and general body metabolism; strengthens whole physique |
| Foxglove | Abdomen and back | Waist |
| Cowslip | Abdomen | Stomach and waist |
| Molehill daisy | Spinal erector muscles abdomen | Back of thighs improved, good for posture |
| Cactus | Trapezius, back muscles, gluteal muscles | Posture and buttocks, shoulders |
| Catkin | All of the front of the body and the back, especially erectors | Posture, thighs, bust |
| Mimosae | Abdominals | For waist, stomach, lower abdomen, groin (an excellent shaper of this difficult region) |

Please note that, with the exception of Mimosae, these exercises should be regarded as part of a set of exercises designed for the whole body and should not be practiced separately for one area of the body: these are schedule exercises, not specific-area figure-therapy exercises.

**KEY OF SCHEDULES FOR BODY-SHAPING EXERCISES**

| EXERCISE | AGE GROUPS AND SCHEDULE GROUPS | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Roman numerals refer to schedule group: age in years | | | | | |
| | 16-18<br>I | 19-23<br>II | 24-29<br>III | 30-35<br>IV | 36-46<br>V | 46+<br>VI |
| Crocus | 3 x 7 | 3 x 8 | 3 x 8 | 2 x 10 | 1 x 10 | 3 x 1 |
| Cactus | 3 x 7 | 4 x 5 | 5 x 4 | 5 x 5 | 1 x 3 | 2 x 1 |
| Catkin | 4 x 4 | 5 x 3 | 5 x 5 | 4 x 3 | 5 x 1 | 3 x 1 |
| Molehill daisy | 3 x 10 | 3 x 8 | 4 x 7 | 5 x 5 | 5 x 4 | 5 x 1 |
| Cowslip | 3 x 15 | 4 x 10 | 5 x 8 | 4 x 7 | 5 x 3 | 1 x 8 |
| Mimosae | 2 x 1 min. | 2 x ½ min. | 2 x ½ min. | 1 x 15 sec. | OMIT | OMIT |
| Foxglove | 3 x 7 | 3 x 7 | 4 x 8 | 4 x 5 | 4 x 3 | 5 x 1 |

Notes: The exercises are arranged in blossoms (second figure) and grouped in bouquets (first figure), e.g.: 4 x 7, which reads: perform the exercise continuously 7 times, then rest till you feel ready to attempt it again (one or two minutes) and perform another 7 times, with rest, and so on, till you have completed 4 bouquets. Rest after each different exercise, till you feel ready to continue (don't get chilled). Remember, whatever your age, do not expect that you will easily or necessarily reach the perfection of these schedules; you may not ever progress from VI or V, unless you stick to it
Consult the key before trying the schedules. If you are pregnant, do not attempt any of these schedules. If you are obese, then add two age groups on to your age group and consult that in the key. Perform your requisite schedule once a week at least, but *never* more than 3 times in a week, and *never* on two successive days.

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DUANE MICHALS

# OLGA THE OLYMPIAN

She came, saw, and conquered... then relaxed in the Miami sun... Olga Korbut, 4'10" powerhouse of grace who, with other members of the Russian Women's Olympic Gymnastics Team, recently triumphantly toured the U.S. Next page, the team's warm-up exercises, their special diet, ways of getting extra stamina... and their everyday way of life.

The team:
Tamara Lazakovich,
Antonina Koshel,
Liubov Bogdanova,
Ludmila Turishcheva,
Olga Korbut,
Rus ko Sikharulidze





## OLGA KORBUT'S REGIME

### DAILY SCHEDULE AT HOME—RUSSIA

Gets up at 7:00 A.M.
Breakfast: an egg with catsup
(her favorite food),
coffee with milk and sugar
Gym practice for 2 hours
Studies history at college
Late lunch at 4:00 P.M.: soup with
small portion of meat
More training 6:00 to 9:00 P.M.
Relaxes before bed at 10:30
with fruit and tea
Sleeps 8 or 9 hours

### ON-TOUR SCHEDULE—UNITED STATES

Gets up at 7:30 A.M.
½ hour "wake-up" exercises before
breakfast at 9:00 A.M.:
scrambled eggs, lots more catsup; coffee
Trains for 2 hours
Light lunch: fruit with yogurt or juice
Relaxed afternoon of TV or sunbathing
6:30—prepare for performance
with ½ hour warm-up
Performance from 8:00 to 10:00 P.M.
Back to hotel for an apple and a small sandwich
8 to 9 hours of sleep

### FRIENDSHIP THROUGH SPORT

The coast-to-coast tour of
the U.S.S.R. Women's Olympic Gymnasts was
arranged by Fabergé,
the progressive cosmetic and fragrance house,
in the belief that the more cooperation
between amateur athletic organizations
and business communities,
the more opportunities for youth in sport
all over the world. To further this belief,
Fabergé plans to back many
major sports events in the United States.

The relationship between posture and mental attitude has been well illustrated through the ages in paintings and sculpture—the man who is depressed crouches; the man who is confident and happy stretches out with exuberance. For the Russian Women's Olympic Team of gymnasts—in the United States recently for a triumphant tour (when Olga Korbut, *above*, was photographed)—stretching is a fundamental but *vital* part of their warm-up exercises.

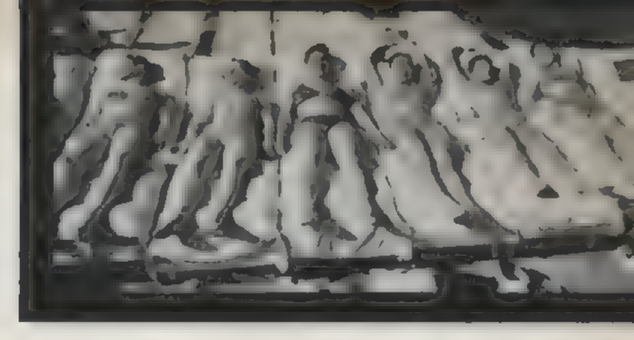
Here, Tamara Lazakovich, photographed specially for Vogue, does her eight-minute, eight-step wake-up exercise before breakfast. Details of her swing-and-stretch routine:

1. A, B, C. Feet together, body arched, Tamara swings her arms high above her head and then back, stretching in perfect symmetry, pelvic girdle tilted back, stomach well tucked in.

2. As her arms swing down naturally and wide to the sides, she puts her right leg in front of the left and goes onto her points.

3. In true fencing stance, she moves the right leg forward, knee bent, left leg in perfect alignment taking the weight of the body at the back, one arm stretched above for balance, the other moving to the right—again the arched back, stomach tucked in.





# THE RUSSIAN ROUTE TO SHAPE...

## Supersize willpower, a superb weight-control program, constant exercise...the secrets behind the sensational success of the U.S.S.R. Women's Olympic Gymnasts

Although when I met the female half of the Russian Olympic Gymnastic Team, I was expecting Olga Korbut, the 4′10″ pixie charmer from last year's Olympics, to appear younger than her eighteen years, I was not prepared to see all six of the team look so disarmingly young, and well-scrubbed, with gripped-back pony-tailed hair. They appeared more like a high-school exchange team than their country's treasured athletic ambassadors.

On their recent tour in the United States, I followed the team—and their routine—for twenty-four hours in Miami. Rising time was at 7:00 A.M., with gym and practice immediately following for half an hour ("we need it to wake up"). Breakfast—their main meal of the day—took another thirty minutes. Next, a trip to Miami's largest department store where they all chose—compliments of the store—bright bikinis and surprisingly unadventurous white sandals. I was told they were chosen because "that is what they need," and anyway, they could find the same kind of exaggerated 'forties and Minnie Mouse platform shoes in Russia, if they liked. Their own clothes were mini-skirts, pants, polo-necked sweaters or blouses, sheer tights, and either plastic boots or shoes. No blue jeans.

After shopping, it was time for their daily two-hour workout. As the girls changed into leotards, soft white-leather pumps, and thick woolly socks to begin their repertoire of exquisite, powerful movements, I realized just why I was following these six seemingly sweet but, so far, not too special young women. As a photographer remarked, "It's like seeing a sea gull on the beach. Suddenly it takes off and becomes absolutely beautiful."

After the strenuous workout, relaxation—a vital part of their fitness program, too—wearing the new bikinis around the hotel swimming pool.

I kept thinking each girl is living proof that there's nothing like regular exercise for wonderfully healthy, smooth, glowing skin, and they denied that it had anything to do with their age. "Skin can be healthy as long as the circulation is kept active." I expected them to be dosed with magic multi-vitamin pills—not to mention secret-formula, energy-giving concoctions—and was surprised to learn that none took regular vitamin supplements. Sometimes, they take glucose on the day of a performance. Some prefer black coffee, while others like an egg-yolk-and-sugar combination. Their daily food consumption would be considered meager by our standards, even without the enormous number of calorie-consuming exercises they do. Like Adelle Davis's, their food philosophy is "breakfast like a king, lunch like a prince, and dinner like a pauper."

At their evening performance, I marveled at the skill and grace of each girl, again and again impressed by her choice of such an incredibly difficult, demanding form of expression. I also found myself saddened by the fact that each girl's popularity was dependent on the crowd's approval of her performance that night, but I knew that not one of them would be content with anything less than perfection. ■

—VALERIE WADE

**4.** In one gentle fluid movement, she collapses her position and shakes her body like jelly, ending in a relaxed pose; the arms are languidly crooked, one at the hip, the other behind her head; the legs are slightly bent and a little apart.

**5.** In a continuous movement, she bends to the floor, arms just as much a part of the exercise as legs. As she reaches kneeling position, she breathes in deeply, then exhales, breathes deeply again—fresh oxygen generating fresh energy.

**6.** A classical position, building strength, firming thighs; the left leg supporting the body, the right leg flexing, resting on the toes—arms stretched upwards.

**7.** Relaxing again—the left leg bent with foot flat on the floor, raising the right leg up high to touch the outstretched hand, body supported by the left hand. Tamara reverses the movement to bend the right leg, raise the left. She does this movement three or four times alternately.

**8.** The final position, alert, body in perfect control; posterior acting as a central pivot for a seesaw; arms stretched back, toes pointed forward. Afterward, she lies on the floor, every muscle relaxed.




DUANE MICHALS

# CLOSE-UP ON YOU!

Who knows the American woman best? Her decorator, fashion designer, hair stylist, and makeup expert, among others. Here, six of the best-known specialists who see her in all her surprising images from coast to coast speak out.

## "In the evening, wildly sexy, wildly romantic": BILL BLASS, one of the best-known fashion designers and one of the most traveled.



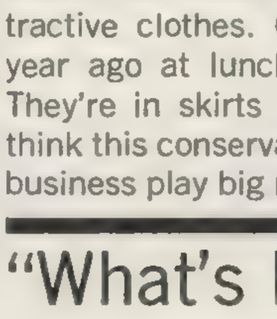
"From Kansas City to Arizona to California to upstate New York to Michigan, women care only about what appeals to them. They don't give a damn whether they look right in New York City or Paris. There is no longer any geographic difference. Stores cry the death of the cocktail dress; they should be thankful, for now a woman has about six alternatives of what to wear at that hour. Any place in the world she can wear a sweater and skirt, pants, a long dress. . . . I never say 'fashion' anymore. I talk about 'clothes'—things that make you feel good when you wear them. In the last three years the American woman has become much more secure in her sense of how to dress. In every community are women with great self-knowledge and savvy.

"We now know that, because they're busy, women dress in a classic tailored way for day; but in the evening!—wildly sexy and wildly romantic and feminine and always definitely a woman, sophisticated, pretty, glamorous, flirty, totally different from daytime. Ethnic clothes and costume dressing in the evening are giving way to slinkier, clingier clothes. I don't think there are many glamorous women now, but there is a glamorous approach to dressing. Women who work all day in the community will rush home and get into something bare . . . or just the opposite: America has always had obsessions with youth and with the schoolgirl look of covered dresses with white collars and cuffs.

"All around the country I find a gratifying interest in real quality. Women willingly pay for good fabric, good workmanship. Oddly enough, the return of simple classic clothes means that women want—and need—more clothes. The same woman who spends $800 for a suit spends $45 for a sweater and skirt. You can't make rules about clothes. It's too individual, the public is too knowledgeable. You show them the most appealing clothes you can find and let them take it from there. The fashion magazine is perhaps more necessary than ever as a catalogue, so women can choose clothes that may not be available in their community. The mail-order business in America is a phenomenon: a woman sees something, it's exactly what she wants, she sends away for it. That saves her time. I think we did her a disservice in the 'sixties by approaching something bizarre and adventuresome. We lost her for awhile. You see, women want clothes they can wear more than one season. They retire them, bring them back, sure; but they have to believe in what they are buying at any price.

"I've been going around the country for twenty years, seeing the customer in the clothes. Women are amused by seeing things they can't wear in fashion shows—a major national entertainment; what they wear is something else. They don't buy simply for labels. People with financial security have other security as well; they want quiet, attractive clothes. Of course, there are trends. A year ago at lunch most women were in pants. They're in skirts today (but pants will go on). I think this conservative spell will continue. Politics, business play big roles in dressing."

## "What's happened in clothes will happen in decorating; 'less is more',": ANGELO DONGHIA, an interior designer who likes simple, practical, easy living spaces.



"Finally, women realize a room isn't set for magazines, it's set for people. The impact on decorating in the last three years has been fashion. Women decided it's okay to wear pants, to put their legs up on the sofa, to be comfortable. Pretty rooms, yes, but easy to maintain. Places to sit that don't easily get spotted. Places to put a drink where it won't make a ring. Places with interesting things—books, drawings—for guests to look at instead of 'tabletop nothings.' Through the 'fifties and 'sixties decoration meant 'Let's decorate, let's accessorize.' Now it means 'Let's make a comfortable place to live in and let's have around us only the things we love.'

"Women used to decorate once every twenty years. Now they want to make changes after five years, after two . . . re-cover the furniture, simplify, empty, remove. What has happened with clothes will happen in decorating: 'less is more.' We are reaching a point where women don't like to be committed to possessions. The world of antiques is disappearing fast. Their distribution among so many people has driven prices beyond what most people can afford. Like antiques, reproductions are disappearing. People want to live with honest things, not those collector bits: lamps, vases, boxes. Start over with essentials. Nothing hidden—books out where people read them, records out near the stereo. Television undisguised; a television set is a piece of electronic equipment and its case should look consistent with its electronic guts. Let everything be what it is—and be attractive.

"The trend is to have two or three small places to live in, not one large one. I think men like the idea of a big house, but women get stuck with them. Women want condominium apartments or cottages where what they do is more important than what they have. These places are investments, but they must be easy to maintain, reduced to the simplest attractive background. Often they don't have guest rooms. People flock where their friends already are rather than taking them along. People are getting to people—that's the trend."

**SPEED-UPS FOR EASY LIVING:** "Arrange complete setups for the three most likely ways you entertain. Where do you serve dinner for four? In front of the fireplace instead of in the dining room? Right there, collect on shelves—plain old steel shelves would do—everything you need: the right kind of plates for that meal; the right linen and flatware; whatever the menu calls for. Then think of the dinner for twelve, for twenty. Go out and buy inexpensive things in large quantities, maybe from a commercial kitchen supplier; and file them in sets. Never scrimp on storage space where things can be organized. It's as important as an extra room. Get comfortable with the idea of change. Keep the background indefinite so you can change a color, put down more rugs, add forty pictures, take pictures away, have plants, no plants, put the bed in the middle of the room or against the wall, near the window in summer, near the fireplace in winter. Once you've got all the pieces, try out where they work comfortably."

## "Women who have not been glamorous in six years are beginning to be": HALSTON, who refined and pared the American fashion look.



"Women generally have eased up in fashion and are easing up more and more in their daytime clothes. They want to wear something simple, something neat and uncomplicated, so they can get around without necessarily being noticed for what they have on. The sophisticated woman today is *aware*. She buys few things, but what she buys she wears a lot. She never wants to be burdened with too many clothes. She knows herself and her life and what works for her. She works out details down to her shoes, her hair, her jewelry. The fewer things she has, the better.

"The only underclothes many chic women wear are panty hose. They take better care of their bodies than ever. And except in older communities such as Palm Beach, they wear bogus jewelry, or semi-precious, or real but inexpensive jewelry. It's an interesting change from even five years ago. More people have more discerning style today than ever, buying only what suits their lives. They don't dress in a mass way. More people travel, have longer vacations, longer weekends. Clothes must be easy to maintain and cool. Indoors, America is 80° all year long; so indoor clothes are nonseasonal. The women I see dress in a one-color look and add more extravagant-looking coats—and an extravagant belt to dress up a plain little sweater and pants.

"In the evening women want to look alluring in every way. Generally speaking they want clothes that are soft and feminine, but their wardrobes depend entirely on their social lives. A woman in the country has different needs from a woman in New York or Denver. A lot of people go to small private dinner parties where they sit on the floor. If that happens, a woman needs pants; floor clothes are important. Decoration now plays a big part in dressing, too. People have low cushion-y furniture to lounge around in, and women want comfortable clothes to go with comfortable furniture.

"To be glamorous a woman must first of all have that ingredient in herself. Women who have not been glamorous in six years are beginning to be. It's their attitude; the way they gesture, smile; their makeup, their hair. In New York we have this thing about an out-of-towner being a little behind. She isn't at all. She has it right where it's at. Across America, women are less interested in labels. A woman doesn't care *whose* shirt it is; she buys it if it works for her. She wants something that is becoming, usually rather simple, plain, and orderly. European designers make fancier clothes for a fancier life-style, but the American look has become the most important in the world market today." Halston rules:

- Know about yourself. What do you do? Where do you go? What is your husband like? How old are you? Are your legs pretty or not? Do you like pants for an active life? Do you live in the country or city? Do you have kids? Work it out with pencil and paper. Then break it down to the simplest wardrobe that works for you.
- The healthy part of fashion today is clothes with long lives.
- A designer can't make a woman chic: she has to have it within her.
- Now is the best time I've known in fashion; women look better than ever, not like Russian peasants or gypsies.
- All of a sudden women are not letting other people tell them what is fashionable; they decide.
- A little bit of fantasy that you and your husband like is nice.
- If you feel self-conscious or that you've got to live up to your dress, it's the wrong dress.
- You must feel at ease in clothes. That's why you must be aware of yourself.

## "The American woman says, 'I want to look like I feel okay' ": PAT NEIGHBORS, a top Avon Lady, at the largest cosmetics company in the world.



"For hundreds of years women accepted that they were what they were told they were. Now they say, 'Hey, that's not the mold I fit. The picture you present to me is not really me.' In the last five years most women have been unwilling to look at a cosmetics ad and say, 'Ah, that's what I should *try* to be like.' She may say, 'Ah, that's what I would *like* to look like,' or 'Not for me,' or even, 'That's not for anybody.' The American woman's self-awareness has grown.

"All eye makeup has gained users; but we quickly learned that certain people would use five or six products, others one or two, and others stay with just mascara. We learned to expand our idea of what is 'right.' I don't think we know today who really is the trend-maker, but trends move up fast from the mobile and the young.

"Once, when the young said, 'the natural look,' they meant n-o-t-h-i-n-g on the face. Part of that was anti-Establishment, I think. But now I see them coming around to an awareness of their options. They can look any way they want, at any time. Style is the total appearance a person presents; yet people who have great style may not reflect current fashion.

"Women today are a little better educated in every area than they were five or six years ago. They look for credibility and something pleasing. I can't say that no woman believes in the 'magic' of cosmetics, but fewer women today are emotionally led. The change is extremely healthy and only beginning. Women's Liberation means freedom of choice: 'I want to look okay. I want to look like I *feel* okay.' Few women don't know that, for beauty, they need sleep, a balanced diet, a certain intake of water, and exercise . . . that the skin as an organ of the body reflects health. They do need help with what product to use and why; after all, you don't use the same cleaner on rosewood furniture and on bathroom fixtures.

"We don't need cosmetics to live. We don't even need them to be happy. But they can do a great deal. They can help us look better and, by doing that, help us feel better—not physically, psychologically. Glamour today is being yourself. Depth, intelligence, love, and the way love is expressed—not by the look on your face—by the way you live. My grandmother would have said, 'Beauty is as beauty does.' I'm not sure that's changed."

## "Women's hairdressing is becoming more like the barbershop": KENNETH, whose name became almost synonymous with the American woman's hair.



"Glamour today to me is health . . . and brightness, intelligence. Glamour is when you say hello to someone and she's not stuck for an answer. Don't forget glamour started in the Depression when it was fantasy. Now it is great reality. It is money and power. In 1945 who would have thought of a person like Henry Kissinger as glamorous? It's the same for a woman: She's out there, involved; she has presence. It has nothing to do with how her face is painted or her hair is curled. The glamorous woman doesn't need prettiness or great beauty. She has *good looks*, and makes the best of them . . . like Kay Graham of *Newsweek* and *The Washington Post* or Jackie Onassis who has grown tremendously in her looks and style. Gloria Steinem has glamour, and Mary Wells Lawrence has it in spades: good looks, power—the power few women in America have ever had—and money.

"The American woman today is more willing to accept new ideas than she used to be. She *wants* new ideas. And she wants everything to relate to the way she lives—what she wears on her body, what she puts on her face, how she does her hair. She has no time to waste. She wants to be assured that at any given time and in any situation—travel, work, play, children, whatever—she has good-looking hair and she wants it with a minimum of effort. The most important new fashion in hair today is not a hairstyle, it's a *good haircut* that looks right seven days a week, twenty-four hours a day—because it's healthy hair and a woman can cope with it herself. She may spend as much time on her hair as she used to, but she spends it differently. She doesn't want to spend a lot of time at the hair- (Continued on page 164)

## "The enormous interest is in a combination kitchen-dining room": BILLY BALDWIN, one of the most sought-out decorators in the country.



"She wants two places to live—one by the sea or in the country, an escape from big-city turmoil. In both places, the operative word is *small*. Servants aren't a question of money; there just aren't any. The enormous interest is in a combination kitchen-dining room. Even husbands cook, and the good food of the world today is in private houses. In the country, the real luxury is fresh food and the love and care of cooking it.

"What is healthy and marvelous is the disappearance of status sym- (Continued on page 164)

TONI FRISSELL BACON,
wife, mother, grandmother,
internationally known
photographer,
counts birthdays as triumphs;
her life, her energies
still have no limits

# NOW I'M SIXTY-SIX AND I LOVE IT

DUANE MICHALS



Why do some women go through life looking, and apparently feeling, great—doing their thing, or a number of things, with unfading energy, undimmed zest—and with enormous charm and dash? Why don't their spirits—or even their throatlines—sag, as they bound, springily, through the quagmires of middle age? No one has all the answers. But the lives of certain women seem to offer some clues.

One such woman is Toni Frissell. Even a partial list of what she does and is, at sixty-six, would read something like this: Famous photographer, dauntless sportswoman (skiing, fishing, shooting, skin diving), world traveler, unflagging hostess—at her New York apartment and her rambling old house on Long Island; and, in the country, demon gardener, flower-arranger, flounder-spearer, clammer, and mussel-gatherer. . . . Wife (since 1932) of Francis McNeil Bacon, III, an attractive, golf-playing stockbroker; mother of two; grandmother of three—this is important, because Toni isn't one of your do-nothing grandmothers. (She adores giving children's parties, with puppet shows, costumes, balloons, and—if possible—fireworks.) . . . In her seventh decade, she shows no signs of easing up on any of these activities. Her only regret seems to be that she can't embark on some strenuous new ones. "She wanted to take up sky diving," said her daughter, Sidney Bacon Stafford, "but my father said no." . . . About those clues. How does she stay so active, interested, vital, and great-looking at sixty-six? Talking to her, the first clue presents itself almost at once: she faces facts—honestly, humorously, realistically. One is reminded of Kipling's poem about Queen Elizabeth I: "She faced the looking glass, and whatever else there was." . . . She not only wouldn't dream of concealing her years, she acknowledges them proudly. At one point, she said, "I'd never have my face lifted unless I was in a motor accident—because I feel I've earned my lines." Another time: "My hair started going grey during World War II. I couldn't wait for it to go white."



**"We always took our Brownie cameras with us to Europe as children"**

Further clues—significant or not. She doesn't smoke (nor does Mac, her husband), and never has. She doesn't drink hard liquor; likes wine with meals, but never red and white at the same meal; likes a split of champagne before dinner, occasionally. She is not a vegetarian—though she adores fresh vegetables, salads, fruit. She takes a short rest after lunch, if possible: "All I need is about ten minutes—just dipping into twilight." She drinks six glasses of water a day and frequent glasses of apple juice. First thing in the morning, she has a glass of hot water, lemon juice, and soda—called a "Lambert cocktail." She breakfasts on wheat germ with cream, no sugar, and coffee with hot milk and honey. After breakfast, she spends from half to three-quarters of an hour doing her Yoga exercises—slow, sinuous, stretchy ones, each exercise preceded and followed by an interlude of complete relaxation and deep breathing. She learned them from a young woman in the village near her house on Long Island, from whom she has a private lesson once a week. "I could go into a class, but I find I concentrate more by myself," said Toni. "Yoga is very hard for me, because I'm a jumper-about." Discussing beauty and health with Toni, one soon grasps the idea that to her—even more than to most women—the two are (Continued on next page)

Above: Toni—née Antoinette—and her brothers, Monty, left, and Varick Frissell, in Tyrolean costume, 1913. Far left: In New York, with her Italian greyhound—named Bentley "because he was swift and expensive." Halston white silk dress; Adolfo pale straw hat. Left: In the country, hanging flowers to dry, in blue jeans, red shirt, red chef's apron.

GEORGE HIOTIS





Toni, left, with Mac; above, with granddaughter Alexandra Bacon, who is twelve



Dinner on the lawn: "we eat mostly out-of-doors"

# "NOW I'M SIXTY-SIX AND I LOVE IT"

## AT SHERREWOGUE

(Continued) inseparable. Fresh air and the outdoors are essential to her. In the country, every meal that can possibly be eaten outdoors, is—luckily, this suits Mac, too. "We both have a great craving to be out-of-doors as much as possible," said Toni. "Even on New Year's Day, we had trays outdoors—it was warm." Yet, her skin and hair are actually quite sensitive to sun, wind, and the elements. She combats this by following, faithfully, a beauty routine based on the preparations of Dr. Erno Laszlo, the famous Hungarian dermatologist and friend of sensitive skins; in fact, his Active Phelityl Cream is resting helpfully on her face all the time she's doing her Yoga exercises. Even before that, she has put his Active Phelityl Oil on her face, washed it off with his special soap, and rinsed it in the prescribed way—by splashing it thirty times with water "as hot as you can stand." If she's going to be out in the sun and wind—boating, fishing, or skiing—she soaks eight tea bags in the rinse water to help prevent burning. (Toni also wears a sunscreening cream outdoors—and a hat, if possible.) Makeup involves Dr. Laszlo's moisturizing (Continued on next page)

Right: Toni in the big drawing room—part of the Stanford White wing, added to the house in 1905. On the walls, her all-time favorite photographs; on the floor, baskets of tall flowers, wild grasses—"they give an airy feeling."



Sherrewogue, the Bacons' 1689 Long Island house. Its name means "Across the Water"



"It is a place for all seasons.... In spring, white violets bloom under the boxwood"

In the old pine-beamed dining room, bright pottery and flowers



Arranging flowers: "Like a Swiss mountain meadow"

## "I usually plan summer weekends according to the tides—or the bluefishing"



Summer lunch under the huge ailanthus



Sir Winston Churchill, Coronation Day, 1953, by Toni

## "Mrs. Bacon has an appointment with the Prime Minister at 5 P.M."

(Continued) lotion, cream foundation, lip pomade—which doubles as a cream rouge—and powder: rosy, or light beige if she's tan. Eyebrows go on with Estée Lauder grey pencil—"I've decided I look better with eyebrows." For years, she wore her hair in a short, curly hairdo that was as much a Toni trademark as her height (5'10½"), or her slender, racy build—what one fashion editor called "her long-legged greyhound chic." A few years ago, she decided the curly hair looked "too kittenish—also, it meant a permanent every six weeks. So I let it grow out. I look like a German governess, but I can do it myself. Before a ball or a big party, I have a marvelous chignon put on at Monsieur Marc."

Toni wears clothes superbly—partly because she knows exactly what kinds of clothes look superb on her and assembles them with a kind of unflinching perfectionism. (For example: she often has the collars of turtle-neck tops made smaller, so they'll fit snugly around her long, slender neck.) The clothes themselves may be anything from a pair of old, clean, faded, perfectly-fitting jeans with a faded-blue Jax shirt hanging over them to a marvelous long crimson caftan by Halston, "dripping with fake jewels." Or—age is no obstacle—a 30-year-old Fortuny dress that's kept "twisted up in a little hatbox to keep its pleats." (She has five or six of these legendary beauties.)



Toni, Sidney, and Brent

Summer or winter, daytime or evening, city or country, her costume is apt to be a variation on the straight-pants-and-overtop theme. "I love anything that falls free of your body—peasant smocks, fishermen's smocks, coolie coats. I don't like to see a woman's backside, no matter how flat it is." Whether the costume is wool or cotton, silk or loden cloth, it's worked out with the same precise attention to fit, length, width, proportion—the total look. The back of the free-falling top must swing out a certain way, must stop at a certain point; the pants must follow a strict plumb-line. Everything that's worn with it must be exactly right, too. A case in point is Toni's favorite traveling-costume, in loden-green wool: a mid-length loden cape with a marvelous swing to it, over loden pants—these, made to order by a riding-clothes tailor in New York; a loden-green cashmere sweater—she buys white cashmere turtlenecks and has them dyed to order; and a smashing loden-green felt hat, made by Adolfo, with a pheasant-feather band. About these and some other favorite things—such as her "shaggy-dog coat" of Mongolian lamb from Paris, or the buckskin shirt she had copied from a Pucci silk ski parka—she says: "These I consider my forever clothes—I'll probably wear them forever." She adores dressing for dinner—though it's one enthusiasm Mac doesn't share. Her evening clothes, at the moment, include "about six Halston caftans—red, blue, peach—slim and full. And Halston's chiffon pants and poncho—the top is a crazy, floating thing. I've got a Stavropoulos green silk jersey. And I have a wonderful Oscar de la Renta forever dress, in brilliant blue—which I'll wear till it has holes in it."

The same stringent perfectionism she applies to clothes—the feeling for design, color, overall effect—is applied to everything she does: from arranging flowers and grasses "so they'll look like a field of Swiss flowers" to setting an enchanting table outdoors in the cool box garden, under their enormous century-old ailanthus tree (actually the biggest tree of its kind in the country). And it applies supremely to her work as a photographer. "I feel every sitting at one point is an absolute flop," she said. "That's why I beat myself . . . I strive for perfection, which nobody can get." Some think, however, that she has come pretty close to it at times—notably in her portraits of Sir Winston Churchill and his family, made, at their request, on Coronation Day, 1953. (One of Sir Winston, inscribed to Toni, is shown, *above*.) A car and chauffeur were sent to pick her up at Westminster Abbey after the Coronation ceremonies, the chauffeur armed with a note he could show policemen to expedite their progress through the appalling traffic: "Mrs. Bacon has an appointment with the Prime Minister at 5 P.M. Would you please facilitate her getting to us." At one point, the chauffeur turned to her and said, "I think we're driving on people's feet." . . . Now, Toni's daughter, Sidney (Mrs. Robert Stafford), a talented professional photographer, is carrying on the tradition. (She took the brilliant photograph of her mother, *right;* it shows Toni setting off on a clamming expedition, carrying a bucket for the clams and towing Hugo, the golden Lab, for company.) And Sidney's daughter, Brent, is head of the camera club at her boarding school. . . . We asked Toni how she'd be likely to spend a summer day in the country, if there were no pressing household demands—such as planning menus, gathering and arranging flowers, or otherwise preparing for the hordes of weekend guests who often descend on Sherrewogue. "If the tide's high, I might jump in the boat and go for a swim," she said. "If it's a flat tide, I might take a spear and go after flounders. Or I might take a child to the beach. In the afternoon, I might go off photographing.". . . Then she added, perhaps symbolically: "I like afternoon light." ■

—Lydia McClean

# "NOW I'M SIXTY-SIX AND I LOVE IT"

## TONI FRISSELL BACON

"One of the things Mac and I both have a great craving for is to be out-of-doors as much as possible"



Skiing at Courchevel, in a racy jumpsuit

The American Woman knows herself—
what she likes, what she needs.
And she knows that the foundation of
her life is the home where she takes
refuge, relaxes, entertains, recharges.
So she tailors her rooms to suit.
Here, and on the next five pages,
three rooms-with-purpose
for three real women—all of whom have
definite, but different, life-styles.

# HEART OF THE HOUSE: THE EVERYTHING ROOM

## FOCUSED ON ART

Modern paintings and sculpture are a vital part of Barbara Jakobson's life. As chairman of the Junior Council of New York's Museum of Modern Art, she organizes its community and educational activities. As Mrs. John Jakobson, she has made her Manhattan town house the setting for her own wide-ranging art collection. After years of what Barbara described as "horizontal living" in an apartment, the Jakobsons discovered this room, far right, behind the façade of an otherwise typical brownstone house and "that was it." Earlier owners had enclosed most of the garden to make a two-story-high living room. With two walls of whitewashed brick and one, facing north, of glass, the room is a natural art gallery. Where the living room joins the original house, a spiral staircase curves up to the second-floor library. The room flows, underneath the library, into a one-story-high dining area. Its character changes; the emphasis doesn't. Furniture throughout is kept simple, neutral, and to a minimum. The collection sets the mood: Frank Stella's "Felsztyn III" over the sofa; beyond it, an Ad Reinhardt triptych; opposite, hang one of Cy Twombly's "blackboard" series and one of Josef Albers' "Homage to the Square." In the dining area, insert right, a fiber-glass and polyester-resin work, "Ring," by Ron Davis fills one wall; on another, a Marisol family group and a photograph, "Boy with a Flag," by Diane Arbus.

## BARBARA JAKOBSON: Furniture is incidental; art gives the room its character





HORST



# JACQUELINE ONASSIS' new children-and-study room in pictures taken only for Vogue



Comfort and texture—everything must *feel* good—were the guidelines set by Mrs. Aristotle Onassis, above, when she asked interior designers Harrison Cultra and Georgina Fairholme to redecorate the library of her New York apartment. Mrs. Onassis wanted to make the room the family hide-in where she can relax with her children, Caroline and John, below, right.



## THE EVERYTHING ROOM

### FOCUSED ON FAMILY

Ranging from the warm brush of velvet on the sofa, above, with throw cushions covered in Liberty silk scarves collected by Mrs. Onassis, to the cool touch of cotton in the hand-blocked India print covering the walls and the Indonesian design on chairs and huge sit-on pillows, top right, textures provide the comfort. John wanted wall-to-wall fur; he got straw matting that withstands rough treatment. Bookshelves hold volume upon volume of family photographs. The desk, where John does homework, is the one at which President John F. Kennedy signed the 1963 nuclear test-ban treaty with Britain and the Soviet Union. Right: John made the plaster rabbit; Caroline, the pomander ball. Top: Mrs. Onassis found the branch of black coral while diving near Yucatan, the mushroom on a visit to Angkor Wat. Bronze cats are Egyptian, worry beads Greek.



HORST



# THE EVERYTHING ROOM

## FOCUSED ON FRIENDS

## ANNE FORD UZIELLI: A room that works for backgammon for eight or for suppers for forty

Since I didn't start off with one grand decorating design, we let one thing lead to another," said Mrs. Giancarlo Uzielli, above and right, of her New York apartment. Architect Spaulding Waggner tore down all interior walls so that library leads into living room, breakfast room into dining room. Anne Uzielli prefers to entertain at home. Her living area, shown here, is the hub. It works for small gatherings; stays uncrowded during large parties. She, and decorator Charles Dear, started with the strong red-and-white herringbone carpet. Then, the geometry of the rug took over, demanding a totally sleek new treatment. The walls were lacquered bright red; the sofas, covered plain white. The doors with their fan-shaped cut-outs are a repeated pattern throughout the house; here, they became part of the final geometric equation—as did the sharply lacquered mini-benches covered in herringboned fur, the blue and white banquettes, the Lucite-topped papier-mâché Robert Müller work above the fireplace. "As it happens, I love the modern look," said Anne Uzielli.

HORST



# EXECUTIVE WIFE AND COMMITTEE WOMAN: IS SHE A THROWBACK OR A STEP AHEAD?

# CALL ME MRS.

Since freedom of choice may be the greatest gain of Women's Liberation, Eleanor Elliott is more liberated than most, for she made a free and conscious choice to be: first, an Executive Wife; second, a Volunteer Committee Woman. The pattern sounds old enough to creak—the grey-flannel wife of the 'fifties. Yet for Mrs. John Elliott, Junior, and an uncountable number of American women, the deliberate choice of playing "help-meet" is a positive, effective career. Without the millions (one recent study: over eighteen million) of women who give time and skills freely, many hospitals, educational and child-care programs, old-age and drug-rehabilitation centers, colleges, medical and welfare projects, and most of the arts would go under, sunk for lack of funds and staffs.

And what about the Executive Wife? Many of the most interesting and demanding jobs in this country are, quite simply, too large for one person to handle. It takes a team, often a "front-line" person and a "support" person. John Elliott (even his mother calls him Jock) is chairman of the board of Ogilvy & Mather Inc., an international advertising agency with fifty-eight offices in twenty-nine countries. For the chairman, this means unlimited come-and-go and a year-round freshet of people to entertain in New York.

It was no accident that when Eleanor Thomas and Jock Elliott were married, she committed herself to *work* as his wife. Elly didn't have to: she had her own professional success, first, as a magazine editor and writer, then, in President Eisenhower's administration, as social secretary to Mrs. John Foster Dulles, wife of the Secretary of State. She chose: "It wasn't old-fashioned but practical."

In choosing, she made a corollary decision: to put her skills to work in volunteer jobs with bendable schedules. Elly's mainstream: the board of trustees of Barnard College; board of governors of The New York Hospital and its executive and budget committees; chairmanship of the board of the Foundation for Child Development. Well-trained and skilled in fund raising, Elly isn't afraid to ask for money . . . and be turned down.

While her volunteer work involves disappointments and setbacks, her work as Jock's wife rarely does. Jock's boss, David Ogilvy, said, "Elly is the only pretty woman I know who is unselfish, compassionate, funny, industrious, shrewd, and irresistibly charming. She is den mother to all of us." Elly can't remember "ever turning Jock down on anything he wanted me to do for his office. No sweat, since I like 98 percent of the things I do."

If, as a friend said, Elly is "appallingly efficient," she has to be. To chairman a committee that is raising twenty-three million dollars for Barnard and still manage to remember to order a week in advance seven quiches Lorraine for a luncheon for friends arriving from Atlanta, to toast almonds for business acquaintances arriving for cocktails from Sydney, Australia; to start that day at 5:45 in the morning in the country and end it near midnight in Manhattan takes efficiency and energy. Elly has both, but her secret strength may lurk in her rules for living, learned by trial and error. ■

HARRY BENSON

## ELLY'S TIPS

▶ Go to meetings if humanly possible. If you don't look forward to them, you're in the wrong slot.

▶ Accept only those assignments that you think you can do honestly, i.e., don't say: "I know the President of Big Business, Inc.," unless you feel you could call on him without embarrassment. (If you do know him, close your eyes and call. He gets those calls all the time and can defend himself easily!)

▶ Even if you're the head lady, pitch in when necessary on "menial" jobs. Most organizations with volunteers are understaffed by definition. When a big push is on, forget status and title and back up the staff.

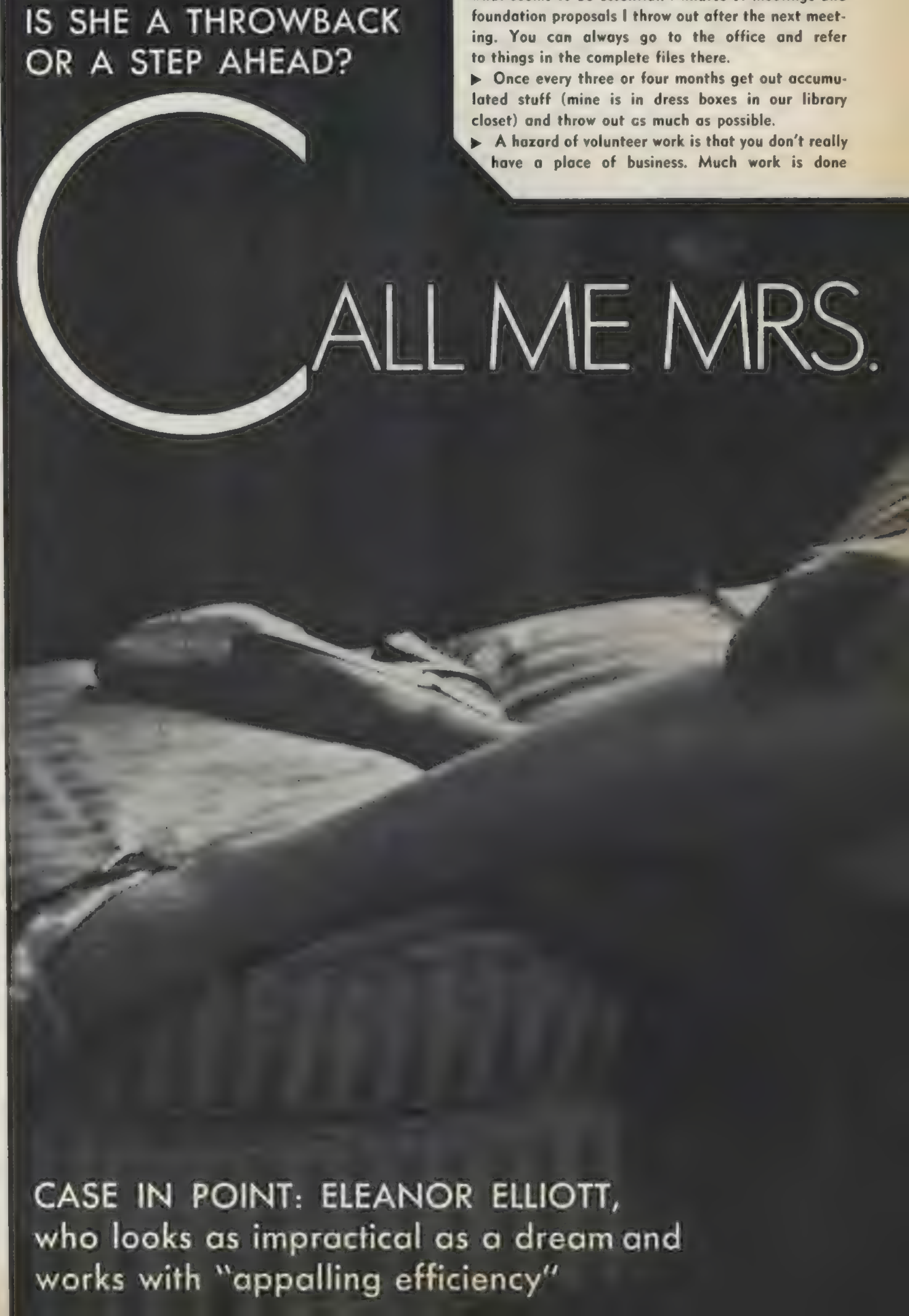
▶ Don't be afraid of the professionals even if they're Ph.D.'s or famous scientists. You are on the board for willingness to back them up and common sense.

▶ Someone said the mark of maturity was the willingness to ask the dumb questions. I often find I'm far from the only one who didn't know the answer.

▶ Swamped with papers, reports? I am. So I save only what seems to be essential. Minutes of meetings and foundation proposals I throw out after the next meeting. You can always go to the office and refer to things in the complete files there.

▶ Once every three or four months get out accumulated stuff (mine is in dress boxes in our library closet) and throw out as much as possible.

▶ A hazard of volunteer work is that you don't really have a place of business. Much work is done



CASE IN POINT: ELEANOR ELLIOTT, who looks as impractical as a dream and works with "appalling efficiency"

## FOR VOLUNTEERS

at home (letters, appeals, reports, phoning) and gets interrupted by household matters. I have a little maid's room done over as an office.

▶ Try to take care of things fast. Answer as much mail as possible right away. This was part of Mrs. Dulles's technique, so I picked up the habit of quick replies. Thank-you notes: a quick, dashed-off one is better than a masterpiece three weeks late.

▶ Volunteer work is full of thank-you's. The volunteer's only reward! I write a lot of them and, of course, write special letters to big donors.

▶ Speaking! I do not think well on my feet so I always make notes of what I want to say, often writing out the whole thing. I don't read it but have it as a crutch if my mind goes blank. I invariably practice aloud to avoid tongue twisters.

▶ If you're speaking, go early and check the mike and podium. You should be comfortable with the equipment. Nothing looks so unprofessional as jiggling the table, adjusting the mike, stumbling up to the podium, etc. If you are chairing a program, see to it that all the speakers check the equipment.

▶ Decide to include staff morale buildup as one of your jobs (if it's needed). If not, don't use the staff as a repository for your woes. They have to listen politely. Volunteer prima donnas bug the staff and other volunteers when they feel they are not being treated as the glorious unselfish experts they think they are. It's ironic: a volunteer cannot be fired.



## ELLY'S TIPS FOR EXECUTIVE WIVES

The main rule is: the office comes first. Sometimes I feel overpressured and then I think of what Jock has to cope with. It puts it all in phase.

▶ I act as valet, tie and sock buyer, and as "Home Secretary": this includes checkbooks, tax info, and keeping files. At least I know where to look.

▶ Scrapbooks used to slay me, but then I gave them up and adopted Mrs. Dulles's method. I get red legal-size expansible envelopes, label them with the year, and everything we want to keep gets tucked in. No clipping, pasting, or labeling.

▶ I reserve time from my own work to plan ahead for big parties.

▶ Last-minute cocktail parties are easy if you have good free-lance helpers, a good caterer, a florist you can trust to send what's fresh.

▶ For one or two out-of-town guests I don't do a fancy dinner. We have drinks at home (homemade appetizers), dinner out. By 10:00 the evening is over.

▶ I buy liquor by the case so we have everything on hand. More requests these days for sweet vermouth and Campari. Gin seems almost out, Scotch very big, bourbon so-so, and vodka the front-runner.

▶ I keep a fairly up-to-date list of important people in the office, their wives' names. Before an office party I go over the names and try to get everybody straight in my head.

▶ On business trips, I act as valet and secretary (to the extent of taking messages, keeping abreast of Jock's appointments) and, of course, go to all the planned events. I am used to having whole days alone, which is great in London, Amsterdam, Vienna, Milan, not so good in Tokyo or Frankfurt. One can always take the American Express guided tour in a new place.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

CLAUDE PICASSO

"The Manager in Evening Dress," *left*, costume for the ballet *Parade*, photographed for Vogue by Claude Picasso. First produced in 1917 in Paris by Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, with curtain, set, and costumes by Picasso, *Parade* introduced Cubism to the theater, is alive today with a triumphant 1973 American premiere by New York's City Center Joffrey Ballet.

"Monument," *above*, a linear, metal-rod sculpture constructed from Picasso's original 1928-29 model and installed this March in the collection of New York's Museum of Modern Art, was given by Picasso himself to the museum's chief curator of the painting and sculpture collection, William S. Rubin.

"Femme Nue," *far right*, 1910 oil in somber browns, blacks, greys, marked a breakthrough to almost total abstraction in Picasso's art. One of the greatest analytical cubist works, "Femme Nue" is a 1973 acquisition of the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN

Three Aspects of Picasso's Genius
Alive in America Today

# Picasso

1881–1973

"All I have ever made was made for the present and with the hope that it will always remain in the present"



## "After kissing C.C. good-by for the last time, she rolled him gently into the path of an onrushing train"

DEAR

(Continued from page 117)

since I still have Mr. Culp's name. Notice the C and what it means. Notice the P and what it means. Parts of his name are known for what they mean everywhere, and now I'm stuck with it. By the way I'll copy the St. Anthony prayer and enclose it. Any prayer would do, I presume, but this one is very beautiful and complete. Aren't you sorry you never took the dear departed out to dinner and a good show? I saved his bow tie for you in case you were sorry and wanted to have something of him.

God bless you and keep you and until next week when we meet again through the written word, dream beautiful dreams, sweetheart. I love you, precious heart, with all my heart, eternally.

Yours,
Jess (Jes a wearyin' for you)

It was just as if C.C. were alive only better. Before he came floating into her sitting room the most marvelous odor filled the room, a mixture of violets and roses and ripe lemons. Even with the windows open the scent would not budge. And Jessie welcomed her son with love and respect. Gave him the best chair in front of the T.V. and placed a bowl of fruit at his side though he never touched it. He grew a lot in a short time and Jessie began to realize that he was a man. This puzzled her because she had thought that angels stayed the age they died. Growth in heaven seemed like a waste to her. The birthdays would never end, the celestial candles would crowd out everything else and cause a terrible heat. Then, what would be the difference between Heaven and Hell? She asked the angel Charley Como what the difference was between Heaven and Hell. And C.C. answered her that Heaven was when you didn't know you were in Hell, and that Hell was a hell of a punishment. He hadn't thought it out but promised her many other answers, some of them extremely authoritative, and some of them beautifully worded to compliment her state of mind.

After he was gone she would sit in his chair to determine if he had really been comfortable. She bought a new purple velvet cushion for him and wanted to add a brass name plate like they have for reserved pews in church, but her money ran out. She knew that Perry would certainly not send her any amount of money even in the excellent cause of a chair in memorial to their only issue together. With a set of Magic Markers and two-inch marking tape, she calligraphed a multi-colored identification pastiche, and pressed the tape on with her sore, sacrificial thumb. C.C. so admired the chair that he began to spend more time on earth than in the sky. He'd materialize at any hour whether or not the T.V. was on, and sit down and wait for questions. He was a satisfactory oracle, only his mouth moved; his expression was one of durable kindness. Jessie Lee Culp listened and wondered at her son's swift elevation within the heavenly hierarchy. He was God's right-hand man. His advance information and soothing pronouncements came straight from the horse's mouth. He advised her to take up a craft such as shell pictures with religious themes, and promised her that by the time she had finished her first picture her fingers would uncoil completely and she could go on to another work of art, possibly the Crucifixion. That in time she would forget Perry Como and be a celebrity in her own right. She bought two different sets of do-it-yourself shell paintings at the five-and-dime store and started work that evening. But no go. Desolation filled her and a growing disbelief in C.C. and her bright future. It took her almost an hour to unweb her fingers and the remaining glue hung in rills and scabs from ten exaggerated knuckles. She could barely turn the knobs on her set. Every station change was a torture, it took the enjoyment out of home entertainment. For a few days she recovered in bed, nibbling on this and that, getting up only to relieve herself, or to open a new box of saltless Saltines. Then she'd wrap herself up again in blankets and fight off the many pervasive elements that insisted on pursuing her. One of these elements, that had at first been only a taunting voice, began to assume the well dressed, sporty look of Perry Como. Although he had just come from the golf course, he insisted that she participate in sexual intercourse with him immediately. She of course refused, but he was able, by breaking into thousands of pieces, to insinuate himself into every nook and cranny of her dank shivering figure. He entered her resisting body like minced clams folded thoroughly into cream cheese with a fast and heavy fork. Every part of her ached when he removed himself fragment by fragment, and then forced her to reassemble him. Actually that was the part she liked best: jigsaw puzzles. She could get even with him by hiding a piece and not completing him. Then he would have to hang around for a long time before she allowed him to return to his wife. His visits made bearable the knowledge that during the summer his show would be on vacation. It occurred to her that when he was not available there would be others who might sing to her: Frank, Bing, Arthur . . . they couldn't all be gone at the same time. She did not regard her possible shift in allegiance as being unfaithful to Perry. They sometimes sang the same songs and in the past had offered to transmit messages from Perry to her as an act of friendship. It was good for a man to have friends who knew his deepest secrets. She wondered if they had known about C.C. It was time to discuss their summer apart. Jessie wrote to Perry:

Darling,
Maby you think I don't know that June will be your last time with me. I want to thank you for your regular visits to my home which is a distance from your studio. Yesterday Aunt Mabel called and almost guessed that I was seeing you. She is the most jealous of all of them and I don't care what they think. I'll never lose my love for you. Didn't you know never to force a woman? But I am getting used to it. I don't think I can have babies any more. C.C. was the last one. He sends his regards from on high and says he's watching over you in spite of your actions toward his legitimacy. Many of the kings of England did the same thing. Still it turned out for the best. Well Perry, the old question still comes to me: "What's wrong with our love?" It couldn't be deeper or stronger. Yet we always fail. Should I fight harder? Last night stunned me with how many times you returned. I marked it in my appointment book with four X's. Aren't we lucky to respond that way. I never did with Mr. Culp, as you know. Now my fingers and my back are hurting from being in a slump. Boy, I am getting up in years. I'll never ask you to marry me and break up a happy home. Many younger girls envy that autographed picture you once sent me prepaid. It was happy, and snappy, and nice of you pappy. Don't get crappy. This is almost the last letter I'll write you. I kept my end up but you never do, so what's the use. Give my regards to Bing, Arthur, and Frank (who are my other favorites). Attaboy Perry, Chin up.

Sincerely,
Jessie Lee Culp

The next day only Charley Como came to see Jessie Lee Culp. He frisked around like a six year old: hid her bathrobe and slippers, threw the soap under the bathtub, burned the rice which she was dieting on because of high blood pressure, and caused the phone to ring continuously in her ears while she was trying to listen to Perry sing "Hold Me In Your Arms." He acted really crazy and frightened his mother terribly. She hid in the closet till he stopped playing tricks on her; she came out as he took his usual seat in front of the T.V. But just for spite he put both feet smack on the Vista-vision screen that had been scrupulously polished. He also carelessly knocked down with his elbow the bowl of fruit that she had so lovingly made full for him. As the fruit rolled across her favorite rug, it made grainy rot-wet patches which flattened the nap, and surrounded Mrs. Culp and C.C. with an earthy garbage-pail aroma. She just couldn't stop crying. She cried and cried as each fruit was swept up into her hand. No jai alai player fully equipped with wicker scoop could have handled the ball with such excellent form as did Jessie Lee Culp with oranges and apples. Her sporting hand formed a permanent cup, but she could not drink out of it or hold a brush to her snagged hair. Somehow she always managed to jam a pencil or pen into her hand and keep it secure, while she wrote her letters. She hollered at C.C. and told him to go back where he had come from. To go on his way and she would go on hers. It was the same argument Perry and she had had the night before.

C.C. lifted himself off the chair, swinging on stiffened arms like

an ape. His mouth clicked open and shut but he said nothing. It was very Spanish the way his mouth was constructed—like a castanet tied together with elastic. In one giant swing, one last thrust towards the ceiling, he broke away from his family sojourn and entered into his daily heaven, forever. J.L.C. explained to herself that a boy had to leave home sometime, and he might as well do it before the big heat; heaven must be *so* cool! She longed to go there too. To wear white that was whiter than white. To billow in the wind, and play the harp. To observe mortals lovingly from an exalted position and to be in the vicinity of her son as he went about his executive duties for God. She wondered if Gabriel was as good a horn player as Perry Como was a singer; if so she would offer to supply the lyrics to his age-old melody and make it sound not so much a summons as a delightful invitation. But she didn't know how to die before her time. She looked even younger than she was, and she felt young except for her back, and her fingers, and she was just beginning to live. So heaven would have to wait!

That night she began her last letter to Perry. She wanted to let him off the hook gently. She didn't want to disturb him too much and thus lower the quality of his performance. It was her magnanimous wish to leave him as she had found him, a crowd pleaser. They had had their fling, and now . . . he had her permission to satisfy Connie or Kay, or M.M. on Arthur's show. She did not mention C.C. She reassured him of her continuing good will, and wished him luck even though at times she realized he had more of it than most, and certainly more luck than she had had in a month of Sundays. Most of all she told him: "It's all over!" But for the personal touch, she began her letter with an intimate disclosure:

> Dear Perry,
> I am so tired. So very tired that I started writing this letter all wrong. . . . ■

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## "On the waterfront, Agnes Martin would join her friends for meals at the local seamen's restaurants"

### PIONEER SPIRIT

(Continued from page 114)

off-white, or occasionally a flat blue or a reflective gold. What her paintings had in common with those of the New York School, however, was their aura of mystery, an indefinable quality that separated them from hard-edged geometric painting.

Like Rothko and Newman, Martin uses light as a metaphor for spiritual radiance. Like Reinhardt, she forces the viewer to make an effort to see her barely visible image: modular scratchings and graphite lines that mark off the painted field into so many tiny scintillating tessarae. Like these first-generation New York School painters, Martin works very much within a modernist tradition in which the "pure idea" is conceived as a transcendent absolute, a physical equivalent of an immaterial Platonic ideal. The Russian Suprematist Kasimir Malevich and the Dutch neo-Plasticist Piet Mondrian were both involved with the mystical implications of geometry. Both Malevich's celebrated "White on White"—a white square on a white field—and Mondrian's familiar grids must have inspired Agnes Martin. However, her work is a very contemporary expression of the classical spirit, for she incorporates the newest ideas developed by postwar American painting. One of these is allover composition, which stimulates the eye to constant activity, not permitting it to come to rest on any specific focus; and the other is the absence of closed shapes that might give rise to figure-ground relationships. Though Martin's grids line up like well-disciplined soldiers, they cannot be seen as detached from or in front of the field into which they are drawn or incised. Their linear penciled graphic quality precludes the possibility that they can be read as a positive shape against a negative background in the manner of Cubist painting. The subtle markings, varying in width and density with the degree of pressure applied, are clearly embedded in their ground, fulfilling the demand of a post-Cubist abstraction that the image be contiguous with the field.

Because of her total grasp of the advances of recent American art, Martin's paintings have a sophistication that one would not expect in such apparently modest, unassuming works. Within a highly restricted frame of reference, however, she is capable of producing an extraordinary variety of effects that paradoxically engage our attention by narrowing our focus to a range of minute detail and microscopic inflection. On close inspection, one sees the irregularity of the penciled lines and dots, how they are interrupted by the rough canvas weave. The effect of focusing our attention on these purely physical characteristics of the work is oddly sensual, for our involvement with texture begins to have a tactile appeal. In early works Agnes Martin sometimes drew on bare brown canvas, as if to emphasize the poverty of her means. And with the exception of the resplendent gold and blue paintings, the elements of humility and modesty, of a visual plainness that serves as counterpoint to a spiritual richness continued to play an important role. The surprise is always how she managed, with a bare minimum of form and color, to create a sense of a ghostly, ethereal presence, a floating veil, or breath of light. Here is the mystery of the work; and the mystery is what continues to compel us, long after we have exhausted a formal appreciation.

Agnes Martin would not want to be known as a mystic, yet critics have always found an element that cannot be explained through mere verbal description, something elusive, ephemeral, and transcendental. Recently she wrote: "Seeking awareness of perfection in the mind is called living the inner life. . . . Our representations of inspiration are far from perfect for perfection is unobtainable and unattainable." Perhaps it is her attitude toward perfection that separates Agnes Martin from earlier classical painters who aspired to a timeless, unalterable perfection. For there is always some slight irregularity in her checkerboards, grids, and tablet rulings that seems to say that perfection, too, is relative. She speaks, too, of the untroubled mind, indicating that the purpose of her art is to provide an oasis of serenity, tranquility, and peace for our assaulted, over-stimulated senses.

If one considers Agnes Martin's background, one understands many things about her art: her feeling for nature, her staunch pioneering individuality, her acceptance of solitude. She was born in 1912 on a farm in the isolated province of Saskatchewan, Canada. Later she moved to Vancouver and, in 1932, to New York; she became an American citizen in 1940. She attended Columbia University off and on from 1941-54. The contemporary of first generation Abstract Expressionists, she saw their work at Betty Parsons's gallery in the early 'fifties. When she left New York to teach at the University of New Mexico and then to live in Taos, she was painting in biomorphic abstractions related to the symbolic, surrealizing motifs of Rothko, Adolph Gottlieb, and William Baziotes. Her colors were bleached, her canvases filled with the brilliant New Mexico light she loved. In 1956, she met avant-garde art dealer Betty Parsons in Taos. Encouraged by her interest, Agnes Martin moved to New York in 1957 and began the most productive decade in her life. At the age of forty-five, she found herself as a painter.

Once back in New York, she moved down to Coenties Slip, at the time a kind of mini art colony where Jack Youngerman, Robert Indiana, Ellsworth Kelly, as well as a number of other artists, had waterfront studios. Despite her natural reserve, she had an open friendliness that attracted friends—and friendship was always an important value in her life. Sometimes she would join her artist friends for meals at the local seamen's restaurants. Although her work evolved as very different from the flat shapes and brilliant colors of Kelly and Youngerman, she shared their interest in expressing the forces of nature in a totally abstract image.

Many of Agnes Martin's canvases have titles that refer to nature, such as "Leaf," "The Dark River," and "The Cliff." Although she does not literally imitate nature's forms in her paintings, Agnes Martin follows nature's processes in her methods. For example, once she has decided on a format, the marks are laid down with a flowing natural ease; they seem to grow organically like the rings in a tree trunk or the veins in a leaf. Just as nature deviates her forms slightly so that her symmetry is implicit but not perfect, so, too, does Martin create patterns that are subtly and infinitely variable.

"Many artists live socially without disturbance to mind, but others must live the inner experiences of mind, a solitary way of living," Agnes Martin has said. Her art was based on a necessity for purification, resulting in the gradual elimination of any superfluous element. Finally she distilled a single image, poignant in its gentleness, austere in its disengagement from the solid or the material. Her retreat from the world is altogether understandable; it is consistent that the mind which sought repose in art should seek solitude in life. ■

# Matina Horner: "It's important for a woman to recognize that she has all the qualifications she needs"

## SUCCESS

(Continued from page 102)

selves. If you look at the young men that are in college right now who are challenging the old upward-striving achievement orientation and seeking new options, the options that they seek are not supported by society in general, frequently not by many of their own peers, and—to a large extent—not by women. The things that these men are turning away from are the very things that some women are turning to. There really is a new kind of adjustment; any major change in society has a period of confusion, so I think that the men's lives are going to have to be looked at as hard as women's lives.

**Are men threatened by bright women?**

You can't answer for all men. It depends upon how they feel about themselves and what they've done and how directly whichever woman one happens to be talking about affects the man's own self-esteem.

**Do you think women should be educated differently from men?**

If you mean differences in content or differences in standards, the answer is no. But if one means differences in pedagogical technique or support systems or the counseling you provide along with education, or providing a single-sex alternative as opposed to a coeducational alternative, I think those are very worthwhile questions which we have to find the answers to.

**For example, what in a woman's education prepares her to be a mother? It seems to me there's a whole area that's totally neglected.**

I think the whole question of family and family structure is very complex. It involves psychology as well as economics and any number of terribly relevant disciplines. The nature of the family and its changing structures and the relationship of the individuals to each other has never really been studied in an interdisciplinary way that would give people a realistic perception of what's going on. Sociologists have studied the family separately, some educators have looked at how different kinds of family arrangements have an affect on education, but I don't think we've ever taken a full-fledged interdisciplinary tackle on this crucial question in our society.

**Do you think American culture presents particular problems in the area of sex-role definition?**

If you look around the world, if you look at Russia or if you look at Poland or Scandinavia or some other countries, you find women doing extraordinarily well in a number of fields where women are very poorly represented in our country—like engineering or medicine or truck-driving. If you look closely at those societies, you find that sex-role barriers are very clear and very distinct. A man and a woman know exactly how their sexuality is defined in their own family structure. Whereas in this country, one tries to blur the family sex-role boundaries so that people have tended historically to look to other sources of reinforcement for what it means to be a man or a woman. Consequently, jobs have taken on sexual overtones. If you do well and happen to be a woman, that seems to say something about your sexuality and your potential attractiveness as a mate or a sexual partner—an idea that never comes into people's minds in many other societies. The women who are those successful engineers or doctors have a triple-time kind of job and they have to come home and are clearly expected to serve their husband a meal. In this country, there's been a tendency to try to blur that.

**Do women have political power?**

It depends on what one means by political power. If it means the power to make appointments, if it means the power to make final decisions directly, I'd say no, they haven't had it. If political power lies in influencing people, then I think some women have exercised that in many ways. If it means the financial kind of political power, I don't think women have exercised it, even if they control a certain proportion of economic power.

**Why?**

A good question that I can't answer. Perhaps it's because it's not money that they earned on their own, it's their husbands' money or their fathers' money and they feel a commitment to honor what they perceive to be the men's objectives.

**Why is the feminist movement so split and factionalized?**

Initially, there was a very positive impact that the movement had in getting women at least to talk to each other and to recognize each other as human beings. It was a terribly important thing for women to realize that they could talk to women and that some of the initial competitiveness between women could somehow be restructured and redirected. The conflict came, I think, when part of the lesbian movement tried to associate itself with the women's movement. The special kinds of threats which that entailed for some women have made them really question the group that was seeking affiliation with the liberation movement.

**Can women be organized as a political force?**

The number of women who have political concerns about child care, if nothing else, would certainly be a cause around which they could rally. Certainly, abortion and control over their own bodies is an issue around which they have been able to mobilize as a political force.

**Are we training women for leadership?**

I don't think we've come far enough. There's a major concern that we should prepare women to be able to assume leadership roles, with all that implies in aggression and power. I can't say I think we're doing a very good job of it at the moment.

**What about the arguments that women are not qualified leaders because they are emotional and hysterical and keyed to their hormonal cycle?**

If one is saying that hormones have an impact, I'd have to say I think there's pretty good evidence that hormones do have an effect on one's moods. The cyclical question, I think, depends pretty much on the range of change for any individual. Generally, women have been freer to express their emotions. They have been allowed the freedom because of that particular expectation or stereotypical notion that we all have. One of the things that many of the young men are seeking is the right to show their emotions. Aggressive, angry kinds of emotion are quite acceptable in little boys, where those are the kinds of emotion that aren't acceptable in little girls. We tend to use the word "emotion" to mean really the kinds of emotion that girls are allowed to express, as opposed to kinds of very real emotion that men are allowed to express—anger and aggression. The connotation that comes to mind when one talks about "emotion" is the kinds of emotion that women are allowed to express—anxiety, sadness, tears.

**Do you think there are many women now raising children without sex-role differentiation, who are treating their male and female children alike?**

There are many more women trying to do it, but I've heard myself over and over again saying things that really lie in the past: "little boys don't act like that."

**Is there a sexual revolution?**

I don't think that we've gotten to the point where people feel free to be in the midst of a total sexual kind of freedom. In fact, there are some pressures of the reverse kind of thing where many young people who don't feel prepared to engage in sexual kinds of behavior feel pressured to do so and are terribly uncomfortable.

**Is the new feminism different from Suffragette feminism?**

Some of the questions are very much the same and some of the expectations and stereotypes that were being challenged by the Suffragettes seeking the vote are still there. Although women can vote, we really haven't done away with some of the expectations and stereotypes that existed about women at the time. We've made considerable progress and many more doors are open and much more attention is being paid. We've come a long, long way, but we have a long way to go.

**Have women contributed more to history than we've acknowledged?**

Absolutely. We have at Radcliffe the Schlesinger Library which is a magnificent source for the contributions that women have made throughout history. We're becoming more aware of how women have been ignored. I'm fascinated by the number of women who assumed male names in order to get some of the things they wanted in the outer world. George Sand, George Eliot, there are many.

**How are the revolutions in communications in medicine, and in technology affecting women?**

I think in many, many ways—longevity; our life expectancy is much longer; so the child-rearing years, the proportion of our life span that is devoted to child-rearing for those that have children, is a much smaller proportion of our life. We live much longer, therefore we have many more productive years to give to society than has been true in the past. Then there are technological advances like the birth-control phenomenon. Inventions that have facilitated housekeeping—just the (Continued on page 161)

# "Audiences love Debbie Reynolds: she has never been grand or chic or elegant or snooty or un-American

## MRS. MIDDLE AMERICA

(Continued from page 110)

Debbie undresses and unstraps the body mike from the inside of her left thigh. "This thing is giving me bruises, but where else can I wear it? Thank God this is a period show." The dressing-room door is open and a dresser, a hairdresser, her children, press agents, and Patsy Kelly wander in and out. The room is bursting with red roses from Debbie's Las Vegas bosses, but she is allergic to them. There is a neat little Bible on one shelf, two needlepoint pillows that read "IRENE," and a delft china nun with a mandolin. (Souvenir, no doubt, of *The Singing Nun,* a money-maker movie in which Debbie gave a performance described as "bouncing about like a penguin with the hiccups.")

Audience love and identification? The star who went redheaded for Broadway so she wouldn't just be her old blond movie self says: "I think I'm like the people in the audience. I'm someone everyone knows, someone they dream they might be. Perhaps that's why they identify with me. I really haven't changed a lot. I still have old friends in Burbank, where I grew up after we moved west from El Paso, old friends who are just like me. So audiences feel I'm one of them and that they kind of raised me and have always known me."

Correct. The public loves the memory of what Debbie represents—the product of the fabulous M-G-M school of shiny American dreams. They love her third generation Irish-English-Dutch-Cherokee origins, and they lived through the times of her life: the last days of the depression, World War II, Korea, Vietnam, and, at last, the rise of Nixon-ian Middle-American importance. They love the way she has withstood the ravages of show business, practically intact, physically much the same, with just a few lines in the neck even to suggest she might possibly be forty-one years old. They love Debbie for emerging on top after being the wronged little-woman underdog, beleagured by reporters on her Beverly Hills front lawn, standing there with diaper pins dangling from her Peter Pan blouse in the Debbie-Eddie-Liz days. They love it that she has had her revenge. (Although Debbie says it's "water under the bridge," and there is no indication she ever wanted revenge from the superstar who took her husband only to throw him back as too small.) They love her because she has never been grand or chic or elegant or snooty or "special" or uppity or un-American. They love her because *Irene* and its star come recommended by the President of the United States, who has called his old California friend "a super star." Most of all, they love her because she's still here. She is a survivor!

Debbie listens to the reading of a reviewer's comment on Broadway's "Tony" awards: "The camera treated us to a quick shot of Debbie Reynolds, contender for her role in *Irene* . . . as she sat demurely in the audience. But anyone who can lose to Elizabeth Taylor in life can handle missing a Tony." She smiles wryly. "Oh, I've lost before. I was nominated for the Oscar, too. And I guess the worst loss in my career was when I was to play in *The Actress* with Spencer Tracy. The director, George Cukor, didn't want me, so they replaced me with Jean Simmons. Well, I went right out into summer stock, did the play, and sent all the notices to Cukor and Dore Schary. Whenever anything goes wrong, I just try twice as hard."

Now, consider these names. Vera-Ellen, Judy Garland, Kathryn Grayson, Ann Blyth, Cyd Charisse, Gloria De Haven, Mitzi Gaynor, Esther Williams, Jane Powell, June Allyson, Betty Garrett, Pier Angeli, Anna Maria Alberghetti, Betty Hutton, Leslie Caron, Ann Miller. Most of them were Debbie's contemporaries at M-G-M and many were better talents and bigger stars. But those still alive haven't survived as well as Debbie. Few of them work regularly, and I think only Mitzi Gaynor and Ann Miller come anywhere near Debbie's spot. She is almost the only female film star of the 'forties and 'fifties who is still really up there, still working all the time.

About 1956, when Hollywood lost its glitter and the star system faded and contract playing disappeared, when M-G-M stopped treating its grand stable of players as the "kept woman" Walter Pidgeon once said he felt like and turned flintly-eyed, Debbie Reynolds refused to settle for *vis inertiae.* As unsinkable as the Molly Brown she played for that Oscar nomination, she opted for the wham-bam quickie heat of television and adjusted to the horrors of nightclubs where "one performs but does not act," twice a night. Mastering these, some nine months ago she grasped the last worrisome and most difficult nettle of all—Broadway.

Amazed by the chaotic lack of preparedness that is "legit" on the road, stunned by the nightmare of incipient failure, afraid of being criticized as "Miss Tinsel Town," hampered by goof-ups and an ancient pastiche of show with a book that, in her favorite review line, "wouldn't tax the mental facilities of an Airedale puppy," Debbie began butting like the Aries ram. She wanted things right. She insisted on staying out of New York until *Irene* had gone through four painful versions and winnowed out the chaff. Finally she had her way, bringing in quondam pal Gower Champion, who arrived in the nick of time to direct *Irene* into a slick acceptability. Debbie gives him all the credit. "My godsend was Gower."

Now that the show is a hit, Debbie plans to play it through December, rush to Las Vegas to fulfill The Desert Inn contracts, take *Irene* to Los Angeles and Chicago, then open it in London. This should take her through 1975. "After that, character parts, more mature roles." It simply never has occurred to Debbie Reynolds to retire, give up, sell her name to big business, relax and enjoy it.

In a rented town house in Manhattan's East Seventies, the one-time girl-next-door has settled down with her legacy from Eddie Fisher—daughter Carrie, sixteen, a brash but appealing smart aleck, and son Todd, fifteen, a shy sweetheart who loves electronics, cameras, and old movies. Debbie is relieved finally to be off the road. "I have never been away from my children before. Even when I did my act in Vegas, they'd always come every weekend." Shoe-tycoon husband Harry Karl has come to New York and gone since *Irene*'s opening. He is very much absent and unmentioned, save for one Debbie remark: "Hedda Hopper said I should marry someone like Glenn Ford, because we looked good together. She was really mad when I married Harry.

"Now, how did I survive? Well, the other girls you mention didn't have my advantages. I was luckier; I had great parents—I still have, and they're driving here in a camper, because to fly to the opening was too expensive, they said. Anyway, I always worked in outside things and maybe that saved me. I have raised $8 million for The Thalians (help for emotionally disturbed children). I went on with the Girl Scouts even though people made fun of me. I now have this Hollywood Motion Picture and TV Museum tax-exempt organization. I need $2 million to turn it into a real museum and college where youngsters can come to learn the business, where we preserve the memorabilia of my business. It was great to me; I want to do something for it. I've spent $700,000 of my own money buying all the old costumes and props that were being junked at M-G-M.

"So, that keeps me busy. But I survived because I love to work. I'm a great rehearser. I want to get it right. I was first trained as a dancer, and people like us never lose that discipline. Also, I hate failure. Adversity is fuel to my fire and I get strong under stress. I'm a really staunch friend in a crisis.

"You know, I was raised a Nazarene; and when I went into the movies, we had to leave the church. I'm still religious and believe everyone should have a philosophy. There is a greater power than us. Now take my father, a typical man of his time. Why, he wouldn't let my mother wear lipstick. She was only twenty years older than I, so when I bought my first Tangee Natural lipstick, I bought her one, too; and we started wearing makeup together. Daddy is more liberated now. In 1948, when he visited Warner's, where I spent a year before M-G-M, he saw everyone working like dogs. So he withdrew his objections to the movies. He saw it was not a sink of iniquity. And that's really what I'm a product of—hard work."

She continued: "I loved the star system. But it ended. Most of the male stars survived, but the women floundered. A lot of them just gave up. We were all used to the best; and when we got away from M-G-M, we found it wasn't so easy to get the best. So then you had to become sharper and more individual. You know performers need protection. I could have used some with *this* show. Carol Burnett and Ann-Margret married their producers; they get protection." And Debbie agrees with the nonpolitical stance for performers and the happy-go-lucky "no message" form of entertainment. She believes in it so much that writer Chris Chase was moved to wisecrack in the best George S. Kaufman tradition that "Debbie Reynolds would not sell her birthright for a pot of messages."

Debbie, now scrubbed of makeup and looking more like the woman-next-door, is drinking her favorite white wine, a sweet Rhine called "Bernkastler Doktor." She is eating a gift of caviar

(Continued on page 163)

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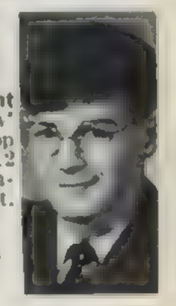
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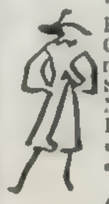
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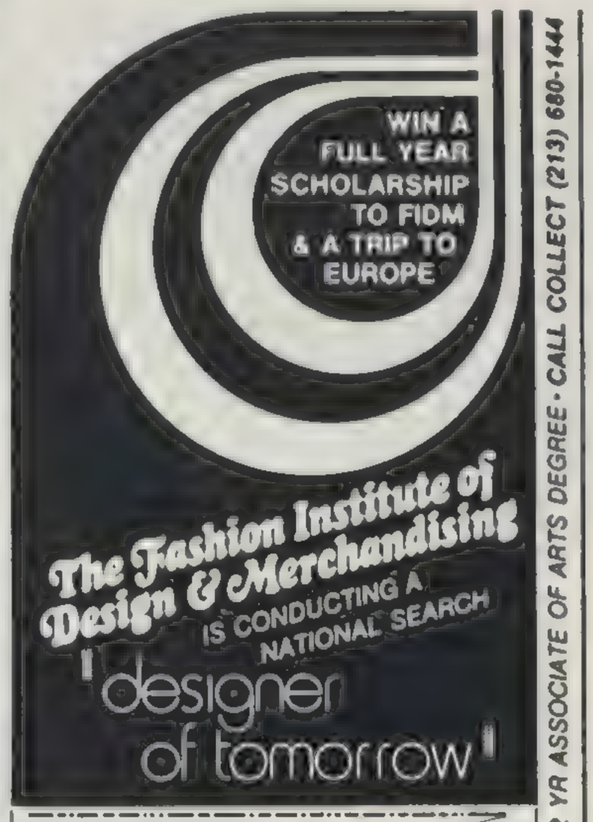
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## SUCCESS

(Continued from page 158)

technical facts that we don't all have to raise our own food and make our own clothes—have freed a considerable portion of women's time from the kind of work they used to do. Full-time motherhood has really been a very recent phenomenon. If you look to history, women always were very productive members of their society. They were out in the fields or they were producing the food or weaving materials. Ironically, with all the advances we've had recently, women have been led *out* of the mainstream, not only of thought but of productivity in society. It's been a major loss both to the individual, in personal cost, and to the society, in a very real loss of talents and resources.

**Why did American women give up productive ideas?**

It's very interesting to me that during the war when the manpower in terms of males was very low, women assumed high-level posts. They were very productive members whether it was in factory lines or in top-executive positions. This was a time when they were serving the needs of their country, of their men, of the populace, of society as a whole. When the men came back after the war, it was no longer a crisis situation. Women began to withdraw and you had fewer and fewer women in upper-echelon positions in recent years. They just began to leave the mainstream.

**Do college girls today take Women's Liberation for granted?**

Verbally and consciously, in terms of the things they tell you about what their lives are going to be like several years from now, they do. I can think of very few college girls who would exclude a career as a real option in their lives. When you probe a little deeper, I worry about how deep a commitment to themselves this really reflects.

**How about very young children? My daughter, for example, asked why a woman can't be President of the United States.**

The young ones are really fascinating to listen to. They certainly have heard the rhetoric at a very deep level; and the expectations and the hopes and the aspirations one has for what women can be is really heard, I think, in the minds of the very young. And I hope that reflects a deep internalization. You don't hear from little boys the same expectations as you do from little girls; and at some point those two are going to have to come together and decide whose expectations are going to be fulfilled.

(Continued on page 163)

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## Anne Roiphe: "I argued with my mother about virginity; with my children, about drugs"

### FAMILY WAR

(Continued from page 106)

underfoot, one hoped under a substantial, kindly foot put down flat nevertheless. There were few major crimes that could compare to doing something "unfeminine."

These things have drastically altered. My girls have a mother not so certain about what is good or right and hesitant to insist, when my way may be as wrong as my mother's. But this does not prevent conflict between us.

The issues do change. I quarreled with my mother about virginity. She thought an affair would make me unmarriageable. I argue with my children about the destructiveness of drugs or the ultimate worth of organic food. But the subject matter is only style; the content is the same as always.

In new terms, we seem to be saying the same things to each other that I and my mother dialogued twenty years ago. " I love you; I want to go away." "If you let me go away you don't love me." "Stay." "Go." "Be me." "Be yourself." "Hold me." "Let me go." . . . There is no solution because the human animal, in some respects badly designed, wants to be held and released at once and therefore is doomed to disappointment and struggle.

In old parents we see the savage ends of this struggle. Now they sit and wait in nursing homes, hoping for a crumb or two of attention from their children. The now independent child has his revenge on the now dependent parent; and yet guilt and memories must sow that revenge, and the moment of glory is short because time reduces all of us to helplessness. I can already see the inevitability of it, when my own life will shrink and I will become feeble and will need my children to lift me up on their shoulders to see the parade, to give me the border stones of my identity, to hold me together so that, disconnected, I don't fall into empty space.

Is it the nuclear family that produces this? Is there some better arrangement for bringing up children? Maybe! But, as of now, no one has found it; and it would seem, on the basis of what we know of children in this society, that the total, fierce, demanding, sucking love they need must somehow be provided if they are to survive as nonpsychotics, as people capable of generous, real feeling. But if we give them—infants, toddlers, adolescents—that love, they will struggle against it just as the butterfly breaks the hard edge of his cocoon or as the seedling cracks the black edge of the earth's crust. If we give our children the commitment they require, we then are angry ourselves because in some way, male or female, our own free flight is compromised. Money and time and concentration must be taken from the self and given to the child. This anger enters the relationship, too, and makes us sometimes smother when we shouldn't and sometimes withdraw when we are needed.

No wonder, with all these complications, so many of our children grow up bruised and anguished, so many nightmares are screamed in so many bedrooms, so many school failures, love failures, sex failures, work failures; no wonder the human brain, carrying around as it does its own "house of horrors," explodes from time to time. No wonder it's hard for parents and children to simply love each other and frolic together forever in the family playroom.

The more one knows of children's thoughts the more miraculous it becomes that more parents are not murdered in their beds and more children are not carried into hospitals, battered by angered, crazed adults. Naturally, there are a few psychotics about; but the rest of us dream and imagine all kinds of cruel things that reflect our isolation from one another and explain the difficulty of family love.

The human sexual urges, the power needs, the aggression, and, above all, the need to find a separate self and lose that separate self make—in our individualistic Western society—generational warfare, no matter what the style of the times may be. Just like the appendix that's about to burst, parent-child relations have caused the same degree and kind of pain throughout the ages.

I do apologize to my mother. I do apologize to my daughters. I wish there were an easier way to go about the growing, but I just don't know one. ■

## "Winkie began to pout. 'I don't like anything about this place and I just think I'll run away' "

### WEE WINKIE

(Continued from page 113)

fall in with no one there to fish her out. She would drown probably, but her mother wouldn't care much if she did. Winkie cried a little when she thought about it. She stopped to pick a spray of goldenrod, but a big noisy bee, all splashed with pollen, flew out at her so fiercely that she ran away in fright. Then she met their old cow Pinkey grazing by the roadside, and was a little cheered by the sight of that familiar cow. But nothing went right with Winkie that day, and even Pinkey, the gentlest old animal about the place, lowered her head and ran away with a loud "Moo!" and her bell clattering wildly. This was entirely too much. Winkie felt like an outcast indeed. She resolved that she would not speak to anything else, not to a single living creature.

She climbed over the rail fence and climbed slowly up the big hill in front of the house; that was the nearest way to the mountain. But when she got on top someway she could not go over the brow of the hill and lose sight of the house. She sat down despondently on a stump and watched the sun going down, without the heart to even eat her cookies. Mamma, from the window where she watched, saw that disconsolate little figure sitting upon the hilltop in the sunset, and she laughed and cried a little too. She watched a long time, but Winkie sat very still. At last mamma saw her get up and come slowly down the hill toward the house. Then mamma went about her work, and presently she heard the door open softly and poor tired little Wee Winkie with her head hanging low and her bundle in her hand came slipping in. Her dress was wet with the dew of the long grass, and her shoes were scratched by the briars, and her ears were full of dust. But mamma washed her and gave her her supper, and tucked her into her little bed and never said a word about her running away, and neither did Winkie. ■

# Debbie Reynolds: "I hate failure. Whenever anything goes wrong, I just try twice as hard"

## MRS. MIDDLE AMERICA

(Continued from page 159)

"so it won't go to waste." A comment on how effortless she makes it all look at the Minskoff makes her laugh. "I won't have to worry about being typecast as a perennial ingenue. This show has aged me for life. You know the chorus goes off and collapses after some of those numbers we do, but I have to come down front after and sing. It was the same in my Vegas act. The dancers used to fall off and gulp oxygen, but I had to look like nothing had happened and sing 'Tammy.' But I love *Irene* now that it has settled down, and if I ever do another show—and that's a big if—I'd want my own team, like the one Hal Prince has. You know they hired me to sing, dance, and act, not to design costumes and get involved in madness. The next time, I'd insist on three months' proper planning and I'd be an associate producer."

Mary Frances Reynolds wanted to win a free scarf and silk blouse so much ("I'd never had one!") that she liberated herself at sixteen by winning a "Miss Burbank" contest with an imitation of Betty Hutton. She has been busy liberating herself ever since, yet she mouths the Middle-American line on Women's Liberation. "Having someone address me as Ms. isn't important. I like being a woman and having a man be a man. Women shouldn't want to be men and run everything. But I have been a career girl since sixteen. Eddie didn't want me to work and that was a mistake. We're friends now and he knows he was wrong."

I ask if her views are consistent with her life. She has been the success story who refused to be held down in both her marriages. She has been the strong one, the manager; not a castrator but a pragmatist who simply superseded the men in her life because she had more guts, talent, and dedication. She pauses and turns to Carrie. "You answer for me, Carrie. Why did it turn out that I was the strong one in both my marriages?" Debbie seems really not to know.

Carrie says, "You're sure not liberated through experience. You just do research. Listen, mother, it's because you married weak men deliberately. And then, of course, someone *had* to be strong."

Debbie shakes her head. "You know, I don't read much. I let Carrie tell me about everything. I was very young when I married Eddie, immature. He was the first boy I was ever attracted to. But I got my children out of that marriage. And my success has let us express ourselves and live as we like—that might not have happened if my marriage had been happy. Carrie's all for Women's Lib, but I just don't believe in some of it—young girls moving in with men. I'd prefer the woman to let the man move in with her. If you ever met 'play it safe,' you met me."

Carrie is shocked and accuses her mother of reverse sexism. "Mother, that's awful. Dishonest and deceitful. You think it's fine for a woman to take advantage of a man or to have the upper hand. The point is, men and women should be equal."

Debbie laughs softly. "I think if you really love each other, then maybe it is equal and wonderful. And I also think that's a dream, Carrie. And *I* made *that* movie! I made thirty of them!"

It is a moment of clear candor ending on a fierce note.

Whatever made her this way, in a universe of burnt-out stars, Debbie Reynolds is a shining survivor, equally at home behind the pink lights doing an impossible dance step or down in the laundry room sorting the cold-water clothes from the whites. Not—as the supererogatory Mr. Nixon suggests—"a super star" but more like the evening star, that familiar comfortable wishing star on the twilight horizon of our every days. ■

## SUCCESS

(Continued from page 161)

**Given a decision-making role in society, do you think women will want just a bigger slice of this pie or will they want a different pie entirely?**

I would hope that we would be really looking hard at the historical reality in which we live, deciding what kind of pie is appropriate, instead of taking what's there and trying to slice it up in a different way. I think it awfully important that we take a look at the aspirations we have for all people and for our children growing up in the future.

I think that American women have to assume a more responsible role and men have to assume a new look and conception of the role in light of the fact that women ought to be assuming a more responsible role. It's terribly important that when a woman is given a position of leadership or responsibility or a non-traditional kind of position, it is not because she's a woman, or in spite of the fact that she's a woman, but because she and everyone else recognize that she has all the qualifications for a particular post. We really will have achieved something that's called equality when these become the major criteria, when any individual in a position considers herself to be and is viewed by others to be the right person to take that post. ■

## ACCESSORY DETAILS

**Page 90:** Earrings by Celia Sebiri at Charles of the Ritz. Shoes by Yves Saint Laurent.

**Page 91:** Earrings by Celia Sebiri, at Bloomingdale's.

**Page 92:** Yves Saint Laurent sandals, at Bloomingdale's.

**Page 93:** Customcraft by Rossi sandals.

**Page 94 (left):** Napier earrings. Chains by Aurea Jewelry Creations. Necklace: Karen Ross for Oggi People.

**Page 94 (above):** Shoes at Saks Fifth Avenue.

**Page 94 (below):** Capezio sandals.

**Page 95:** Hat by Don Anderson for Scheer Brothers. Shoes: Edouard Jerrold Collection by Jan Johnson, at Bloomingdale's.

**Page 118:** Renauld sunglasses. Earrings by Gladiola. Chains: Amulets & Talismans, Pippo Pierez for de Noyer. Pendant: Pippo Pierez. Hat by Halston. Men's clothes: Shirt from Jackie Rogers. Rolex watch. Pants, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche for Men.

**Page 120:** Renauld sunglasses. Short chain from Amulets & Talismans. Cross by Pippo Pierez for de Noyer. Long chain by M & J Savitt. Glentex scarf at waist (belt that comes with dress, not shown). Men's clothes: Shirt and pants at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche for Men. Rolex watch.

**Page 121:** Hat, Saks Fifth Avenue. Sunglasses by Plaza Sunglasses. Bead necklace by Frank Mastoloni. M & J Savitt chain. Scarf used as handbag from the Greek Island Shop.

**Page 122:** Halston hat. Givenchy scarf by Robinson and Gulluber. Chains: Amulets & Talismans, Pippo Pierez for de Noyer. Cross by Pippo Pierez.

**Page 123:** Trifari earrings. Belt at Gucci. Espadrilles, I. Miller.

**Page 124:** Umbrella by Mickey Lyons Raingear, at Bloomingdale's. Trifari earrings. Robinson and Gulluber scarf.

**Page 125 (above left):** Sunglasses by Plaza Sunglasses. Left arm: American Indian Arts Center silver bracelet; stone-and-silver bangle by Andy Ray Joe for American Indian Arts Center. Right arm: Omega watch. Belt at Gucci.

**Page 125 (lower left):** Renauld sunglasses. Chain by Amulets & Talismans.

**Page 125 (right):** Halston hat. Chain by M & J Savitt. Bag by Walborg.

**Page 126 (top):** Hat by Halston.

**Page 126 (bottom):** Riviera sunglasses. Marius Hansen necklace.

**Page 127:** Chain by Aurea Jewelry Creations.

**Page 128:** Rol[illegible] Zentall earrings. Necklace a[illegible]celet from the American Indian Arts Center.

**Page 129:** Napier earrings at Saks Fifth Avenue. Amulets & Talismans chain. Cross by Pippo Pierez. Alexis Kirk bracelets. Men's clothes: Shirt at Jackie Rogers. Pants at Jaeger International Shop.

**Page 130:** Danecraft earrings. Necklace by Overland Trading Company, at Henri Bendel. Bracelets by Andy Ray Joe for the American Indian Arts Center. Men's clothes: Shirt at Jackie Rogers. Pants at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche for Men.

**Page 131:** Silver-and-coral necklace at American Indian Arts Center. Silver necklace by Overland Trading Company. Bracelets by Andy Ray Joe for the American Indian Arts Center. Yves Saint Laurent sandals, at Lord & Taylor. Men's clothes: Shirt at Jackie Rogers. Rolex watch. Belt by Marty Ruza. Pants at Jaeger International Shop.




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## Kenneth: "The glamorous woman doesn't need prettiness or great beauty"

### CLOSE-UP ON YOU

(Continued from page 139)

**Kenneth**
dresser. She just wants to know that she can take this well-cut hair and wash it and blow it dry or stick in a few rollers or heated curlers, whatever works for her, and she's off. . . . The idea of the hairdresser has changed. Women's hairdressing is becoming more like the barbershop was, and the barbershop is becoming more like the hairdresser's was.

"Changes occur all the time. That's how fashion and looks evolve. If you want to define one hairstyle at this point in time, it's probably hair that's cut fairly even in a length that falls somewhere between the bottom of the ear and the shoulder. It's parted on the side, in the middle, or not at all, but it's essentially club-cut hair. It may be turned out or turned under, or set a little wavy, but most of the time it's probably nearly straight. That's the basic shape. If you give somebody a look that is out of kilter, they can't relate to it. That sounds pompous for a hairdo, but it isn't. It's a question of being uncomfortable, of being molded out of clay rather than alive and moving. Life-style—that's what is creating fashion today."

**Billy Baldwin**
bols. There was a period when you had to have an American abstract painting . . . and a nice little commode signed by an eighteenth-century ebonist. Now women aren't afraid to do it themselves. They are just as interested in the chair they're sitting on as in what they're wearing. After I do the bones of a house, I say, 'Goodbye, mess it up.' I don't want to come back in a year and find that nothing has changed. This used to happen. Now it's more personal and that's healthy.

"People are in their houses more now, so they concentrate on making the place agreeable."

*Women want today:* "(1) One big room, either kitchen-dining or dining-living. (2) One small room, maybe a library, convertible for guests. It's funny that everyone ends up sitting in the small room. (3) A house on only one floor, like a pavilion. (4) A swimming pool. I can't explain it, but people sit around a pool even when no one is swimming. Sitting around a lawn can be boring; around a pool, time flies. (5) Good paintings. (6) Simple modern inexpensive furniture that doesn't take much care. Maybe some family antiques with sentimental value. *Never* reproductions, but honest little Parsons' tables. Cotton and vinyl fabrics. Freshness, cleanness, crispness—pre-shrunk and Scotchgard-ed. (7) As a focal point, a table instead of a fireplace. (8) Soft sofas and hard beds. (9) Lights on dimmers (rheostats). (10) A jigsaw puzzle out and in work. (11) Shades only on the windows (but draw curtains on the bed). (12) Things that move easily, small round dining tables —the American woman insists on convertible things." ■


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## "Lauren Hutton made herself beautiful by learning, watching, willing"

### LAUREN HUTTON

(Continued from page 93)

ple who know her get used to the unbelievable, and believe it because she is disarmingly honest. She wears truthfulness like a slightly embarrassing chronic disease. She can talk about seventy thousands kinds of ground weevils and the arachnid that links scorpions and spiders, and then state that she can't pronounce "Wittgenstein." Lauren hasn't store-bought her learning from school or college; custom-made, it's as gloriously unexpected as a peacock's fan. When she travels, she gobbles information and spills back astonishing details. Folk religions, cultures, lands, all living things—these Lauren explores. Dauntless and vulnerable, causing people who love her to flinch as she walks her life like a tightrope over everyone's head, Lauren nevertheless has a safety net: "my old man," the young man with whom she has shared almost eight years. With him, she searches the wild places: "In each country, we find out where we are not supposed to go and head straight there. [illegible] always the thing to do. A[illegible]as you are mannerly and orderly, people are nice."

Without her old man's insistence that she could become anything she wanted to be, Lauren might still be a couture-house runway model living off Nedick's hot dogs and cold water. "As a photographer's model, I was a very dark horse. I went on go-sees for months and people told me, 'Look, kid, get out of town.' I thought they were rejecting not just my looks but my heart and my mind. Now, I tell new girls to stick with it for at least a year. I couldn't have done it without my old man." That's what Lauren says; anyone who has seen her grit in action figures she would have pulled off her success without help. Richard Avedon, whose first photographs of Lauren appeared in Vogue in 1966 and whose newest pictures of her fill this issue, has no fears: "She's a winner."

When she isn't traveling or making a movie or living very nearly off the land in the not-quite-spoiled village of Zihuatanejo on the West Coast of Mexico, Lauren lives in a minute Greenwich Village house at the end of a minute yard masked by a row of houses. The high, square main room is a three-dimensional autobiography of Lauren and her old man: Mexican hammocks, South American fur throws, stacks of cases of butterflies, bugs, and shells collected and arranged by Lauren. Worn books on travel, animals, bats, tribal religions, philosophy, a stereo playing Peruvian Indian music, a tank of tropical fish, a Seychelles palm nut a foot across, like a polished brown Arp sculpture.

Here, Lauren is at rest, talking about her father, the radical "nigger-lover" of Oxford, Mississippi, whom Lauren never knew but thinks she is like; about her three half-sisters whom she helped raise in Florida and still watches over. Sitting among her jujus, wearing a turtleneck and second-best blue jeans, Lauren said, in a sudden shift from quips, *moues,* amusements, and self-mocking drolleries, "A policy I've always had is, 'Let them do as much as they can. Then, if they're in real trouble, go in and help.' " Her own best living example of this do-it-yourself policy, Lauren was, as she said this, tossing and catching in her strong, tanned, short-nailed hands a brightly colored globe of the world. ■

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